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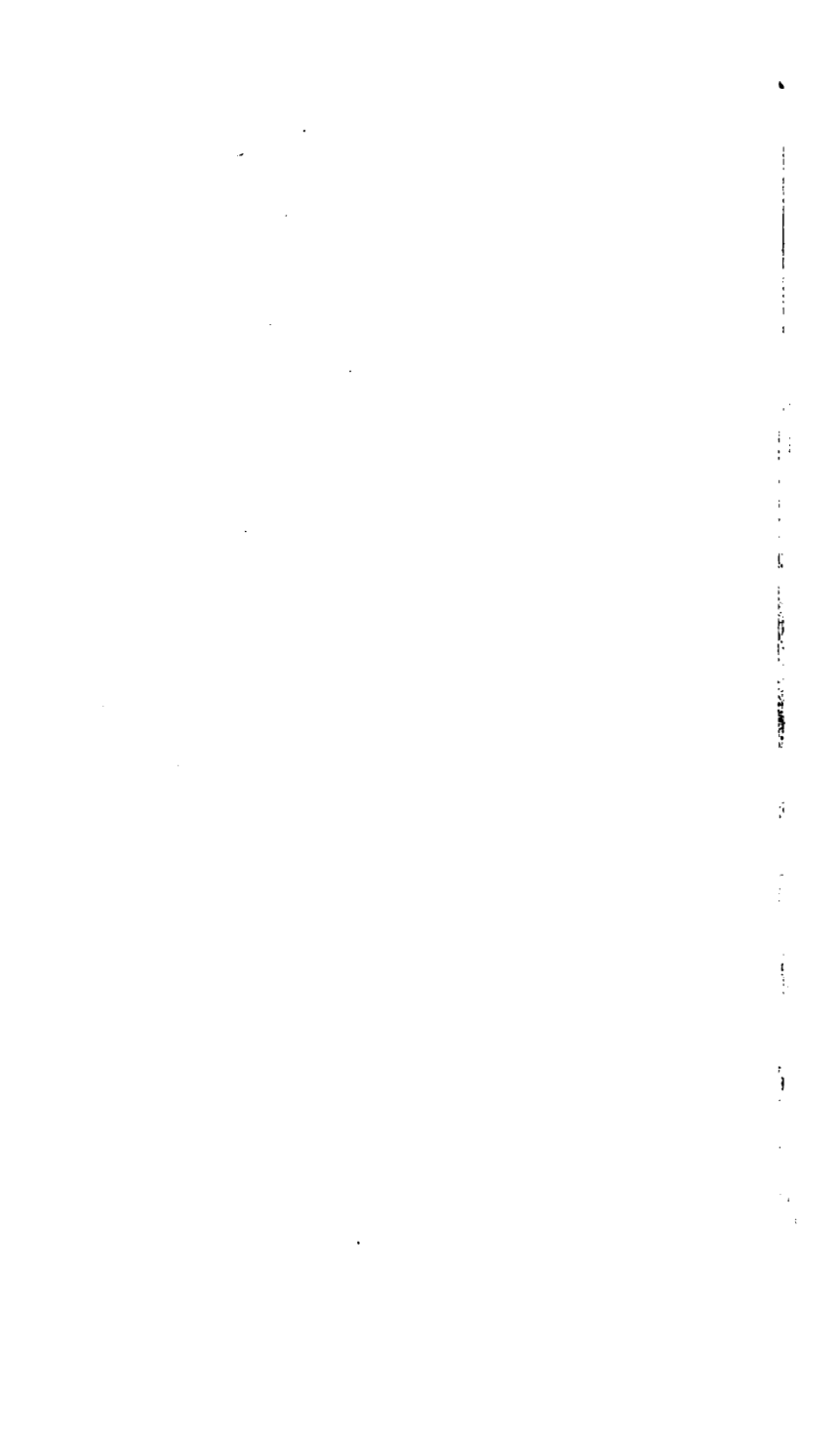
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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY;

CONTAINING NOTICES

OF



DISTINGUISHED WOMEN,

IN

DIFFERENT NATIONS AND AGES.

BY SAMUEL L. KNAPP,

AUTHOR OF LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE, ADVICE IN THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,
AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, ETC. ETC.

"O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet."—*Milton.*

"Lords of the world, as ye are proudly called,
By your own sex applauded and extolled
For every good—is woman's lovely frame
A gemless casket—fitted but to claim
The eye's devotion? Perish such a thought,
HERE, learn her worth, and prize her as ye ought;
Though she permits your rougher hand to bear
The rod of power—your loftier brow to wear
The glittering badge of sovereignty—she still
Directs, unseen, the sceptre at her will.
Wisdom may act, determine, or approve,
Still the prime mover is, and must be, Love."—*Woodworth.*

STEREOTYPED BY FRANCIS F. RIPLEY.

Philadelphia :

THOMAS WARDLE, No. 141 CHESTNUT ST.

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1846. 8

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by SAMUEL L. KNAPP, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

INTRODUCTION.

We have carefully examined the histories and biographies of women, as they are found in the literature of European nations, and have come to the conclusion, that many wrong opinions are generally entertained, in regard to the treatment and influence of women, both in times past, and at the present. Alexander, in his history of women, has stated a great number of facts to show that in oriental countries, women have always been in a degraded state. He draws too many unfavorable inferences, from a few individual cases, in our humble opinion. Cox, in his Female Scripture Biography, has followed in the same track; but more modern researches has done much to correct the erroneous impressions we formerly imbibed. It is unquestionably true, that where men are in thralldom, women share the evil; and that when tyranny is the basis of a government, that it will find its way into domestic life: but there are many checks to ambitious power in the very nature of the minds and dispositions of mankind. Egypt, the cradle of nations, and of the arts and sciences, affords us no instances of extraordinary bondage or servitude among their females. If Pharaoh's daughter had not possessed a good share of freedom of thought and action, the infant Moses would have perished in the rushes. If Miriam, the sister of Moses, had been secluded from society, she would not have had an opportunity of witnessing the rescue of her brother. If this same Miriam had not been well educated, would she have been a prophetess in Israel? Or, if the women had been entirely secluded, as some would have us believe women of her nation were, could she have led them to sing the chorus of the song of her brother Moses, for the deliverance of the Israelites from the hands of Pharaoh; and if the women in that day had not something to do in the affairs of government, would she have joined her brother Aaron, in speaking against Moses, her brother; "and they said, Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath he not spoken by us?" The Jewish history, abounds in instances of female distinction. Deborah, who lived under the palm tree, was judge of Israel, and sung with Barack a song of deliverance.

ance from the oppressor's power. And after the race of kings had become extinct, Judith was judge in Israel for many years. In the first days of kingly power, the women interfered with state matters, and came out after the death of Goliah, and praised David in higher strains than they did their monarch, directly to his face. "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," an oriental figure to enforce their opinions of the youthful warrior's superiority.

The Athenians borrowed their laws and customs from the East, but they were softened and tamed by a spirit of philosophy, which was early cultivated by that extraordinary people. They undertook to regulate their domestic affairs by the influence of public opinion, rather than by laws; their women were allowed to go abroad, while they were advised to stay at home. At Sparta, the bold doctrine of abolishing all seclusion was avowed, and their physical and mental instruction was similar to that of the males. The latter system was a bad one, for it took away that refinement which makes up no inconsiderable portion of female influence.

The Roman women had, from the earliest days of their history, a commanding influence in the affairs of state, as well as in domestic concerns; not arising, as some have supposed, from immunities granted them for the injury done their Sabine mothers, but altogether from their being well educated. The infant schools among the Romans were the best ever known. The *vernæ*, or nursery maids, a higher class of slaves, were well educated, particularly in the correct pronunciation of the Latin language, and were treated by every family as favorites. The laws protected them from personal insult. It was a proof of low origin to make mistakes in the pronunciation of words, for it indicated that one had not been instructed by a *verna*. The Romans had many excellent customs and laws, protecting the rights of women, probably as good as any ever framed. The Justinian code contains many plain and just laws, in regard to the persons and property of women in the marriage state; perhaps no code has ever been equal to it, if we except the code of Napoleon, which was based upon it.

The next code which protected the rights of women, is to be found in the Koran. This code had a religious as well as a legal authority. The angel Gabriel announced, in a vision, what the favorite wives of Mahomet wished to carry into effect, and to their honor, they made no unreasonable requests.

The glorious days of Arabian literature were favorable to the extension and security of the rights of women. The reigns of Haroun Al Raschid and Al Mamoun, were famous for the display of female genius. Princesses, and women of talents partook of the enthusiasm, which was carried to the highest degree, in favor of learning. They made orations and poems, which

were delivered in public and received the applauses of all the students of the House of Wisdom. The whole of the literature of the East is adorned by the finest eulogiums in praise of women. The *Arabian Nights*, as well as the immense number of tales and apologues, found in oriental literature, are full of descriptions of the beauty, the influence, the wit, and the acquirements of women. It may be said that these are creatures of the imagination; grant it in part, still no image will please the world that has not some prototype in nature. If these lovely pictures went beyond nature, they had a strong resemblance to that which was known. The thousand and one tales would not have been ascribed to a woman, unless females had been distinguished in this charming branch of literature. If women had not been admired by the Greeks, would all those lovely creations of female divinities have existed? The God of wisdom could not move in single sovereignty, but must be assisted by nine females, through whom his inspirations were to pass. Every grove, every stream, was full of these creations, and nothing was done but by female influence. Modern travellers inform us, that the women of Persia and Turkey are well educated at the present day, not only in tasteful learning, but in the science of domestic economy; and that even the harem is a place of industry and study; and more than one writer of our time contends for their equality with European women. Some, who had ample opportunity to witness the fact, have stated that the remaining fragments of Arabian literature are now to be found among women in their lullabys, and amusements for their children, the great fame of the nation having departed; as the Scandinavian literature, once the mother of European knowledge, is now to be found in the books of the nursery. "Jack the Giant Killer," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Old Nick, and "Seven League Boots," were once the general tales of the north of Europe, their names only being changed in some degree, in the several stages of their degradation.

Nor is the influence of women so small in rude and barbarous nations as we imagine. The Winnebagoes, who visited the seat of government a few years since, had one female among them. She could not gain the consent of the nation that she might attend them, but as soon as they were gone, her husband being one of the ambassadors, she followed them closely, but did not join them until they had travelled several hundred miles. At this distance she presumed that they would not drive her home; she reasoned correctly. They, admiring the strength of her affection and her fortitude, for she came near starving on the way through the wilderness, permitted her to move on with them. The men were sometimes angry, to see her loaded with presents from the ladies of Washington, and other cities through which they passed; but they dared not treat her rudely. To prove that women have important

offices even among savages, we have only to look at them when the men are sick or inebriated; when one of them was taken dangerously ill, she was mistress of the ceremonies, when a charm was tried for his cure. It consisted in mumbling an incantation over a heap of trumpery, as multiform and singular, as ever was thrown into the cauldron of the weird sisters. To show her cunning and her power, she forbid every one from taking any spirituous liquor while the charm was operating. When any of the men was under the influence of ardent spirits, she approached him, threw a blanket over his face, and in an instant he was quiet and suffered himself to be tied, and cast upon the floor; and he harbored no resentment the next day towards her for the deed. If they had any disputes among themselves in matters of memory, she was appealed to as their historian. This certainly is female influence, if the form of it is not exactly to our taste.

If women had been so degraded as some writers would have us believe, would the great dramatists, those mighty masters in the knowledge of human nature, have given us such pictures of females as they have? The ancient drama is full of high and heroic female conduct. In more modern times, Shakspeare has drawn many admirable female characters, such as Isabella, Imogine, Portia, Queen Catharine, and others. We admire these, because we have seen such in life, or those who would have acted as they did, placed in the same situations. Many other dramatists might be mentioned, who have given us fine, and natural female portraits. The novelists who do not draw their characters from nature, have no readers who peruse their works a second time. If these characters are to be found in society, they could not have been formed without education, or have lived without influence.

The christian religion is said to be one for women, but it is not more beneficial to women than to men. It is a religion of the affections, and its great commandment is to love one another; and this, when practised on, makes all happy. The church, throughout all christendom, in consideration of the sanction our Saviour gave to marriage, made it a sacrament of their religion, and made it indissoluble while the parties were living; unless by the authority of the representative of St. Peter, who had the power to *bind and to loose* on earth, with promise of its being sanctioned in heaven. In protestant countries, marriage is now considered a civil contract between individuals, but not to be broken at their will; the community being a party to it, for the welfare of the state. In either case women gained something from the change which this religion produced. But after all, the diffusion of knowledge in the world, and the *practise of those courtesies* that grew out of intelligence and refinement, have more effect on the character of women than any laws ever did, or will have. *The English laws, from which our own are derived, have been thought excel-*

lent, but, in our opinion, they stand in need of many alterations. They would be thought oppressive in many instances, if they were always carried into effect. In this country, many of the hard features of the common law are ameliorated by statutory provisions, and others will be, as soon as the people become more enlightened.

Within a few years, much attention has been paid to female education in this country. Take the whole number of females, from ten years of age up to twenty, in our country, particularly in cities and villages, and we find them better educated than the males of the same age; but as yet there has not been a good and sufficient system in their pursuits of knowledge, after their domestic duties commence, to keep the superiority through life; as they have not the same opportunities for gaining that kind of chance information, arising from the intercourse with all sorts of men in the bustle of life, as males have. A good treatise for young married people, on the proper course of keeping and increasing information, would do much service to society. A love of reading does something towards this, but without a system, this reading is too cursory, and has in general no classification. But with these defects in their education, we have produced several distinguished female scholars and writers; if not as great a number as England, according to our census, it must be remembered, that our population, with the exception of our cities, is as yet sparse, and in former times, the best books, were difficult to be obtained. These evils are passing away, and in a few years books of all kinds will be of easy access.

Some may say that women are becoming too learned; that they do not like a learned woman; forgetting that the more learned any one becomes, the less is the affectation of knowledge, and the appearance of superiority. When the air is pure, and the sun is bright, the more acute is our vision, and the better our feelings; but when the air is misty and light, the more relaxed our nerves, and the more liable are we to be deceived by optical illusions. So in the mental world it often happens, that he who sees but little, sees wrong. The information now acquired is brought down to the business of life, and so many may obtain a good share of knowledge, that the superficial have but little chance to deceive us. Women are often situated, so as to be free from absorbing duties, and when any mind is idle, and there are no attempts for its improvement, fashion and whim will occupy all the vacant ground. It is education then, began early and continued long, that will ever give women their true rank and influence in every grade of society. I contend for an equality among *the sexes*, but it would be worse than idle to urge a similarity of pursuits, as some have done. The doctrine that each should fill their proper sphere, such as nature and reason teach us, is finely enforced in a paragraph

from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, who stands confessedly at the head of female writers in our country; and whose taste is only surpassed by her judgment, and whose piety consecrates what her muse inspires.

“Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps around the chamber of the sick: and the woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to ‘wade through fields of slaughter to a throne.’ Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth’s felicity broke up. We arrive, then, at the conclusion, that the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition, or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the ‘Great Taskmaster’s eye;’ and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of heaven.”

In the volume we now present to the public, the end and aim has been, to present such characters as have been ornaments to their sex, and benefactors of mankind, by a display of more than ordinary talents, or by exhibiting exemplary bearing, or superior virtues, or pious acts. We have been careful that no one of equivocal reputation should be found in our pages, nor will they be, unless the reader should examine too closely the memoirs of queens. The few of this grade we have mentioned, are only brought forward as displaying great talents in high places, in which domestic relations are in a manner forgotten.

We believe it to be a well authenticated fact in the history of man, that a child is more indebted to his mother for his genius, disposition, and constitution, than to all others. History supports this opinion, if carefully examined; and from the earliest ages, most of the great men who have come down to us, substantiate the fact by their own testimony. In more modern times, likewise, distinguished individuals have been enthusiastic in praise of their mothers. Francis Bacon’s mother was pre-eminent in genius and learning; and in the depths of his philosophical researches, he never forgot how much *he was indebted to her for what he was.* The beautiful and sentimental *verses of Cowper*, upon the picture of his mother, is known to every one who *opens a book.* Sir William Jones attributes his learning to his mother.

Cæsar, who has lately gone down to the tomb with such a wonderful share of fame, found in his learned and accomplished mother, his earliest and best instructor. The fortunate son of a noble woman, if a victor, feels the laurel grow greener and fresher on his brow, in thinking that his mother lives to enjoy his fame; but half the leaves of his crown wither, if she is gone before his honors fall upon him. The author pursues his midnight labors, cheered with the knowledge that there is some one who will rejoice in his fame, if his mother is alive.

Every one will agree, that the purest and best of models should be presented to youth who are forming their character; still but little effort has been made to select such characters, as may safely, in all things, be held up for imitation. The good has too often been mingled with the bad, and thrown into the market. The chaff has seldom been separated from the wheat, as it should have been. It is true, we have the lives of saints and martyrs, and those eminently pious presented to us, but these are not so proper for general imitation, as those pure and good in the every day walks of life. In our country, as yet, but few have been held up to the admiration and respect of mankind. The growth of our country has been peculiar; it has no parallel in history. Two centuries have produced a new empire, and the purity and elevation of the female character has done more towards its prosperity, than the world can understand. Those only can form an opinion upon their influence, who have lived for many years among all classes in our society, and watched the course of discipline and education among us.

Some have objected to bringing women forward, as inconsistent with female delicacy. The great writers of the old testament did not think so. They have given us many models of excellence in public and private life, which have been read with delight for four thousand years, and will be, as long as the sun and moon shall endure. If it were not proper and just to hold the worthy up to notice, would the apostles have filled their writings with the names and deeds of women; these too, not remarkable for birth, fortune, or standing in society, but those who, by their virtues and their zeal, assisted to spread the truths of the gospel. Shall it be asked by our posterity, when they read of the deeds of their fathers, why were not the virtues of our primitive mothers put on record also? would the answer be satisfactory, their delicacy forbade it? Shall all nature be examined for knowledge, every shrub and flower transplanted from the wilderness to the garden, and those of the sweetest perfume in the moral and intellectual world be forgotten?

Some may ask, if it be an object of so much importance in your creed, to present the females of our country to the public, why do you not fill a volume with them at once, unconnected with others? Our answer to this is, that

we wrote and compiled this volume to be attractive to young ladies in our schools and at home; and we believed that it would suit their tastes better, and be more beneficial to them, in taking a general view of their sex, to present them with characters drawn from many countries, who had lived in different ages. Those who would make a large party would not wish the visitors to be all family connections. It is not so much what is written at any time, as what you can make others read. The beauty of family pictures are not always seen until compared with others.

It must be confessed, that much of the general reading of the present time among females, as well as others, has been novels. These, properly chosen, may do much good; but they should be mixed with history and other studies. But that education which greatly abounds in them before the mind in enriched with the treasures of history and biography, and other branches of knowledge, is apt to have more wing and feather than body. The learning of the females of our country has not been sufficiently masculine, if we may use the expression. They have been more directed to what is called accomplishments, than to sound knowledge. In all the elements of education, the difference of sex should never be thought of. Philosophy knows no difference of sexes, in her beginnings. It is only in manners that a difference should be insisted upon. In manners, a female should never forget her sex; even from the cradle, she should know the delicacy that is expected of a female, in the first lisplings of infancy. Nature assists the suggestions of education. Mind has, in the early hours of life, no sex; but sex should have its manners; and the courtesies of life will soon serve to keep the distinction. The science and letters of the boudoir, may have something in them different from the lecture room in form, but not in substance. History, biography, poetry, painting, and all matters of taste, may be differently arranged, according, if you please, to a sexual discrimination; but, if this is done naturally, there can be no great difference after all. Well educated women have always an opportunity, greater or less, to add some ornaments of botany, conchology, natural history, painting, and poetry. When we name poetry, we do not mean that every female should write poetry against inclination or taste; but we do distinctly mean, that a part of every woman's education, should be an acquaintance with the laws of rhyme, and rhythm. A little attention to the principles and rules of rhetoric and poetry would soon teach them this; but if it is neglected at school, it is seldom acquired afterwards. Two days attention to these rules would be sufficient, with a little practice in scanning, to *give a young lady a knowledge of the "measure of verse."* We have known *women much more learned than men, who always thought themselves inferior to these men, because the men had attended to a few technicalities, and rules*

of different sciences, which the females had neglected. Forms seldom make any part of a female's knowledge; she reasons often admirably without thinking of a logical rule. If females, to use a legislative phrase, would learn a few of the rules and orders of presenting a subject to the understanding, they would find their account in it. Miss Edgeworth and Hannah More, were wise enough in early life, to study the technicalities of logic, as well as the best mode of reasoning. They have found an advantage in this. When feeble or ill natured men criticise the works of women, their first charge is, their want of the knowledge of the rules of dialectic philosophy. By understanding these rules, Miss Hannah More has enlightened prelates, and written models for young divines to form their sermons upon. Her character of Saint Paul is not only an admirable piece of biography, with connections and dependences, but every trait is thrown into the picture, with a skill that would do honor to a master painter. There have been those who saw as clearly, felt as strongly, and perhaps had more genius than Hannah More, who have been surpassed by her, from the skill with which she managed her subject: and this skill probably arose from her having been obliged to learn those rules that she might be able to teach them to others, in her school. This skill is seen in the writings of Mrs. Barbauld, for she, too, had to instruct others. But they are not well regarded by Shakspearian Bailie; she studied the bard of Avon more than the rules of Quintilian or Lilly. The Newtonian Somerville found her rules in her subject. The females of our country hardly know that one of their sex, Mrs. Somerville, has written the "Mechanism of the Heavens," so deeply, so clearly, so happily, that the sage reviewers, in works of standard authority, have lavished more praise on the extraordinary talents, displayed in her work on astronomy, than has ever been given in modern times to any but Newton, La Place, and Bowditch. The style of this rare woman is as lovely as the light that shone upon her mind, as she traversed the zodiac, and measured the parallaxes of the stars. She not only trod the *impalpable and pathless heavens*, but on her journey, *saw the God who made them, as she contemplated his works.*

The females of this age are, indeed, thrice blessed in their advantages for gaining information, and they do credit to their opportunities. After the adoption of the federal constitution, when the country began to feel the prosperity that followed that glorious event, many judicious parents became fully sensible, that the schools for female education were not sufficient in number and respectability, to answer the wishes and expectations of the people. Academies were soon incorporated and endowed, for the purpose of advancing female education, *united with the intention of giving males a better opportunity of getting information, than the common schools could furnish.*

These establishments flourished very well, for a while, but the existence of most of them was ephemeral. The education obtained at these institutions was in general superficial, arising from numerous causes. The pupils had not sufficient time allowed them to become learned; they grasped every thing at once, and of course, learned nothing well. A term or two, was thought sufficient for any one to gain great stores of knowledge at these seminaries. They skimmed the surface, essayed to catch the ornamental, and disregarded or had not time to attend to the solid. After a few years trial, most of the institutions went down. There was too much expected of them. One or two teachers only were engaged to instruct, in all branches; one from plain sewing to embroidery, and one only from chirography to the elements of Euclid; and not much in each branch could be expected of them.

In the new schools which were formed, a better division of labor was made and they went on better than before. Still there were many evils existing which yielded, one after another, to experience, and to a more liberal patronage. Better systems were devised, and these were daily improved upon, until we now have many female schools, that are not behind the spirit of the age in general improvement.

A taste for reading and judging of character is as much acquired, as a taste for examining and criticising the pictures of the great artists. Biography should hold a place between geography and history, and should be studied systematically as either. When countries are known by boundaries, the who lived and acted in them, individually should, if distinguished be known before history takes up the doings of the nation.

The world is busy in raising the standard of science and letters and we are not behind the best of them. Women are snaring with men all the advantages of primary, secondary, and high schools. The sage lecturer finds his room crowded with females, anxious to know what he has to teach. All that is taught in these schools, is brought to the social circle, whether moral, literary, or scientific. Education throws a charm over every hour of life enters all its duties, pleasures, and hopes, from the cradle to the grave.

The world is one great school, and every one, well grounded in elementary knowledge, is learning some valuable lesson every day. Being well versed in geography, biography, and history, all things seem to come into one vast panorama, and the mind darts a glance over it at will, and selects passages of deep interest for contemplation.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

HANNAH ADAMS, a name identified with American literature, was born at Medfield, eighteen miles from Boston, in the year 1755. Her father was the son of a wealthy yeoman who had an extensive farm, and gave his only child a good early education, extending so far as the preparing him in the languages, and other branches of knowledge, to enter college: but suddenly he called his boy home to make him a farmer, for which it seems he could have been but indifferently qualified. In addition to his agricultural pursuits, her father opened a country store, and among other varieties sold books, to which he was more attached than to corn-bins and hay-stacks. He was married early and had several children. The subject of this memoir was his second daughter. Miss Hannah Adams always represented her mother as an excellent woman, but one who was very indulgent to her daughter, and made her a pet child; for she was an invalid from her cradle. At the age of ten years, Miss Adams lost this excellent parent, just at the time she most wanted her kind and careful attentions. There were no good schools in the neighbourhood at that time; but such as they were, it does not appear that she ever tried them, learning to read and write at home. She was a most inveterate devourer of all books that came in her way, probably without any particular discrimination; sermons, controversial divinity, novels, history, tales of conversions, of Indian wars, and all that mass of strange medleys, which at that period of our literature, and long since, floated through a country village. Such was her desire for knowledge, that sisterly affection, and parental authority, were often exerted to tear her from her books. Many of the best English authors had at this time been printed in Boston; and she committed to

memory nearly the whole of Milton, Young, Pope, Thomson, Armstrong, and others of this school. Shakspeare had not then come into vogue, being read then only by a few: but the instant she had possession of the work, it riveted her attention, notwithstanding, on this side of the water, the merits of the great child of nature had not been generally known or acknowledged. She, at this time, studied every work on history and geography she could reach, and became a wonderful proficient in these branches of learning.

While engaged in these wanderings, in the general fields of literature, her father failed. It was in those evil times which preceded the revolution, and the family was thrown from abundance, if not from wealth, to penury and want. This was a sad reverse for Miss Adams, for in her studious reveries, she had never thought of the necessity of doing any thing in the way of earning a living, nor was she bred to the knowledge of household duties. Miss Adams was not then known out of a small reading party; and in fact, there was no literary public at that day for her to rest upon, and from whom to expect succor. Her sister, a less literary woman than herself, knew more of human nature, and made a better guide for her than often falls to the lot of helpless females; she advised with her in all things. At this time her father took into his house some boarders, who had received a classical education; they were either pursuing some profession, or had just entered into some one. From these she learned Latin and Greek; and as she always pursued matters thoroughly, she made herself a good scholar in these branches of knowledge. But at that period there seemed to be no opportunity for her to exercise her talents, or display her acquirements. There was not a female academy in the thirteen states. At this time she acknowledges that she had no strength of constitution, or firmness of purpose. During the revolutionary war she learned to make lace with cushion and bobbins, and for several years this was a lucrative female employment. This manufactory had been in use in old Ipswich, in that commonwealth, ever since the first settlement of the country. The first settlers brought the cushion and bobbin with them from England, and many a

good old dame who had no other, was comfortable by this profession. The art had been brought with them from Ipswich, in the mother country, and the taste for the consumption of the article also. The show of lace generally increased with years of single blessedness. The importation of lace was nearly cut off, and the home-made was used, to a very considerable extent, during the eight years of war. When the peace took place, this business was in a measure destroyed, and she was out of employment again. She could not keep a country school; her nerves would not permit it. She now undertook, and with great success, to prepare a few young gentlemen for college; and when they repaired to Cambridge for examination, they were found to be most admirably fitted to enter the institution. This was a novelty, and gave her great fame throughout the country, but little pecuniary profit. At this period she accidentally fell upon Broughton's dictionary of religious sects, and reading this work with avidity and pleasure, she began to make remarks upon it. The history of the different sects in religion took entire possession of her mind, and she pushed her inquiries into the wide field of fact and speculation with unrestrained ardor. She read of creeds until her mind grew weary of conjecturing which was right; and she pondered upon what she read until she knew not what to believe: but she was determined to give her lucubrations to the public. She had so exhausted her mind, in making this effort, that she had a severe fit of sickness; and the benevolent Dr. Mann, then at Wrentham, came to her relief, and she was saved from the grave. There is no subject that falls to the lot of man to discuss, that so much disturbs the mind as the contemplation of numerous religious creeds. Happy is he who has some guide and settled opinions, and is not left on the sea of uncertainty in forming his own opinions on religious subjects. With a purity of mind, and an honesty of purpose, seldom, if ever equalled, Miss Adams was lost in doubt, until her corporeal frame sunk under it, and her mental powers were near following. But she was determined to publish, at all hazards; and she was not the first parent who cherished her offspring at the risk of her own life. Her first edition gave her nothing but

fame. The booksellers of that day thought they did well not to involve the author in expense. This edition went off well; so well, that the publisher wrote to her that he was about giving a second to the public. This liberty she peremptorily denied him, and made arrangements herself to bring out a second edition. For this purpose she went to Boston, and consulted with Dr. Freeman, a fine scholar, and also one of the most benevolent of men. He made an advantageous bargain for her, as literary labors were then estimated, but what would be considered a paltry sum at the present day, among the best publishers in any city of the Union. Her next publication was the history of New England. At this time there were but few standard works on the history of any part of New England, except Massachusetts; and she was too honest to take any thing on any single authority. She went back to primitive authorities, and of course found it a laborious task to finish her book. She began to abridge this work for schools, but was forestalled by a book maker: but the dispute has been settled in her favor, and nothing more need be said on the subject. The course then pursued among writers was more honorable than it has been in later times, when men, considered as honest, and men high in public favor, have not hesitated to retard others, that they might figure in, and reap the harvest of glory or profit. The diseases of envy and avarice infest literary as well as other men.

The next work of Miss Adams was a review of the Christian religion. This is a most satisfactory and candid work: one cannot read it without acknowledging that it is the work of a capacious and an enlightened mind. In the abridgment of her history of New England, one misfortune did not come alone. The publisher of the first edition failed, and she lost the whole. Another was tried, and she was equally unfortunate with him. She was depressed, but not discouraged; and kept on with her pen, although nothing of a permanent advantage had yet accrued from all her labors, excepting an extensive fame.

Her next work was on the history of the Jews. She was read *deeply on this subject*, and was fired with enthusiasm in the *cause of this long persecuted people*. The scripture history of

the Jews was known to all her friends, for they were born in New England, and had read the bible attentively; but what had become of them since the New Testament was written, the people did not know, and did not much care, until she excited an interest in their favor. She pursued the subject with the same enthusiasm she had other subjects, and was almost identified with the sisters of Israel, although a good Christian herself. This is a subject of deep interest, considered in a historical or religious view; and comes in most forcibly to prove the Christian dispensation. This book sold well; but some of her subscribers wished the Jews in the Red Sea, with the host of Pharaoh, when they took it for her sake alone. But those who took pains to read the work were delighted with it, for the research, the candor, the piety, and the good judgment, shown in the volume. Other works, since that time, have been written upon the subject, and all go to prove the value of hers.

By this time her fame had extended to Europe; and she had many valuable correspondents, among whom was the celebrated Abbe Gregoire, who had struggled hard in France for the emancipation of the Jews from the disabilities under which they had for ages labored. The Abbe, with all his eccentricities, had the heart of a philanthropist. He sent Miss Adams several works on the Jews, which she acknowledged were of great service to her in writing the work she was engaged upon. The learned men of this country assisted her, whenever she gave them an opportunity, which she always cheerfully acknowledged. Among others, that sweet minstrel of Israel, the Reverend Joseph Stevens Buckminster. He cheered her in her path, threw no doubts in her way, and whenever she grew weary, or desponded, like a good friend, he raised her spirits to new exertions. The literati of her neighborhood were always on the watch to assist her; and she was not ungrateful for their kindnesses.

While she was under the most fearful apprehensions for the future, when her literary enterprises were in their most disastrous state, from the failure of booksellers and other causes, three distinguished lovers of letters, and true philanthropists, Stephen Higginson, Josiah Quincy, and William S. Shaw, set about

devising ways and means to secure Miss Adams a competent annuity for life. This was effected without any public appeal to the generosity of the patrons of literature, but was arranged so privately, that neither Miss Adams nor those about her knew of it until all was settled and the first quarter's rent paid in advance. This was truly a noble act, and reflects high honor on the character of the Bostonians. Miss Adams was not a woman of the highest order of genius; but modesty, sound sense, and extensive learning, were eminently hers. She had no prejudices to overcome, no vices to correct, and no party feelings to restrain. She was ill constructed for bearing the evils of existence; easily disheartened, and wanted the soothing of those of influence to keep her quiet. The writer does not remember that her works were ever severely criticised by any reviewer, in England or the United States; but most assuredly, many good things have been said of her writings, in both countries.

In the last twenty years of her life, Miss Adams was a fortunate woman. There was a large circle of elderly ladies, Mrs. Codman, Shaw, Dowse, Bussy, and in fact, many others, who gave her general invitations to their houses, and she was intimate with them at all times; and it was at their tables that she formed many of her acquaintances which she valued. Many of them were eager to become subscribers for her works, as they were announced. In looking over her productions, we see a most extraordinary spirit of candor, breathing in every sentence that she wrote. She gave us a good history of New England for schools, and for the young reader, as it is so honest, and shows so much industry, and it is not wanting in philosophical remark. She lived long among those friends, and they did not grow tired of her as she grew old, as is often the case, but petted her as much when she groped her way, half blind, to their doors, as they did when she was commencing her career in Boston.

Miss Adams died on the fifteenth of November, 1832, of general decay, aged seventy-six. The public feeling, which had supported her for so many years, did not desert her in death. The tasteful part of that vicinity had previously purchased a most *romantic spot*, not far from the university of Cambridge, for a

classical burying ground and garden, and it was nearly in readiness to receive the dead, when she wanted a grave. By one of those felicitous thoughts, which always attend the sentimental and tasteful, it was decreed that she should be the first buried at Mount Auburn, and that a plain and simple monument should be erected on the spot where her ashes should repose. She was buried there, and the monument has been erected on the consecrated ground.

The honor of such a burial will do more to perpetuate the fame of Miss Adams, than the erection of the most splendid mausoleum that science and taste could devise, or wealth complete. But little had been done to honor the mighty dead of our country, in the way of monuments or epitaphs. At Washington and at New Haven, some taste had been displayed, and some feeling evinced; but it was left for the good people of Boston to reach a near approximation of that beau ideal of the resting place of the dead, which every one of sentiment has had a thousand times on his mind, when he contemplated the subject of his own dissolution. An association of gentlemen, whose taste had often revolted at the indifference shown to the ashes of departed friends, fixed upon a plan, and purchased an extensive tract of land for a cemetery. The description they have given of it is as follows:

"The tract of land, which has received the name of Mount Auburn, is situated on the southerly side of the main road leading from Cambridge to Watertown, and is partly within the limits of each of those towns. Its distance from Boston is about four miles. The place was formerly known by the name of Stone's Woods, the title to most of the land having remained in the family of Stone, from an early period after the settlement of the country. Within a few years, the hill and part of the woodland were offered for sale, and were purchased by George W. Brimmer, Esq., whose object was to prevent the destruction of the trees, and to preserve so beautiful a spot for some public or appropriate use. The purchase, which has now been made by the Horticultural Society, includes between seventy and eighty acres, extending from the road nearly to the banks of Charles river.

A portion of the lane situated next to the road, and now under cultivation, is intended to constitute the Experimental Garden of the Horticultural Society. A long water course, extending between this tract and the interior woodland, forms a natural boundary, separating the two sections. The inner portion, which is set apart for the purpose of a cemetery, is covered throughout most of its extent with a vigorous growth of forest trees, many of them of large size, and comprising an unusual variety of kinds. This tract is beautifully undulating in its surface, containing a number of bold eminences, steep acclivities, and deep shadowy vallies. A remarkable natural ridge, with a level surface, runs through the ground from southeast to northwest, and has for many years been known as a secluded and favorite walk. The principal eminence, called Mount Auburn in the plan, is one hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of Charles river, and commands from its summit one of the finest prospects which can be obtained in the environs of Boston. On one side is the city in full view, connected at its extremities with Charleston and Roxbury. The serpentine course of Charles river, with the cultivated hills and fields rising beyond it, and having the Blue Hills of Milton in the distance, occupies another portion of the landscape. The village of Cambridge, with the venerable edifices of Harvard University, are situated about a mile to the eastward. On the north, at a very small distance, Fresh Pond appears, a handsome sheet of water, finely diversified by its woody and irregular shores. Country seats and cottages, seen in various directions, and especially those on the elevated land at Watertown, add much to the picturesque effect of the scene. It is proposed to erect, on the summit of Mount Auburn, a tower, after some classic model, of sufficient height to rise above the tops of the surrounding trees. This will serve the double purpose of a landmark to identify the spot from a distance, and of an observatory, commanding an uninterrupted view of the country around it. From the foot of this monument will be seen in detail the features of the landscape, as they are successively presented through the different vistas which have been opened among the trees; while from *its summit, a magnificent and unbroken panorama, embracing*

one of the most delightful tracts in New England, will be spread out beneath the eye. Not only the contiguous country, but the harbor and bay of Boston, with their ships and islands, and, in a clear atmosphere, the distant mountains of Wachusett, and probably even of Monadnock, will be comprehended within the range of vision.

"The grounds of the cemetery have been laid out with intersecting avenues, so as to render every part of the wood accessible. These avenues are curved, and variously winding in their course, so as to be adapted to the natural inequalities of the surface. By this arrangement the greatest economy of the land is produced, combining at the same time the picturesque effect of landscape gardening. Over the more level portions, the avenues are made twenty feet wide, and are suitable for carriage roads. The more broken and precipitous parts are approached by foot paths, which are six feet in width. These passage-ways are to be smoothly gravelled, and planted on both sides with flowers and ornamental shrubs. Lots of ground, containing each three hundred square feet, are set off as family burial places, at suitable distances, on the sides of the avenues and paths. The perpetual right of inclosing, and of using these lots as places of sepulture, is conveyed to the purchasers of them by the Horticultural Society. It is confidently expected that many of the proprietors will, without delay, proceed to erect upon their lots such monuments and appropriate structures as will give to the place a part of the solemnity and beauty which it is destined ultimately to acquire.

"It has been voted to procure, or construct, a receiving tomb in Boston, and another at Mount Auburn, at which, if desired, funerals may terminate, and in which the remains of the deceased may be deposited, until such times as the friends shall choose to direct their removal to the cemetery; this period, however, not to exceed six months.

"The principal entrance to Mount Auburn will be through a lofty Egyptian gate-way, which it is proposed to erect on the main road, at the commencement of the central avenue. Another entrance or gateway is provided on the cross road, at the eastern

foot of the hill. Whenever the funds of the corporation shall justify the expense, it is proposed that a small Grecian or Gothic temple shall be erected on a conspicuous eastern eminence, which, in reference to this allotment, has received the prospective name of Temple Hill.

"The recent purchase and disposition of the grounds at Mount Auburn has effected the consummation of the two designs, which, for a considerable time, have been cherished by numerous members of the community, in the city of Boston and its vicinity. One of these is the institution of a garden for the promotion of scientific horticulture; the other, the establishment, in the environs of the city, of a retired and ornamented place of sepulture."

This *city of the dead* was consecrated by religious ceremonies, and by an oration from one who had often embalmed departed virtue and greatness by eloquence and song. We have heard him breathe a deep lament "over the ocean warrior, festering in his shroud," have listened to his analysis of the mental powers of the greatest jurist of the age; and was there too, when he paid a just tribute to the fame of a profound statesman and orator. To Lawrence, Parsons, and Dexter, Story has erected monuments of more enduring materials than marble or brass, on the pages of his country's history. On this last occasion, buried ages passed before him; and as he assisted in consecrating the ground, and in indulging in an almost Egyptian solicitude for the mortal remains of kindred and friends, visions of the Christian's hopes and glory burst upon him, *and the victory was taken from the grave, and the sting from death.* The following is an extract from Judge Story's address.

"MY FRIENDS.—The occasion which brings us together has much in it calculated to awaken our sensibilities, and cast a solemnity over our thoughts.

"We are met to consecrate these grounds exclusively to the service and repose of the dead.

"The duty is not new; for it has been performed for countless millions. The scenery is not new; for the hill and the valley, the *still silent dell*, and the deep forest, have often been devoted to the

some pious purpose. But that which must always give it a peculiar interest is, that it can rarely occur except at distant intervals; and, whenever it does, it must address itself to feelings intelligible to all nations, and common to all hearts.

"The patriarchal language of four thousand years ago is precisely that to which we would now give utterance. We are 'strangers and sojourners' here. We have need of 'a possession of a burying place, that we may bury our dead out of our sight.' Let us have 'the field, and the cave which is therein; and all the trees that are in the field, and that are in the borders round about;' and let them 'be made sure for a possession of a burying place.'

"It is the duty of the living thus to provide for the dead. It is not a mere office of pious regard for others; but it comes home to our own bosoms, as those who are soon to enter upon the common inheritance.

"If there are any feelings of our nature not bounded by earth, and yet stopping short of the skies, which are more strong and more universal than all others, they will be found in our solicitude as to the time, and place, and manner of our death; in the desire to die in the arms of our friends; to have the last sad offices to our remains performed by their affection; to repose in the land of our nativity; to be gathered to the sepulchres of our fathers. It is almost impossible for us to feel, nay, even to feign, indifference on such a subject.

"Poetry has told us this truth in lines of transcendent beauty and force, which find a response in every breast:

'For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

"It is in vain that philosophy has informed us, that the whole earth is but a point in the eyes of its Creator, nay, of his own

creation; that wherever we are, abroad or at home, on the restless ocean, or the solid land, we are still under the protection of his providence and safety, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. It is in vain that religion has instructed us that we are but dust, and to dust we shall return; that whether our remains are scattered to the corners of the earth, or gathered in sacred urns, there is a sure and certain hope of a resurrection of the body, and a life everlasting. These truths, sublime and glorious as they are, leave untouched the feelings of which I have spoken, or rather they impart to them a more enduring reality. Dust as we are, the frail tenements which enclose our spirits but for a season, are dear, are inexpressibly dear to us. We derive solace, nay, pleasure, from the reflection, that when the hour of separation comes, these earthly remains will still retain the tender regard of those whom we leave behind; that the spot where they shall lie will be remembered with a fond and soothing reverence; that our children will visit it in the midst of their sorrows; and our kindred in remote generations feel that a local inspiration hovers around it.

“ Let him speak who has been on a pilgrimage of health to a foreign land. Let him speak, who has watched at the couch of a dying friend, far from his chosen home. Let him speak, who has committed to the bosom of the deep, with a sudden, startling plunge, the narrow shroud of some relative or companion. Let such speak, and they will tell you, that there is nothing which wrings the heart of the dying, aye, and of the surviving, with sharper agony than the thought that they are to sleep their last sleep in the land of strangers, or in the unseen depths of the ocean.

“ ‘Bury me not, I pray thee,’ said the patriarch Jacob, ‘bury me not in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt; and bury me in their burying-place.’—‘There they buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca, his wife; and there I buried Leah.’

“ Such are the natural expressions of human feeling, as they *fall from the lips* of the dying. Such are the reminiscences *that for ever crowd on the confines* of the passes to the grave

We seek again to have our home there, with our friends, and to be blessed by a communion with them. It is a matter of instinct, not of reasoning. It is a spiritual impulse, which supercedes belief, and disdains question.

"But it is not chiefly in regard to the feelings belonging to our own mortality, however sacred and natural, that we should contemplate the establishment of repositories of this sort. There are higher moral purposes, and more affecting considerations, which belong to the subject. We should accustom ourselves to view them rather as means than as ends; rather as influences to govern human conduct, and to moderate human suffering, than as cares incident to a selfish foresight.

"It is to the living mourner; to the parent, weeping over his dear dead child; to the husband, dwelling in his own solitary desolation; to the widow, whose heart is broken by untimely sorrow; to the friend, who misses at every turn the presence of some kindred spirit; it is to these, that the repositories of the dead bring home thoughts full of admonition, of instruction, and slowly, but surely, of consolation also. They admonish us, by their very silence, of our own frail and transitory being. They instruct us in the true value of life, and in its noble purposes, its duties, and its destination. They spread around us, in the reminiscences of the past, sources of pleasing, though melancholy reflection.

"We dwell with pious fondness on the characters and virtues of the departed; and, as time interposes its growing distances between us and them, we gather up, with more solicitude, the broken fragments of memory, and weave, as it were, into our very hearts, the threads of their history. As we sit down by their graves, we seem to hear the tones of their affection whispering in our ears. We listen to the voice of their wisdom, speaking in the depths of our souls. We shed our tears; but they are no longer the burning tears of agony. They relieve our drooping spirits, and come no longer over us with a deathly faintness. We return to the world, and we feel ourselves purer, and better, and wiser, from this communion with the dead.

"I have spoken but of feelings and associations common to

all ages, and all generations of men; to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian and the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitant of the dreary forests of the north, and the sultry regions of the south—to the worshipper of the sun, and the worshipper of idols—to the heathen, dwelling in the darkness of his cold mythology, and to the Christian, rejoicing in the light of the true God. Every where we trace them in the characteristic remains of the most distant ages and nations, and as far back as human history carries its traditionary outlines. They are found in the barrows, and cairns, and mounds of olden times, reared by the uninstructed affection of savage tribes; and, every where, the spots seem to have been selected with the same tender regard to the living and the dead; that the magnificence of nature might administer comfort to human sorrow, and incite human sympathy.

“The aboriginal Germans buried their dead in groves consecrated by their priests. The Egyptians gratified their pride and soothed their grief, by interring them in their Elysian fields, or embalming them in their vast catacombs, or inclosing them in their stupendous pyramids, the wonder of all succeeding ages. The Hebrews watched with religious care over their places of burial. They selected for this purpose ornamented gardens, and deep forests, and fertile valleys, and lofty mountains; and they still designate them with a sad emphasis, as the ‘house of the living.’ The ancient Asiatics lined the approaches to their cities with sculptured sarcophagi, and mausoleums, and other ornaments embowered in shrubbery, traces of which may be seen among their magnificent ruins. The Greeks exhausted the resources of their exquisite art in adorning the habitations of the dead. They discouraged interments within the limits of their cities; and consigned their relics to the shady groves, in the neighborhood of murmuring streams and mossy fountains, close by the favorite resorts of those who were engaged in the study of philosophy and nature, and called them with the elegant expressiveness of their own beautiful language, CEMETERIES,* or

* *χοιμητρία*—literally, places of sleep.

'places of repose.' The Romans, faithful to the example of Greece, erected the monuments to the dead in the suburbs of the eternal city, (as they proudly denominated it,) on the sides of their spacious roads, in the midst of trees and ornamental walks and ever-varying flowers. The Appian way was crowded with columns, and obelisks, and cenotaphs, to the memory of her heroes and sages; and at every turn, the short but touching inscription met the eye,—Siste, Viator,—Pause, Traveller—inviting at once to sympathy and thoughtfulness. Even the humblest Roman could read on the humblest grave-stone the kind offering, 'May the earth lie lightly on these remains!'^{*} And the Moslem successors of the emperors, indifferent as they may be to the ordinary exhibitions of the fine arts, place their burying-grounds in rural retreats, and embellish them with studious taste, as a religious duty. The cypress is planted at the head and foot of every grave, and waves with a mournful solemnity over it. These devoted grounds possess an inviolable sanctity. The ravages of war never reach them; and victory and defeat equally respect the limits of their domain. So that it has been remarked with equal truth and beauty, that while the cities of the living are subject to all the desolations and vicissitudes incident to human affairs, the cities of the dead enjoy an undisturbed repose, without even the shadow of change.

"But I will not dwell upon facts of this nature. They demonstrate, however, the truth of which I have spoken. They do more; they furnish reflections suitable for our own thoughts on the present occasion.

"If this tender regard for the dead be so absolutely universal, and so deeply founded in human affection, why is it not made to exert a more profound influence on our lives? Why do we not enlist it with more persuasive energy in the cause of human improvement? Why do we not enlarge it as a source of religious consolation? Why do we not make it a more efficient instrument to elevate ambition, to stimulate genius, and to dignify learning? Why do we not connect it indissolubly with associations which

^{*} "*Sit tibi terra levis.*"

charm us in nature and engross us in art? Why do we not dispel from it that unlovely gloom, from which our hearts turn, as from a darkness that ensnares, and a horror that appals our thoughts?

“To many, nay, to most of the heathen, the burying-place was the end of all things. They indulged no hope, at least, no solid hope, of any future intercourse, or re-union with their friends. The farewell at the grave was a long and everlasting farewell. At the moment when they breathed it, it brought to their hearts a startling sense of their own wretchedness. Yet, when the first tumults of anguish were passed, they visited the spot and strewed flowers, and garlands, and crowns, around it, to assuage their grief, and nourish their piety. They delighted to make it the abode of the varying beauties of nature; to give it attractions which should invite the busy and the thoughtful; and yet, at the same time, afford ample scope for the secret indulgence of sorrow.

“Why should not Christians imitate such examples? They have far nobler motives to cultivate moral sentiments and sensibilities; to make cheerful the path-ways to the grave; to combine with deep meditations on human mortality, the sublime consolations of religion. We know, indeed, as they did of old, that ‘man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.’ But that home is not an everlasting home; and the mourners may not weep as those who are without hope. What is the grave to us but a thin barrier, dividing time from eternity, and earth from heaven? What is it but ‘the appointed place of rendezvous, where all the travellers on life’s journey meet’ for a single night of repose—

‘Tis but a night—a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.’

“Know we not

—— ‘The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give up its long committed dust
Inviolatè?

“Why then should we darken with systematic caution all the

avenues to these repositories? Why should we deposit the remains of our friends in loathsome vaults, or beneath the gloomy crypts and cells of our churches, where the human foot is never heard, save when the sickly taper lights some new guest to his appointed apartment, and 'lets fall a supernumerary horror' on the passing procession? Why should we measure out a narrow portion of earth for our grave-yards in the midst of our cities, and heap the dead upon each other with a cold, calculating parsimony, disturbing their ashes, and wounding the sensibilities of the living? Why should we expose our burying grounds to the broad glare of day, to the unfeeling gaze of the idler, to the noisy press of business, to the discordant shouts of merriment, or to the baleful visitations of the dissolute? Why should we bar up their approaches against real mourners, whose delicacy would shrink from observation, but whose tenderness would be soothed by secret visits to the grave, and holding converse there with their departed joys? Why all this unnatural restraint upon our sympathies and sorrows, which confines the visit to the grave to the only time in which it must be utterly useless—when the heart is bleeding with fresh anguish, and is too weak to feel, and too desolate to desire consolation?

"It is painful to reflect that the cemeteries in our cities, crowded on all sides by the overhanging habitations of the living, are walled in only to preserve them from violation. And that in our country towns they are left in a sad, neglected state, exposed to every sort of intrusion, with scarcely a tree to shelter their barrenness, or a shrub to spread a grateful shade over the new-made hillock.

"These things were not always so among Christians. They are not worthy of us. They are not worthy of Christianity in our day. There is much in these things that casts a just reproach upon us in the past. There is much that demands for the future a more spiritual discharge of our duties.

"Our cemeteries, rightly selected, and properly arranged, may be made subservient to some of the highest purposes of religion and human duty. They may preach lessons to which none may refuse to listen, and which all that live must hear. Truths may

be there felt and taught in the silence of our own meditations, more persuasive and more enduring than ever flowed from human lips. The grave hath a voice of eloquence, nay of superhuman eloquence, which speaks at once to the thoughtlessness of the rash, and the devotion of the good; which addresses all times, and all ages, and all sexes; which tells of wisdom to the wise, and of comfort to the afflicted; which warns us of our follies and our dangers; which whispers to us in accents of peace, and alarms us in tones of terror; which steals with a healing balm into the stricken heart, and lifts up and supports the broken spirit; which awakens a new enthusiasm for virtue, and disciplines us for its severer trials and duties; which calls up the images of the illustrious dead, with an animating presence, for our example and glory; and which demands of us, as men, as patriots, as Christians, as immortals, that the powers given by God should be devoted to his service, and the minds created by his love, should return to him with larger capacities for virtuous enjoyment, and with more spiritual and intellectual brightness.

“It should not be for the poor purpose of gratifying our vanity or pride, that we should erect columns, and obelisks, and monuments to the dead, but that we may read thereon much of our own destiny and duty. We know that man is the creature of associations and excitements. Experience may instruct, but habit, and appetite, and passion, and imagination, will exercise a strong dominion over him. These are the Fates, which weave the thread of his character, and unravel the mysteries of his conduct. The truth which strikes home, must not only have the approbation of his reason, but it must be embodied in a visible, tangible, practical form. It must be felt as well as seen. It must warm as well as convince.

“It was a saying of Themistocles, that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep. The feeling thus expressed, has a deep foundation in the human mind; and, as it is well or ill directed, it will cover us with shame, or exalt us to glory. The deeds of the great attract but a cold and listless admiration, *when they pass in historical order before us like moving shadows.* It is the trophy and the monument which invests them

with a substance of local reality. Who, that has stood by the tomb of Washington, on the quiet Potomac, has not felt his heart more pure, his wishes more aspiring, his gratitude more warm, and his love of country touched by a holier flame? Who, that should see erected in shades like these, even a cenotaph to the memory of a man like Buckminster, that prodigy of early genius, would not feel that there is an excellence over which death hath no power, but which lives on through all time, still freshening with the lapse of ages.

“But passing from those who by their talents and virtues have shed lustre on the annals of mankind, to cases of more private bereavement, who that should deposit, in shades like these, the remains of a beloved friend, would not feel a secret pleasure in the thought, that the simple inscription to his worth would receive the passing tribute of a sigh from thousands of kindred hearts? That the stranger and the traveller would linger on the spot with a feeling of reverence? That they, the very mourners themselves, when they should revisit it, would find there the verdant sod, and the fragrant flower, and the breezy shade? That they might there, unseen, except of God, offer up their prayers, or indulge the luxury of grief? That they might there realize, in its full force, the affecting beatitude of the scriptures; ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?’

“Surely, surely, we have not done all our duty, if there yet remains a single incentive to human virtue, without its due play in the action of life, or a single stream of happiness, which has not been made to flow in upon the waters of affliction.”

Miss Adams was truly a remarkable character; fortunate in friends, in protracted life, and in monumental honors. Every thing about her, but her ardor for knowledge, was subdued, and under perfect control. She lived at a time when she was necessarily the director of her own course of study; the literature of the day, as far as American literature existed, was scattered, and of a cast to do her no particular good. The pulpit then contained many learned men; but their exertions were mostly confined to their flocks, or to controversial divinity; and among them there was but little concert for the advancement of literature or science.

The bar then boasted of many vigorous minds; but, excepting her relative, John Adams, but few had written to enlighten mankind. There was a good share of talent shown in the dissertations of the great political questions, which then agitated the colonies; but this could not interest very deeply a young woman, as she was then. Most lawyers had confined themselves to the strict duties of their profession, and to constitutional questions; and physicians had ventured but a few steps beyond their prescribed bounds. A few literary men had just risen above the horizon. Dwight, Trumbull, Green, Mrs. Warren, and some others, had written some popular works, but still there was no literary community; she had, of course no school to follow, and never thought of imitating any one, in the republic of letters. The English classics, which she read, formed her style, and whoever has passed his days and nights upon Milton, Young, Pope, Addison, Thomson, and others of that school, has seldom made a bad writer. Although she never did, yet she had a right to ascribe her fortune to her merits, virtue, and mind; she had no beauty or sprightliness to set off her acquirements. Her face was intellectual, and her head well formed, but her person could never have been commanding. That one of no graces of person, or charm of manners, should have inspired so much respect and deference, could only be accounted for by the fact, that she lived among those who would, and did, appreciate talents, acquirements, and moral worth. Her prudence was her greatest characteristic, and she was so entirely under the control of this often neglected divinity, that it is doubtful whether she ever uttered an offensive sentence in her life, however much excited by plagiarists or rivals. In her religious opinions she was sincere and circumspect. She gives her creed in her autobiography, a most modest production, with singular felicity, and so precisely in keeping with her character, that we cannot refrain from making the extract.

“ I have already mentioned the perplexity and embarrassment of my mind, while writing my views of religion. After coming to *Boston* and residing in that city, while the disputes upon *unitarian sentiments* were warmly agitated, I read all that came in my way, upon both sides of the question, and carefully examined

the New Testament, with, I think, a sincere and ardent desire to know the truth. I deeply felt the difficulties on both sides of the question, yet prevailingly gave the preference to that class of unitarians who adopt the highest ideas of the greatness and dignity of the Son of God. I have never arrived to that degree of decision which some have attained on this subject. In this, and every other disputable subject, I would adopt the following lines.

‘If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay,
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way.’”

The future traveller as he pauses to mourn over the remains of Hannah Adams, the first inhabitant of Mount Auburn, *the new city of the dead*, will go back to the age in which she flourished, and while calling to mind her merits, his bosom will thrill with gratitude to those who saw and cherished them.

MARIA CAJETANA AGNESI, an Italian lady, of great learning, was born at Milan, March 16th, 1718. Her inclinations, from her earliest youth, led her to the study of science; and at an age when young persons of her sex attend only to frivolous pursuits, she had made such astonishing progress in mathematics, that when, in 1750, her father, professor in the university of Bologna, was unable to continue his lectures, from infirm health, she obtained permission from the pope, Benedict XIV., to fill his chair. Before this, at the early age of nineteen, she had supported one hundred and ninety-one theses, which were published, in 1738, under the title “*Propositiones Philosophicæ*.” She was mistress of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish. At length she gave up her studies, and went into the monastery of the Blue Nuns, at Milan, where she died, January 9th, 1799. In 1740, she published a discourse, tending to prove, “that the study of the liberal arts is not incompatible with the understandings of women.” This was written when she was very young; she wrote upon *mathematics of a high order*; fluxions and analytics. *The commentators of Newton were acquainted with her mathe-*

matical works, while they were in manuscript. In 1801, these works were published in two volumes, at the expense of Mr. Baron Maseres, to do honor to her memory, and to prove that women have minds capable of comprehending the most abstruse studies. Her eulogy was pronounced by Frisi, and translated into French by Boulard. It should be translated into English; there are now many young ladies in our schools, capable of the task.

HARRIET ACLAND, wife of Major Acland, an officer in Burgoyne's army, is a name familiar to the ear of American readers. Lady Harriet accompanied her husband in the disastrous campaign of 1777, from Canada to Saratoga. In the battle of Stillwater, October 7th, 1777, her husband commanded the grenadiers of the British army, and bravely sustained the attack upon his forces, until he was overpowered by numbers; his corps retreated, and left him wounded on the field, he having been shot through the legs. While in this situation, he was saved from an American soldier, who had marked him for plunder, by General, then Major, Wilkinson, who had the gallant officer removed to a place of safety, and medical care. His noble wife, hearing that he was wounded, sought the American camp in an open boat, attended only by the chaplain of her husband's regiment, and the oarsmen of the boat. She came with a letter from General Burgoyne, stating her character, and her wishes. This letter from the commander of the British forces, considering the time and circumstances in which it was written, has been considered a most elegant composition. She was with her husband at Cambridge, when the troops were quartered in that place, under the convention of surrender, made between the two forces at Saratoga. Lady Harriet was much admired for the ease and elegance of her manners, and assisted to settle many little differences, which arose between the conquerors and the captives, springing, probably, from the irritation of those who were mortified at their situation.

She returned to England with her husband, where new evils awaited her. The officers in England, who had never fought in America, had the same opinion of the want of courage and

ability in the colonial forces, as Burgoyne had before he had tested their prowess. The brave officers who had the misfortune to be taken with this army, were often annoyed by indirect aspersion upon themselves, in the form of attacks upon the bravery of American troops. It was felt and resented by every one of that army, from the highest to the lowest. A lieutenant Lloyd, at some convivial party, rung the changes upon American cowardice, which Major Acland, both in justice to the corps he had commanded at Stillwater, and to the brave foe he encountered, gave the lieutenant the lie direct. A duel was the consequence; and Major Acland fell at the first fire of his antagonist, deeply lamented at home and abroad. On the reception of this sad news, lady Harriet lost her senses, and life became a blank to her for two years or more; when, by reason of the strength of her constitution, she recovered, and was again restored to society. The good man, who had accompanied her when she sought her wounded husband on the night of the seventh of October 1777, never deserted her in this great misfortune; and on her recovery she left the gay world, and in gratitude, gave her hand to Mr. Brudenell, a very worthy clergyman. Lady Harriet outlived her second husband for many years, and died not long since, in a good old age. The anecdotes of that campaign would fill many volumes. The baroness of Reidesel has published a graphic account of the battle. Her husband commanded the German troops under Burgoyne. The foreign troops had been led to think that the American war would be only a pastime; and when it was over, and that would be speedily, the lands and other property of their foes, would be shared among them for their valor. They were taught a sad lesson by experience.

PHEBE H. ABBOT, wife of Captain Henry Abbot, of Andover, in Massachusetts, was born in that place in 1746. Her maiden name was Abbot. Those of the name were descendants of the first settlers of the town. She was much younger than her husband, who died in 1805, in the eighty sixth year of his age. He was a wealthy yeoman, and a fine specimen of New England

commonwealths-men in her former days. He did many things because his father had done them; and he did many others, because he thought them among his duties, as a freeman, inheriting the property of a freeman. He commanded a militia company, and marched with spirit and alacrity, when he heard that the Indians had invaded the frontiers, to chastise their insolence; and during the revolutionary war, he was ready to take his part in the deliverance of his country. He paid his taxes cheerfully, when his property was assessed; and he turned all he had to the best account for himself and his country. He, like others, lost the earnings of many hard days labor, by the depreciation of continental money, a stain on the name of our country's justice; but after the peace, his industry soon made him forget his losses. Mrs. Abbot managed her household affairs with great exactness and economy, but still with liberality. Her table was bountiful, without any parade. Not a crumb was lost, not an ingredient misapplied. Her eye was upon every thing; every measure of meal was weighed, every flask of oil was measured, and her calculations never failed. She had not a large family of her own, only two sons and one daughter; and the eldest son was not much at home, having been educated at Harvard University: but their large farm and mansion house was fitted for boarders, and when Phillips founded his academy in that town, he stipulated with the best families of the parish, that each should receive students as boarders, according to the accommodations they possessed. Captain Abbot had the means of accommodating a half dozen, or more, without any inconvenience, and he paid a most religious regard to his engagement. In this family, students were provided with good and wholesome food, spacious rooms, and plenty of fuel; and they were taken care of as children. No fond mother could be more attentive to the health, morals, and habits of her offspring, than Mrs. Abbot was to those under her care. It was considered a fortunate affair to get into her family. She was exact, but not rigid; economical, but liberal. The household affairs were all managed without bustle, that no boy might plead an excuse that *he was interrupted* in his studies by the noise of the spinning

wheel, or the churn. Of those who were under her care, and there were many in the course of the long period she was able to look after her family, no one ever complained of ill treatment or neglect. All were satisfied. She and her husband were members of the congregational church in the place, and were as regular as the holy sabbath came, at divine service; and every boy was required to be in readiness to attend her to the place of worship; and there the slightest misconduct or neglect was noticed and reproved. Times passed on, and seasons changed; but, nothing but death made changes in her arrangements. As one boy went off to college, another took his place, and was soon acquainted with her discipline; and if he felt it a little too strict at first, he soon found comfort and happiness in it. Mrs. Abbot was a woman of a strong mind, which was most admirably disciplined, of excellent principles, of great equanimity of temper, and of fine health; always at, or near home, ready for every care which her family demanded. She took a deep interest in all her friends and acquaintances, and spared no pains to oblige them. She had no meanness, or selfishness in her nature, but was just and generous to all. Such a woman was a good guide to youth; and she read their characters at a glance. She excited her boys to study, and felt as delighted as a mother, when they wore testimonials of improvement. On such occasions some little nicety was provided for them, to show that she had an interest in their reputation.

She had the misfortune to lose her only daughter, when full grown, and just entering into life with fair prospects; but even this calamity did not disturb her composure. "*The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his name,*" was all that escaped her lips under this bereavement. Nature had done much towards making her a woman of fortitude, but religious discipline had done more. She lived until the summer of 1833, and then died of old age. For a few years before her death, she had been afflicted with blindness, but this did not change her temper. She said that the great disposer of events had done all this to detach her from the world, and to teach her to contemplate the *great change* about to take place. It was

delightful to her in later times, to talk of those who had lived with her, in past days; they were all remembered under the denomination of children. She was discriminating and just in marking their characteristics, and, indeed, was seldom out in her calculations. Her predictions among the boys, if unfavorable, were dreaded as bad omens; and her affectionate expressions cheered the poor fellow who was delving upon his Greek lesson. If it gave permanent glory in Rome to have educated two bright boys, what honors belong to her, who had, during her pilgrimage, more than two hundred under her maternal care, and all of them having cause for blessing her name. It requires wisdom to direct minds, and it is a proof of virtue to have educated others to good habits. If the mothers of our country cannot boast of the glories of fashion, or their taste in the arts, it must be acknowledged, that those virtues, which give strength to principle, and security to society, were eminently theirs. It is not in the higher regions of life, that its value can be truly ascertained. The elevated must act for others, as well as themselves; those depressed below the ordinary level of existence, have seldom sufficient fortitude to see all the bearings of human duties. It is in the more common walks of society that the true nature of man is best ascertained; those who have neither poverty or riches, have but few temptations.

The latter days of Mrs. Abbot were not so prosperous as those which had preceded them; for her children were not very fortunate in life; but she found consolation in those principles she had from youth professed, and they bore her on triumphantly, until she bade adieu to all things of time and sense.

ISABELLA ANDREINI, was born at Padua, in 1653. She became an actress of great fame, and was flattered by the applauses of men of wit and learning of her time. The Italian theatre was considered, in that day, a literary institution. She is described as a woman of elegant figure, beautiful countenance, and melodious voice; of taste in her profession, and conversant with the French and Spanish languages; nor was she unacquainted with philosophy and the sciences. She was a votary

of the muses, and cultivated poetry with ardor and success. The Intenti academicians of Pavia, conferred upon her the honors of their society, and the title of Isabella Andreini, Comica Gelosa, Academica Intenta, detta l'Accesa. She dedicated her works to Cardinal Aldobrandini, (nephew to Pope Clement VIII.) by whom she was greatly esteemed, and for whom many of her poems were composed. In France, whither she made a tour, she met with a most flattering reception from the king, the queen, and the court. She died in 1604, at Lyons, in the forty-second year of her age. Her husband was overwhelmed with affliction at her loss, and erected a monument to her memory, in the city in which she expired, inscribed with an epitaph commemorative of her virtues. The learned strove to outdo each other in pronouncing panegyrics on her character. Even a medal was struck, with this inscription, "Æterna Fama." Her works are numerous, and still much admired by the lovers of Italian literature; they are readily found in print. She left a son, born in 1578, who was also a poet; he wrote, among other things, "Adamo," a sacred drama, in five acts, with chorusses, &c., Milan, 1613, and 1617, with prints, designed by Carlo Antonio Proccachini, a celebrated landscape painter of his time, and of the school of the Carracci; but in a wretched style, paradise being represented as full of clipt hedges, square parterres, straight walks, &c. But what is more interesting, Voltaire, in his visit to England, in 1727, suggested that Milton took his hint of his Paradise Lost from this drama. This obtained little credit at the time, and was contemptuously rejected by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Milton. Mr. Hayley, however, has revived the question, and with considerable advantage to Voltaire's supposition; and it seems now to be the opinion, that the coincidence between Andreini's plan, and Milton's, is too great to be the effect of chance. But no matter from whence the mighty bard drew his hint, from the sparks he may have taken from another author, he set the Empyrean in a blaze.

JOAN D'ARC was born of humble parentage, in the village of Domseme, near Tancouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, in

1402. The instructions she received during her childhood and youth, were suited to her humble condition. She left her parents at an early age, to relieve them from the burden of her subsistence, and engaged herself as a servant at a small inn. Here she employed herself in attending the horses of her guests, and riding them without a saddle to the watering place; and in performing other duties, which at larger inns are the duties of men. By these exercises she acquired an active spirit, and a robust, and hardy frame. Without displaying, in such an exposed situation, any superiority of talent or character, she preserved her manners and conduct free from reproach.

The critical and interesting situation of France at that time, became a frequent subject of conversation, even with people of the lowest rank. Joan had been taught to hold in detestation the English name, and the ravages of war, extending even to her father's cottage, increased this abhorrence. She eagerly listening to the daily and varying tale, became interested in political affairs, and caught the spirit of the times. The misfortunes of the dauphin, his gentle and amiable character, and the perils which threatened him, awakened in her heart a sentiment of loyal and generous attachment. She meditated on the means of his deliverance, and on the calamities of her bleeding country, till her imagination became inflamed, the delusions of which she mistook for an impulse from heaven. Excited by these ideas, she repaired to Vaucouleurs, had an interview with Baudricourt, the governor, to whom she imparted her mission, and conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, of which she was the organ; but to second her heavenly revelations. The governor was not disposed to hear her at first, but she, not daunted, renewed her solicitations. She waited upon him daily, and at each successive visit, her importunity was increased. He, at length, adopted the scheme of Joan; gave her some attendants, and accompanied her to the French court, then residing at Chinon.

Not the marvelous alone, but the miraculous also, is attached to the history of this extraordinary woman. It is pretended, that Joan, immediately on her admission, knew the king, though *she had never seen him before*, and though he purposely kept

himself in the crowd of courtiers, and had laid aside every thing in his dress, which might distinguish him: that she offered him, in the name of the supreme creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims, there to be crowned; and on his expressing some doubts of her mission, revealed to him a secret, which was unknown to every person except himself, and which nothing but a heavenly inspiration could have discovered to her; and that she demanded as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword, kept in the church of St. Catharine, of Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen it, she described, by all its marks, and by the place where it had long lain neglected.

An assembly of grave divines examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it to be undoubted; and the parliament, collected at Poitiers, confirmed the decisions of the theologians. Joan was dressed in a complete suit of armor, mounted on a prancing charger, and shown to the admiring people. Her fine person; the comeliness of her countenance, and the grace with which she managed her steed, completed the popular delusion: the air was rent by the shouts and acclamations of the spectators. Her former occupation was, by her admirers, softened into that of a shepherdess; from her age, which was seven and twenty, ten years were subtracted; chivalry, religion, and sentiment, were the powerful auxiliaries that united on this occasion, to captivate the fancy, and to inflame the hearts of the multitude.

It was now determined to try her force against the enemy. She was sent to Blois, where a large convoy was preparing for the supply of Orleans; and an army of ten thousand men had assembled, as an escort. Before marching, she ordered all the soldiers to confess their sins, and banished from the camp all women of ill fame. Joan covered with her troops the embarkation. Suffolk, the English commander, did not venture to attack her; and the French general reconducted the escorting army in safety to Blois.

Under Joan's sacred influence, the garrison now believed themselves invincible. The next convoy passed without any obstruction, and silence and astonishment prevailed among the English troops. Joan, seizing the moment of ardor, exhorted

the garrison to make a sally on the enemy; the generals seconded her spirit, and gallantry; the troops, assured of the assistance of heaven, poured impetuously on the dispirited English; their ranks were mowed down, their redoubts forced, and those whom the sword spared were carried into captivity.

On one occasion the French gave way, and Joan was left nearly alone. Compelled at length to join the deserters, she displayed on high the sacred banner; while with her voice, her countenance, and her gestures, she animated her recreant followers, led them back to the charge, turned the fortune of the field, and overpowered the enemy. When wounded, on another occasion in the neck, by an arrow, she retired for a moment, and exclaimed, as with her own hand she extracted the weapon, "It is glory, and not blood, which flows from this wound." The wound having been quickly dressed, she returned to head the assailants, and to plant her victorious standard on the enemy's ramparts. At an attack on Jergeau, she descended into the fosse, where she was beaten to the ground, by a blow on her head from a stone, but quickly recovering herself, the assault was carried, and Suffolk made prisoner.

Joan had now accomplished one part of her mission, in raising the siege of Orleans; the crowning of Charles at Rheims only remained to be effected, on which she now insisted. Charles, accompanied by the victorious female, at the head of twelve thousand men, set out for Rheims; every town opened its gates to him as he passed. The ceremony of his coronation was then performed; Joan stood by his side, in complete armor, displaying her sacred banner, and the people shouted with tumultuous joy.

The English, supported by the duke of Burgundy, laid seige to the town of Compeigne, into which Joan threw herself. The garrison, who with her assistance believed themselves invincible, received her with transports of joy. Here, however, her good fortune forsook her, and after performing prodigies of valor, and losing her horse under her, she was compelled to surrender to the enemy. The Burgundians, into whose hands she had fallen, sold her to the English, for ten thousand livres. *It is believed the French officers, jealous of the glory of the*

maid, had designedly exposed her to this fatal catastrophe. Such is human gratitude, and the fate of merit; and such the recompense awarded to the benefactors of their species. She was tried for sorcery and magic, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment; and to be fed, during life, on bread and water. The trial was a mockery on justice.

Both the French and English might now have been convinced, that the opinion of divine influence, which had so much encouraged the one and depressed the other, was without foundation. But the barbarous vengeance of Joan's enemies, was not yet satisfied. Near four months she was continually harassed by questions, and persecutions, the most ridiculous and absurd; she was asked, whether at the coronation of Charles, she had not displayed a standard, consecrated by magical incantation. "Her trust," she replied, "was in the image of the Almighty impressed on the banner; and that she, who had shared the danger of the field, was entitled to partake of the glory at Rheims. During these examinations she betrayed no weakness, nor gave to her persecutors any advantage; she disgraced not the heroism she had displayed in the field. At length she was excommunicated, and all pardon, all mercy refused to her. Crowned with a paper, on which were inscribed the terms, "apostate, heretic, and idolatress," and guarded by soldiers, she was delivered over to the stake, which had been erected for the purpose in the market-place of Rouen.

On the right hand of the scaffold, on which she was exposed to the savage fury of the people, were stationed the clergy, and on the left the secular officers. In this situation she was, with solemn mockery, interrogated on the principles of her faith; principles, which appeared to differ in no respect, from those of her merciless persecutors. She was at the conclusion informed, that the meek and merciful ministers of the gospel had, for the execution of their sentence, handed her over to the secular powers."—*Dieu soit bene!* "Blessed be God!" exclaimed the sufferer, as she placed herself on the pile. Her body was quickly consumed, and her ashes scattered to the winds. Thus perished this heroic woman, June 14th, 1431; to whom, (it is justly ob-

served by Mr. Hume,) "the more liberal and generous superstitions of the ancients would have erected altars."

In 1454, a revision of the sentence of Joan was demanded by her mother; and the memory of Joan was fully cleared of every imputation which could tend to its dishonor, by the bishop of Paris, under a commission by pope Nicolas V. Monuments were erected to her honor, in Orleans, at Rouen, and various parts of France. Some years after her decease, Joan was, by a bull of pope Calixtus III., declared a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king.

JANE AUSTEN, a highly gifted and sensible novelist, was born on the sixteenth of December, 1775, at Steventon, in the county of Hantz, Eng., for which parish, her father was rector for upwards of forty years. At the age of seventy, he resided with his family at Bath, and upon his death, his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and ultimately, in, 1807, to Chawton, in the same county. It was during her residence in the last mentioned place, that Miss Austen composed the novels, which for ease, nature, and a complete knowledge of the features which distinguish the domesticity of the English country gentry, are very highly estimated. The principal of these productions, are, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma." Two more, published after her death, entitled, "Northenger Abbey," and "Persuasion," which were however, her most early attempts. The praise-worthy object of Miss Austen, in all her works was to advocate the superiority of sound principles, unsophisticated manners, and undesigning rectitude, to more splendid and artificial pretensions; and within the sphere of her delineation she eminently succeeded. At the same time her discrimination was acute, her humor easy, and spontaneous, and her power of creating an interest in her character, by slight and reiterated touches, extraordinary. This amiable and accomplished lady, whose personal and mental attractions were otherwise of a high order, died of a decline, on the eighteenth of July, 1817, in her forty-second year; and her virtues are held in sweet remembrance.

JOAN D'ALBERT, queen of Navarre, daughter of Henry D'Albert and Margaret of Valois, was born in 1528. At eleven years of age, she was married, contrary to her own inclinations and those of her parents, to the duke of Cleves, by the authority of Francis I., but the marriage was afterwards declared null. In 1548, she married Anthony of Bourbon, duke of Vendome. She was the mother of Henry IV. of France. On the death of her father, in 1555, she became queen of Navarre, and her husband took the title of king. They favored the reformed religion, and would probably have openly professed it, had they not feared the resentment of the French king, Henry II. After his death they declared their conversion to Calvinism, which religion Joan afterwards zealously protected. Anthony, on the other hand, a weak and fickle man, renounced his new faith, and commanded against the protestants in the civil war, in which he was killed at the siege of Rouen, in 1562. Joan, who was ill treated by him after his change, left the court of France, and returned to Bearn. She not only established the protestant religion in her states, but abolished popery, and seized the ecclesiastical property, which she applied to the maintenance of the reformed clergy, and the schools. Her catholic subjects several times revolted, and a plot was formed to deliver her and her children into the hands of the king of Spain; but she defeated all their conspiracies, and maintained her royal authority. In 1568, she quitted her states to join the chiefs of the French protestants; and at Cognac had an interview with the prince of Conde, to whom she presented her son, then fifteen years old, with her jewels, as devoted to the service of the cause. She withdrew to Rochelle; whence she wrote a pathetic letter to Elizabeth, queen of England, describing the calamities and oppressions which had induced the protestants to take up arms. During her absence, the catholics of Bearn again revolted, but were put down by her general, the count of Montgomery. Her prudence was lulled by the flattering proposal of Charles IX., to marry his sister to her son; and she came to Paris to prepare for the nuptials. In the midst of them, she was seized with a disease, of which she died, June, 1572, in her forty-fourth year. Her

death was not without suspicion of poison, which, if not contradicted by the circumstances, would be rendered sufficiently credible by the character of that court, which soon after acted the horrible tragedy of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's.

CHARLOTTE D'ALBERT was the wife of Cæsar Borgia, whose misfortunes she shared without reproaching him of his vices. She was pious, sensible, witty, and had much genius for poetry. Her husband was guilty of almost every crime known to human nature, while she was practising every virtue that adorns her sex.

ALDRUDE, countess of Bertinoro, in Romagna, has been highly celebrated by Italian writers, for the loveliness of her person, the courtesy of her manners, and the superiority of understanding, with which she was blessed. Her fortune was princely, her munificence extensive, and she was universally beloved and admired; but the circumstance which peculiarly handed her down to posterity, is the military ardor which glowed in her breast. Anconia, a city situated on the Adriatic sea, was besieged, in the year 1167; and, though the inhabitants bravely repelled the attacks of their enemies, famine reduced them to the utmost distress. As the fort was blockaded, no hopes could be entertained of succor. In this situation, they determined to apply to William, son of Marcheitto degh Adelarde, for relief; and three of their nobles contrived to elude the vigilance of their enemies, and reached Ferrara in a small ship. William generously consented to afford them the succor they demanded, and hastened into Lombardy to assemble his troops; but advised them likewise, to implore the aid of the countess of Bertinoro, who had a large body of troops at her command. Moved with compassion for the unfortunate Anconians, the amiable countess promised the assistance which they solicited, and assembling her troops, united them to William's. When they arrived near Anconia, she addressed them in the following words:—"Fortified and encouraged by the favor of heaven, I have, contrary to the custom of my sex, determined to address you in a plain exhortation, which, though it may not be flattering to your ears,

may serve to rouse the vigor of your minds. I solemnly swear to you, that on the present occasion, no views of interest, no dreams of ambition, have impelled me to succor the besieged. Since the death of my husband, though plunged in sorrow, I have found myself undisputed mistress of his domains. The preservation of my numerous possessions, to which my wishes are limited, afford for my sex and capacity, a sufficient occupation of my time; but the perils which encompass the wretched Anconians, united to the tears and prayers of the women, appeal to humanity for aid. To relieve a people consumed by famine, exhausted by resistance, and exposed to calamities, I have left my dominions, accompanied by my son, who, though a little child, recalls to my remembrance the great soul of his father, by whom the wretched were protected, and the afflicted redressed. And you, warriors of Lombardy and Romania, not less illustrious for your fidelity to your engagements, than renowned for your valor in the field; you, whom the same cause has brought here to obey the orders, and emulate the example of William Adelarde, who listening only to his generosity and love of freedom, has not scrupled to engage his possessions, his friends, and his vassals, for the deliverance of Anconia; a conduct so generous, so worthy of praise, requires no comment; beneath our sense of it, magnanimity and language fail. An enterprise, so full of glory, has already nearly succeeded; already have you passed the defiles occupied by the enemy, and pitched your tents in the hostile country. It is now the time that the seed which was scattered should bring forth fruit; it is time to make trial of your strength, and that valor, for which you are distinguished; for courage is relaxed by delay. Let the dawn of day find you under arms, that the sun may illumine the victory promised by the Most High, for your pity to the unfortunate." This exhortation was received by the soldiery with reiterated bursts of applause; and the Venetians, alarmed at the united force which had assembled for the relief of the Anconians, thought it most prudent to make a retreat. To what period the life of this great and amiable woman was extended, the biographer, who gives the preceding account, does not relate: but the date of her birth, and the exact

time when she closed her existence, are uninteresting when compared with her superior abilities and worth.

ARIA, OR ARRIA, a Roman lady, the wife of Cæcina Pæstus, whose fortitude and conjugal affection have immortalized her name. Several acts of noble firmness were crowned by that which terminated her existence. Her husband, having rebelled against Claudius, was ordered to destroy himself. Seeing him hesitate, Aria plunged the poniard into her own breast, to give him courage to do the act he determined on, or was ordered to do, and presented it to him, saying at the same time, "Pæstus, it is not painful!" Self destruction was, in the Roman creed, no moral crime. Cato, Brutus, and hundreds of their mightiest men, had done it. Aria's heroism was not less than theirs; and that heroic spirit, which taught her husband the road to death, would, in a Christian course, in a day of more glorious light, have made her a martyr, and a saint: and although her example cannot now be followed in any case, yet, her courage and fortitude should not be forgotten. The great Pliny was her biographer.

AGNES, wife of Andrew III., king of Hungary, was the daughter of Albert, emperor of Germany. She distinguished herself by her address, and political abilities; but appears to have had more Machiavelian policy than true greatness of mind. After the death of her father, she resided in Switzerland, where her finesse was of great service to her brother, Albert II., with whom these people were at war. She died in 1364.

ALICE, queen of France, wife of Lewis VII., third daughter of Thibaut the Great, count of Champagne. The princess receiving a careful education in the magnificent court of her father, and possessing the natural qualifications of beauty, good nature, wit, and a fondness for poetry, in which consisted a great part of the literature of that age, was much extolled, for those advantages. Independent of allying himself with Thibaut, whom he had found a powerful enemy, and thus detaching him

from the interest of the English, already too potent in France, Lewis VII., on the death of his second wife, in 1160, saw none equal to Alice in personal charms and character. He accordingly demanded her of her father, who, with his family and nobles, repaired immediately to the court of France, where, soon after, the nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. And to cement the union more strongly, two daughters of the king, by his first wife, were married also to the two elder sons of the count. Four years afterwards, in 1165, she had a son, afterwards Philip Augustus, to the great joy of Lewis, and the nation in general. Tenderly beloved by her husband, whose ill health often interfered with the duties of his station, Alice not only assisted him in conducting the affairs of the nation, but superintended, with affectionate zeal, the education of her son, who afterwards became one of the greatest of the French monarchs. Lewis died in 1180, having appointed Alice to the regency; but the young prince being married to Isabella of Hainault, niece to the earl of Flanders, the authority was balanced between them, and produced frequent disputes. She applied to Henry II., of England, who reconciled Philip to his mother, and her brothers; and her son was so well satisfied with her conduct, that in 1190, on going to the Holy Land, he confided, by the advice of his barons, the education of his son, and the regency of the kingdom to Alice, and her brother the cardinal, archbishop of Rheims. She died at Paris, in 1205.

AISSA, a poetess of Spain, during the time the Moors had possession of that kingdom. At this time the Moors cultivated every species of polite literature with success, while the rest of Europe was sunk in ignorance and sloth. Amongst the women who particularly distinguished themselves, was this lady, daughter of the duke of Almedi, so that "she was honored and esteemed by kings." Her poems and orations were often read, with applause in the royal academy of Corduba. She was a virtuous character, lived unmarried, and left behind her many monuments of her genius, and a large and select library. The muses have long since departed from the Iberian shores.

SOPHONISBA ANGESCIALA, OF ANGUESALA, an Italian lady of a noble Cremonse family, born in 1535, manifested an early love of drawing, and was put under the tuition of Gotti. In a short time she became a complete mistress of painting, and acquired a high reputation. Philip II. invited her to Spain, patronized her liberally, and gave her in marriage to Don Fabricio de Moncorda, who took her to Sicily, her native country. After his death, she married a noble Genoese. At the age of sixty-seven she lost her sight; but she continued to be the charm of the enlightened society which she called around her. She died at Genoa, about 1620.

LADY BLANCHE ARUNDEL, was daughter to Edward Somerset, earl of Worcester. Wardour castle, being summoned, May 2d, 1643, by the parliament forces under Sir Edward Hungerford, to surrender, the lady Arundel, who commanded it in the absence of her husband, refused to deliver it up, alledging that she had orders from her lord to keep it, and those orders she was determined to obey. On this reply, the cannon were drawn up, and the battery commenced, which continued from Wednesday to the following Monday. The castle contained about twenty-five fighting men. During the siege two mines were sprung, by the explosion of which, every room in the fortress was shaken and endangered. The besiegers, more than once, offered to give quarter to the women and children, on condition that the besieged should surrender their arms at discretion. But the ladies of the family disdained to sacrifice their brave friends and faithful servants to their own safety; and when the latter were almost worn out by watching, they, with their female servants, assisted in loading the muskets, and in administering refreshments to their intrepid defenders. When at length they were obliged to surrender, honorable terms of capitulation were agreed upon, by which both the lives and the property in the fortress were to be spared. The besiegers, however, only respected their lives, while they plundered and burnt the castle; so that the loss of the earl of Arundel was computed at one hundred thousand pounds. The conduct of her enemies pierced the heart of a

mother, by obliging her to separate from her children. Two sons, the elder only nine, and the younger seven years of age, were torn from her arms, and carried captive to Dorchester.

Lady Arundel is buried with her husband, near the altar of an elegant chapel, at Wardour castle; on the monument is an inscription, which, after giving their titles and ancestry, thus concludes: "This lady, as distinguished for her courage, as for the splendor of her birth, bravely defended, in the absence of her husband, the castle of Wardour, with a spirit above her sex, for nine days, with a few men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, Edmund Ludlow, and their army, and then delivered it up on honorable terms. Obit. 28 October, 1649, Etat. 66. Requiescat in pace. 'Who shall find a valiant woman? The price of her is as things brought from afar off, and from the uttermost coast. The heart of her husband trusteth in her.'—Prov. 31."

ABELLA, a female writer, born at Salerne, in the reign of Charles VI., of France. She wrote copiously upon medicine, and her works were held in high estimation for many years.

AYESHA, was the daughter of Abubeker, and favorite wife of Mahomet, whom he married when she was only nine years of age. She produced Mahomet no offspring, but was much beloved by him until his death, which took place in her arms. Ayesha was always much respected by the Moslems, who styled her the "Mother of the Faithful;" and her influence, which on some occasions she exercised rather imprudently, was considerable. On the accession of Ali, she raised a revolt, and was carried in a litter, at the head of the army which marched against him. In the first battle that ensued, she was exposed to much personal danger. According to the Arabian writers, the hands of seventy men were cut off, who successively held the bridle of her camel. At length, being taken prisoner, Ali, after some mutual reproaches had passed between them, caused her to be respectfully conveyed to Medina, only requiring her to live peaceably at home, and no longer interfere in public affairs. She regained a portion of her influence under his successor, Moawyah,

but died soon after, in the fifty-eighth year of the Hegira, A. D. 672, aged 67.

LADY MARY ARMEYNE, was eminent for her piety and learning, as well as rank, in the seventeenth century. She was the wife of Sir William Armeyne, and daughter to Henry, fourth son of George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. She was well read in the ancient and modern languages, and left behind her several monuments of her munificence in hospitals and other charitable foundations. Her death took place in 1675.

MARY ASTELL, was an English lady who attained considerable eminence as a public writer, in the early part of the last century. She was born at Newcastle, on Tyne, in 1668, and, instructed by her uncle, a clergyman, in Latin, French, philosophy, mathematics, and logic. When about twenty, she removed to London; where, and at Chelsea, she spent the remainder of her life, devoting her leisure to literary composition. Her first production was "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies, wherein a method is offered for the Improvement of their Minds." London, 1697; 12mo. The establishment of a seminary for female education on a large scale, was the object of this work, which attracted much notice. The rest of her works relate chiefly to the religious controversies of the times. She advocated high church principles, attacked the writings of Locke and Archbishop Tillotson, and was complimented by Dr. Waterland. She died in 1731.

MARGARET D'ATTENDOLE, wife of Michael de Catignola, and sister of the great Sforzas, founder of the house of Sforzas, dukes of Milan. Of obscure birth and education, this family seemed all to inherit the same heroic spirit. When James, count de la Marche, came to espouse the queen of Naples, Sforza, then grand constable, was sent to meet him; but that prince threw him, his relations, and suite into prison; thinking by this means to attain, with more ease, the tyrannic power, which he afterwards assumed. Margaret assembled an army, took the

command, and besieged the king in a castle, where the conditions proposed to him were, to be contented with the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and give Sforza his liberty. Knowing the value of his hostage, he sent deputies to Margaret, menacing him with instant death, if Tricarica was not given up to him. Anxious for her brother, but indignant at the proposition, she instantly formed the resolution of imprisoning the deputies, whose families, alarmed for their safety, ceased not to intercede, till the count consented to set Sforza and his friends at liberty, and to reinstate him in his former situation.

ANNA THE PROPHETESS.—The character of this aged and holy woman, although barely mentioned by the Evangelists, is finely portrayed by Cox, in his *Female Scripture Biography*, and is at once a sample and a proof, how much a few satisfactory facts may be enlarged by an ingenious lover of his subject.

“Two illustrious women have already been presented to the reader as adorning the era of our Saviour’s incarnation; the one, the mother of his humanity, the witness of his miracles, and the weeping attendant upon his crucifixion; the other, her venerable relative, the wife of Zacharias, and the parent of John, who was the destined precursor of the ‘desire of all nations.’ We are now to contemplate another female, whose age super-adds a charm to her excellences, and whose privilege also it was to witness the commencing brightness of the evangelical day. Like Elizabeth, her ‘memorial’ is short, but it does not ‘perish with her.’* She has a place in the chronicles of the redeemed, a name before which that of heroes and heroines fade away, and which it requires no ‘storied urn nor animated bust’ to perpetuate.

“Anna is introduced to our notice on the memorable occasion which has been already mentioned, when the parents of Jesus took him after his circumcision to Jerusalem, to ‘present him to the Lord.’ Then it was that Simeon broke forth in eloquent and prophetic congratulations, expressive at once of his own

* Pg. ix, 6.

triumph over death, in consequence of having witnessed the accomplishment of those prophecies, which had so long and so often filled him with delightful anticipations, and of the 'glory,' which he foresaw would irradiate Israel and enlighten the Gentiles. Scarcely had he finished his address, when Anna, a prophetess, remarkable for her extreme age and exemplary piety, entered the temple, and not only united with Simeon and the rest of the interesting group in 'giving thanks unto the Lord,' but 'spoke of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.'

"It was befitting the majesty of the event which had occurred, that the spirit of prophecy should revive after being dormant for about four hundred years. Since the days of Malachi no such inspiration had been afforded; but the new and glorious period, commencing with the incarnation, was marked by this, as well as other signs and wonders. When Simeon held the infant Saviour in his arms, the Spirit of God touched his tongue with a live coal from the altar; and when the aged 'daughter of Phanuel' approached, she caught the glow of kindling rapture, and blended with his her praises and predictions.

"This eminent woman is represented as 'of great age,' as having 'lived with a husband seven years from her virginity,' and as being 'a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers, night and day.*' This form of expression does not seem to furnish decisive evidence whether her entire age was eighty-four, or whether she was a widow during that period; if the latter, the seven years in which she lived with a husband, together with the probable number which constituted her age at the time of her marriage, must be added to the calculation, which would produce considerably more than a hundred years; in either case she must be allowed to occupy a conspicuous place in the records of longevity.

"It has been observed of the aged, that although existence, when extended beyond the usual period of 'threescore years and ten,' is nothing but 'labour and sorrow,' they still adhere to life

* Luke ii. 36, 37.

with the utmost tenacity, and are even less disposed to relinquish it than those whose more vigorous powers and undecayed youth capacitate them for its enjoyment. But however surprised we may be to witness this anxiety to live, in those who are bending beneath the pressure of years and the load of decrepitude, and to see that this anxiety rather increases than diminishes, there is something in it by no means unnatural. In addition to the love of life, which is implanted in every human bosom for the wisest purposes, the aged person cannot but feel that he is nearer than others to that hour of separation from all the connexions and interests of time, than the multitude around him; an hour at which nature instinctively shudders, and which is always regarded as painful, whatever may be the result. Corporeal suffering may be considerable; and that change of being which the mortal stroke produces has always something about it awful, mysterious, and terrific. There are few instances in which it can be approached without some degree of dread, some shrinking of mind, whatever be the state of detachment from the present world, and whatever pleasing anticipations may exist with regard to another: as the patient, however assured of the necessity of the measure, and the importance of the result, trembles while preparations are making to amputate his disordered limb. It may be observed also of the young, that while they compassionate their aged friends as the prey of a thousand imbecilities, both of body and mind, and lament over a state in which man is reduced to a second childhood, there is scarcely an individual who does not harbor in secret the wish to attain an age equal at least, if not superior, to any of his contemporaries. The reason is similar to that which influences persons at an advanced period of life; the thought of death, with all its concomitant evils, is unwelcome at any time, and consequently it is grateful to the mind to place it at the greatest conceivable distance; so that, were it now within the appointments of Providence, or the bounds of probability, little doubt can be entertained that the *great proportion of mankind* would readily accept as a *blessing, a patriarchal or antediluvian age.*

“Anna is particularly noticed as the daughter of Phanuel, of

whom we have no other information, and as belonging to the tribe of Asher, which was situated in Galilee. This, whether recorded for that purpose or not, might serve to refute the charge, that 'out of Galilee ariseth no prophet,' since from that quarter proceeded the very first inspirations upon the revival of the prophetic spirit. Asher was a very inferior tribe, and one of the ten, carried captive by the Assyrians, having departed from the worship of the true God, and from the house of David, under Jeroboam. But, notwithstanding this general defection, there were individuals who returned and reunited themselves with Judah, that they might enjoy the ancient privileges of the people of God. Thus, even in the worst of times, and amidst the least favorable circumstances, some portion of true religion has always been preserved in the earth. Though the watchful eye of Providence has occasionally suffered the flame of devotion to languish, and almost expire, yet its total extinction has been prevented, and unexpected coincidences have frequently excited it into new and more vigorous action.

"We have, in the history before us, a specimen of a pious old age, remarkable in itself, and calculated to suggest a variety of useful considerations. This holy woman probably lodged in the immediate vicinity, if not in some of the outward apartments of the temple, which gave her an opportunity of indulging in those constant devotions which accorded with her wishes and comported with her age. On every occasion she was present at appointed services; and so entire was her self-devotement to religion, that she was incessantly engaged in fasting and prayer. The world had no claims on her, being alike unfitted for any of its avocations, and indisposed to any of its pleasures. She had bid it a final farewell, and had withdrawn behind the scenes of this vast theatre, which are so artfully painted as to allure and deceive the imaginations of mankind, into the secrecy of devotion, and the sanctuary of her God. Peace was the companion of her retirement, and piety shed its serenest ray upon *the evening of her mortal existence.*

"It may be presumed that the religion of Anna was by no means of a recent date, but that the seeds of so rich a harvest

were sown in 'the fields of youth.' Whatever is great or eminent is usually the work of time. Nature does not produce the oak, with its spreading branches and solid trunk, in a day, or a twelvemonth; and, in general, a rapid luxuriance is connected with corresponding weakness, and a quick decay. The plans of Providence require the lapse of years or ages to accomplish: events of importance seldom burst suddenly upon the world, and without a previous course of preparatory dispensations, tending to point out the purposes of such occurrences, and to awaken human expectations. Nor can excellence of character be formed without the use of means, opportunities of progressive improvement, and that experience which must be slowly gained.

"Far be it from us to limit the operations of divine grace: it can, indeed, and in some instances has, produced effects of a nature to which no general rules and principles are applicable: it has instantaneously converted a furious persecutor into a faithful, laborious, and eminent preacher of 'the faith which he once destroyed:'* it has transformed a malefactor into a saint, and in one hour raised the criminal from the depths of infamy, and the agonies of crucifixion, to the dignity of a believer in Christ, and the joys of paradise.† But these, surely, ought not to be regarded as the ordinary methods of its operation, but rather as miraculous interferences. In general, religious ordinances are to be constantly and perseveringly attended, in order to the acquisition of eminence in religion. Holy vigilance must concur with devout and fervent prayer, day by day, to check, and finally vanquish the power of depravity, to elevate the mind above the world, and prepare the Christian for his future bliss; as the child must commonly be 'trained up in the way he should go,' if we hope that 'when he is old he will not depart from it.'‡ Impressions deepen and acquire the force of principles by degrees; knowledge is obtained by perpetual accumulation; and faith is increased by constant exercise. It would be as vain to look for the wrinkles of age in the face of youth, or the strength of maturity in the arm of an infant, as to expect the experience, which can

* Gal. i. 23.

† Luke xxiii. 43.

‡ Prov. xiii. 6.

only result from the witness of changes, and the operation of circumstances, with its corresponding stability of character, in him who has but just commenced a life of piety. As 'the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it until he receive the early and the latter rain,'* so we must in general look for a slow and gradual formation of the character to eminence and spiritual luxuriancy. The account given of Anna would therefore lead us to infer that she had been many years, and in all probability from her youth, devoted to the service of God. She had not to regret that her best days were spent in riot and dissipation, in opposition or indifference to religion, by which so many debase their nature, offend their Maker, and ruin their souls; but while she contemplated the future without alarm, and perhaps with joy, she could review the past with satisfaction.

"As memory predominates over the other faculties of the mind in declining life, and as so much of our happiness and misery, at that period, must necessarily result from its exercise, it is of the utmost importance to lay up in store a good provision in the 'sacred treasure of the past.' Nothing can be more desirable than to leave the mind filled with pleasing recollections; and this can arise only from a life of holiness and purity. How awful is it to think that the last hours should be disturbed by images of crime unrepented of, the intrusion of which into the dying chamber no force can prevent! How lamentable to see the terrors of death aggravated by the remorse and horrors of retrospection! 'Life,' says a profound writer,† 'in which nothing has been done or suffered, to distinguish one day from another, is to him that has passed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conscious how ill he has husbanded the great deposit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diversified through its several periods by wickedness, is indeed easily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorse.

"The great consideration which ought to influence us in the *use of the present moment*, is to arise from the effect which, as

* James 5. 7.

† Dr. Johnson.

well or ill applied, it must have upon the time to come; for, though its actual existence be inconceivably short, yet its effects are unlimited, and there is not the smallest point of time but may extend its consequences, either to our hurt, or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reason to remember it for ever, with anguish or exultation.'

"We may take occasion, from the account of Anna, to remark, that true religion is the most substantial support amidst the infirmities of age. This is emphatically the period of 'evil days,' when diseases prey upon the constitution, and the faculties both of body and mind decay. Then 'the sun and the light, the moon and the stars are darkened;' the greatest change takes place in the outward circumstances of gladness and prosperity, the countenance of the man is altered, his complexion faded, and his intellectual faculties, as the understanding and the fancy, weakened. It is at this time 'the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves; the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of the windows are darkened;' the strongest members of the body fail, the limbs bend beneath the weight of decrepitude, and the effects of paralytic distempers; the teeth drop away, while the eyes grow dim and languid; 'the doors are shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low,' the mouth becoming sunken and closed; they 'rise up at the voice of the bird,' awakened from imperfect slumber when the cock crows, or the birds begin their early songs; and 'all the daughters of music,' the tongue that expresses, and the ears that are charmed with it, are 'brought low;' they are 'afraid of that which is high, and fears are in the way,' alarmed at every step they take, lest they should stumble at the slightest obstacle, and especially apprehensive of the difficulties of any ascent. At that age their gray hairs thicken like the white flowers of the 'almond tree' when it 'flourishes,' and even the very 'grasshopper is a burden,' for they cannot bear the slightest inconvenience, not even the weight of an insect, and 'desire fails;' then, is the 'silver cord loosed, the golden bowl broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern;' all the animal and vital functions

at length cease, and every essential organ of life decays; 'then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'*

"Reduced to the state of feebleness and incapacity, which the sacred penman so beautifully describes, man becomes an object of compassion; and it is affecting to see him struggling amidst the ruins of his former self. The sight becomes increasingly painful from the consideration that this is one day to be our own condition; that we too are destined to grow old, to quit the busy scene and the social circle for the solitude of age, and in our turn to be pitied—perhaps forsaken! But there is one thing capable, not only of preserving the old from contempt, but of raising them to grandeur and diffusing lustre over their years of decrepitude. In contemplating Anna we do not think of her infirmities when we observe her piety; the meanness of the woman—tottering, crippled, dying—is lost amidst the majesty of the saint, incessantly serving God in his temple, and advancing to the grave 'in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.'† The dawning of a heavenly day seems to arise upon her 'hoary head;' which, 'being found in the way of righteousness,' is a 'crown of glory.'‡

"Anna's history further suggests, that religion is the most effectual guard against the vices of advanced age. One of these is a spirit of querulousness. It is the common practice of those, who believe themselves entitled to veneration on account of their years, to complain of the arrogant disregard of their counsels, which they impute to the rising generation. Cherishing the highest opinion of their own sentiments, to which they attribute a kind of infallibility, as being founded upon experience, they naturally expect implicit submission to their dictates, and an exact conformity to their views: they require not only to be heard but obeyed, and are impatient at the folly of those who rebel against their wisdom. Hence originate the often repeated tales of the degeneracy of the present times, and the growing insolence of the young. It may, indeed, be admitted, that, other

* Eccles. xii. 2—7. † Job v. 26. ‡ Prov. xvi. 31.

things being equal, the aged have a just claim upon the attention of the young, whom they are sometimes qualified to instruct; but surely they are not always entitled to the same reverence, and age does not necessarily confer wisdom. Genuine humility, however, tends to correct the spirit of dictation, while it combines with an affectionate concern for the interests of those who are newly come into life; and genuine humility is the product of religion, which supplies motives to give advice with kindness, and to endure the rejection of it without anger.

“Another fault of age, is the indulgence of useless regrets for the past. In reviewing life, it is easy to discover instances of our own incaution or negligence, which have possibly influenced our affairs, and been connected with many subsequent disappointments. We have not availed ourselves of fortunate conjunctures, or we have rejected profitable offers; one scheme has failed by our precipitancy, another by our procrastination; some persons, perhaps, have been foolishly trusted, and others as foolishly suspected; we have occasionally listened to advice which should not have been taken, or rejected what would have proved advantageous; and the consequence has been, some diminution of fortune, some disappointment of our expectations, some failure in the crop of earthly enjoyment which we had anticipated. If it were possible to recall the years which have for ever rolled away, or if the felicity of a rational and immortal being consisted in the possession of temporal abundance, worldly honor, or corporeal gratification, these regrets would have some show of propriety, and might at least secure a patient hearing; but it is certain, they only betray a weak or a wicked mind; it is perhaps equally certain, they will generally continue to occupy the thoughts of the aged. There is, in fact, but one remedy, ‘pure and undefiled religion.’ It is this alone which can fix in the mind a full persuasion of the nothingness of terrestrial pleasures and possessions. This only can console us after our ineffectual efforts to ‘gain the whole world,’ or amidst the loss of riches which have ‘taken to themselves wings,’ and long since ‘fled away,’ by the assurance, that nothing we ever possessed was adequate to render us happy, without other and better enjoy-

ments—that upon a fair estimate, it is questionable whether the perplexities it occasioned, did not counterbalance the advantages it either bestowed or promised—and that could we now call our own whatever we have most valued or desired of worldly good, it would prove incapable of making us substantially happy. He need not wish to renew life, who has the hope of a better existence—nor regret the loss of temporal advantages, if he have immortal good. He who ‘lays up for himself treasures in heaven,’ may defy the storms of time, and adopt the triumphant language of the apostle, amidst the wreck of earthly good, ‘having nothing, yet possessing all things.’*

“Similar views and principles alone can correct a third error of age, namely, the aim to prolong juvenility to an unnatural period. ‘To secure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolics, and its fopperies. It is a hopeless endeavor to unite the contraries of spring and winter; it is unjust to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wisdom and gravity of men whom they consider as placed at a distance from them in the ranks of existence, and naturally look on those whom they find trifling with long beards with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them, if they will dress crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavor at gaiety with faltering voices, and darken assemblies of pleasure with the ghastliness of disease, they may well expect those who find their diversions obstructed, will hoot them away; and that if they descend to competition with youth, they must bear the insolence of successful rivals.’†

“Religion also, must be regarded as the best preparation for *that end of life*, with which old age is so closely connected.

* 2 Cor. vi. 10.

† Dr. Johnson.

However proper it may be to realize this eventful time, at every period from our earliest to our latest day, it cannot but be regarded as more certainly and evidently near at an advanced age. Anna, after the lapse of a century, had greater reason, surely, to apprehend her dissolution, than in the bloom of youth, or at the commencement of her widowhood: and how appalling the prospect!

It would diminish the impression we have of the terror of death, if his dominion were limited to a part of the world, or to any ascertainable extent of years; but, while his authority continues unimpaired, and his stroke irresistible, the power he is permitted to exercise over humankind is universal. In visiting the repositories of the dead, it is calculated to awaken our liveliest sensibilities to trace the reign of the "king of terrors" upon the sepulchral stone, or the marble monument. In characters which time has almost erased, we read the records of the past, and by a more than probable analogy penetrate some of the mysteries of the future. Here and there occur the names of those who were venerable for age, remarkable for their exploits, conspicuous by their station, rank, or talent—great by the consent of their contemporaries—who once figured upon a stage which is now decayed, or were illustrious in an empire which is now passed away. Some have been smitten by death's withering hand at an earlier, some at a later period of life. Adjoining the grave of age is the tomb of youth. There you see the stone half buried in accumulating heaps of earth, and the inscriptions of love and tenderness obscured by collecting moss; while the hand that wrote them has long since become motionless, and the heart that dictated them ceased to beat.

It is affecting to visit places of public resort, under the full influence of the consideration, that this busy and anxious crowd will soon disappear—their race will be run, and the immortal prize gained or lost! These possessors of the soil will, in a little time, be disinherited—these tenants of a day exchanged—the funeral pall will cover the most ambitious, and the most active of them all, and the motley multitude be succeeded by others *equally busy, equally anxious, equally thoughtless of another state of being—and equally mortal!*

But these sentiments, however calculated to fill irreligious persons with dread and melancholy, can produce no despondency in those who, like Anna, are accustomed to the truths of religion, and derive the chief pleasures both of their youthful and decrepit age from the services of religion. With regard to death itself, they are taught that his power is limited to the body, and that it is restricted even to a short period over this inferior part of our nature; and as to its consequences, they cannot incessantly frequent the temple, and be occupied in devotion, without learning the value, as well as the reality, of those considerations which are drawn from eternity. They know that 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal put on immortality,' and that then 'there shall be no more death.*' And what do these expressions imply, but the entire renovation of our nature? Man is mortal, because he is sinful; and, consequently, the removal of sin will prove the extinction of death. It is only by the introduction of moral evil that the earth has been converted into a vast cemetery, and life become a short and rugged passage to the sepulchre; but, when it shall no longer prevail, our sanctified nature will inherit the abodes of purity and undecaying existence.

"It is this consideration which endears celestial felicity. Exemption from death implies deliverance from sin, and the Christian wishes to possess a character which God shall approve, and to be cleansed from those stains of guilt which infect his present being, and render him offensive to his father in heaven. Were he destined always to be unholy, he would scarcely contemplate immortality as a blessing; but because he has reason to anticipate 'awaking' from the sleep of the grave, in the divine 'likeness,'† he realizes a period in the bright annals of his future being, when he shall no longer have occasion to exclaim, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?‡'

"The pains of separation too, which afflict this mortal state, cannot exist in that 'better country.' Society will unquestionably prove one considerable source of the happiness of heaven,

* 1 Cor. xv. 54. Rev. xxi. 4.

† Ps. xvii. 15.

‡ Rom. vii. 24.

where immortal beings will be so circumstanced and capacitated, as both to receive and impart enjoyment. The very nature of man is constituted social: and though our circumstances in this life often render temporary separations unavoidable, in a perfect state of society they must be needless; consequently they will not be suffered to impair the joys of paradise.

“The most afflictive of all separations, is that which is occasioned by death. In all other cases, a lingering hope may exist of a re-union at some period, however distant; at least the possibility of it is cheering: but, even if there be no reasonable expectation of this, the very consciousness that our friend is still alive, still on earth, still capable of receiving and performing acts of kindness, still able to communicate with us by letter or by message, to participate in our pleasures, to sympathize with our sorrows, and to pray for our welfare, is consoling in every vicissitude; but when death sets his awful seal upon our companion, relative, or friend, we cherish a deeper feeling of grief, and cannot look to any earthly means of consolation: but we can look to a heavenly one! Whatever resource fails, the religion of the bible supplies inexhaustible springs of comfort. God is on high—Jesus ‘ever lives’—christians know they shall soon pass into a world, where the happy circle will never be broken, the communion of kindred spirits never cease, the day of blessedness never decline, the sabbath of immortality never terminate.

“It is in the temple also, that those who, like Anna, receive just impressions from its services, and live in a state of holy intercourse with God, learn to appreciate the capacities of a spiritual mind for progression in wisdom and felicity, and by consequence, to cherish the noblest anticipations of their own future possible elevation of character. How many unfinished schemes are frustrated by death! Our plans of futurity, our purposes of gain, or our resolves of usefulness, may be ended in one short hour. Here the labors of the industrious, the studies of the learned, the investigations of the philosopher, and the career of the pious, close. The grave silences the voice of the preacher, and paralyzes the hand of the charitable. Here the arguments of a Paul end—here the silver tongue of an Apollo

is speechless—here the hands of a Dorcas cease to manufacture for the poor, whose unavailing tears cannot recall departed piety.

“But who will define the limits of possible attainment in knowledge and excellence in a state of deathless existence? Society is always improving, even in the present world, amidst all its imperfections. The researches of past ages have transmitted a vast stock of wisdom to their successors, both in reference to natural science and religious truth. Who can tell what discoveries a Newton might have made, had he possessed a terrestrial immortality? or who can conceive what heights and depths of divine knowledge might have been disclosed, had the apostles of Christ been permitted to live to the present period, and had it been the will of God that they should have received a constant succession of revelations?”

“In both these cases, not only has death terminated this series of bright discovery, but this earth is not the destined place, nor time the destined period, for those manifestations of eternal wisdom, which we have reason to believe will take place in another world. Those impediments to knowledge, and those reasons for concealment, which at present exist, will be removed, and truth open all her treasures to immortalized and sanctified spirits.

“The consequence of the progressive disclosure of spiritual things, of the works and ways of God, will be progressive improvement: and, as in consequence of the clearer development of truth in the gospel, ‘he who is least in the kingdom of heaven, is greater than John the Baptist;’ so, when all the shadows and clouds that bedim our present existence shall have disappeared, and a ray of heaven pours its glorious illumination upon the mysteries of time, the least in the paradise of God will be greater than the most distinguished in his church on earth. And as we shall never cease to improve in knowledge—for there will be no termination to our spiritual researches—there will probably arrive a period in eternity, when he who, at the resurrection, will be least in the heavenly world, in capacity and glory, will *become greater, in consequence of ever new discoveries, than at that moment will be the greatest of the redeemed universe. And the meanest Christian on earth may indulge the hope, that, at a*

future age, even he may become superior in knowledge, in love, in capacity, and in glory, to what the brightest seraph, or the tallest archangel, is, at present, in the heaven of heavens; for who can tell what God may do for beatified souls? Who dare limit the operations of his mercy, or who can imagine to what an elevation of wisdom and felicity an emparadised believer may attain?

“Progression is the law of a thinking being. And why should it not operate upon holy intelligences in the future state, as well as in the present? and why not when ‘there shall be no more death,’* to an incalculably greater extent? Why should not every new idea, acquired in that world, become a seed of truth in the mind, that shall spring up and bear fruit, multiply and expand, without restriction and without end?

“There is not in religion a nobler, or a more animating sentiment, than this perpetual advancement of the soul towards perfection. Life has its maturity and decline, nature its boundaries of beauty, human affairs their zenith of glory; but, in ‘the new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness,’† every thing will be eternally upon the advance—there will be no end to the path of knowledge—present acquisitions will be the basis of subsequent acquirements—we shall be continually outshining ourselves, by making nearer approaches to infinite goodness—and the whole moral creation will be for ever beautifying in the eyes of God.”

JEANNE D'ARRAGON, one of the most celebrated Italian ladies of the age, and married to a prince of the house of Colonna, was mother of the famous Marc Anthony Colonna, who signalized himself at the battle of Lepanto, against the Turks. She is famous by the elegies composed to her honor by the greatest wits of her time, and in most languages, as Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Slavonic, Polonese, Hungarian, and even Hebrew and Chaldean, one of the most singular monuments, undoubtedly, that gallantry ever raised to female merit. This homage was decreed her in 1555, at Venice, in the academy of

* Rev. xxi. 4.

† 2. Pet. iii. 13.

Dubiosi, and published there in 1558, under the title of *Templo alla divina Arragona*. She died very aged, in 1577.

ASPASIA, the daughter of Axiochus, was born at Miletus. She came to Athens, where she taught eloquence. Socrates was proud to be among her scholars. The great Pericles became her pupil, and was so enamored with her, that he married her, and for many years was governed by her wisdom and eloquence. She has been called a courtesan; but probably after ages have mistaken the moral conduct of this fair, from a fact in the history and laws of the Athenians, which would not suffer a foreign woman to marry an Athenian; and as she was married to Pericles against that law, that the severe and envious called hard names, without much reason, as they have done in every age since, and others love to repeat them. But it is impossible that so moral a man as Socrates, and so wise a man as Pericles, should have cherished an intimacy with one of an abandoned character. If a female moves in an exalted sphere, she is always subject to calumny. She felt no disposition to save her fame by seeking a nunnery, or any other seclusion. Modern times should do justice, and fear not to "pluck the wizzard beard of hoary error."

ANN AMELIA, princess of Prussia, sister to Frederick the great, born in 1723, died 1787. She distinguished herself by her taste for the arts. She set to music "The death of the Messiah" by Romler. She was a decided friend to the far-famed Baron Trenck; and there can be no doubt, but that this attachment for the princess, was the cause of Trenck's misfortunes. Frederick was incensed that a subject should aspire to the hand of his sister. She continued her attachment to Trenck when both had grown old, and Frederick was in his grave, but death deprived her of providing for Trenck's children as she intended.

ANYTA, an ancient Greek poetess, some fragments of whose compositions are preserved in a collection of eminent female poets, published in Hamburgh, in 1734.

MARIA MELLEVILLE ALLEN, wife of William Allen, D. D., late president of Bowdoin College, was the daughter of John Wheelock, LL. D., second president of Dartmouth College. She was the only child of her parents, and the object of their fondest affections; of course, she was indulged in every whim, even while they supposed they were putting her under strict discipline. Possessing a fine constitution, and an amiable disposition, she was as lovely as the wild flower of her native hills, and buoyant as the air she breathed. Her enmities were as transient as a passing cloud, and her friendship's as sweet as a summer's sun. Reputed to be wealthy, and acknowledged to be handsome, she had a host of admirers, when only a child, "who felt or feigned a flame;" with those who followed in her train, she laughed an hour away, and every day saw some new admirer; but she was not married until she had reached the mature age of twenty-six, when she was united to Dr. Allen, who is still living. Mr. Allen was her own and her father's choice; Dr. Wheelock could have none but a scholar for a son-in-law, and she had too long been acquainted with literary men to wed one not devoted to letters. The marriage was hailed as one most suitable, by all their friends, and there can be no doubt but her life was a happy one. She was a religious woman, and softened the ills of life, such as she was called to suffer in the death of parents and friends, by the precepts and consolations of the gospel she professed. In married life, as in single, she was the charm of the social circle. Her talents were of no ordinary cast, yet she seemed never to think of herself as one having any particular gifts of fortune. She died in 1829, aged forty years, leaving her husband with several children. There are those who cherish her memory as maiden, and matron, and friend.

ABASSA, sister of Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad. She was one of the loveliest of Arabian women, skilled in all the learning of her age. She was married to Giafar, of an illustrious race, but falling under the displeasure of her brother, *her husband was slain, and she was banished from the city, and buried in exile and poverty.* Among the fragments of the Ara-

bian muse is a poem on her beauty, talents, and misfortunes, which stamps as a tyrant, in her case, the name of Raschid; which is otherwise elevated and brilliant in the history of the ninth century.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.—The following character of Mrs. Adams was drawn by the editor of this work, near the time of the death of this excellent woman, and published in the *New England Galaxy*, and was copied into the Port Folio of February, 1819, with the following remarks:—

“ In the ensuing article, an unknown writer has pronounced the eulogium of eminent virtues, combined with a masculine understanding, and adorned with all the courtesies of polished society. We have heard many, who had both the means and the power to form an estimate of the character of this distinguished lady, expatiate in terms of affectionate regard and profound respect, on the admirable qualities of Mrs. Adams. Our personal observation is in unison with these sentiments, and we therefore contribute our feeble aid to perpetuate the memory of a lady who, as the companion of one statesman, and the guide of another, is entitled to no ordinary rank in the scroll of American matrons.”

“ Mrs. Adams was the daughter of a New-England clergyman settled within a few miles of Boston: a man respectable in his holy office, and who educated his children in the best manner of the times. The personal and mental accomplishments of his daughter attracted the attention and secured the affection of Mr. Adams, then a young man of distinction at the bar in Massachusetts. They were married in the year 1764, and resided in Boston. The revolutionary difficulties were then fast increasing, and Mr. Adams was conspicuously engaged. When a continental congress was formed, he was sent a delegate from Massachusetts to this body. It was a perilous moment. The wise were baffled, the courageous hesitated, and the great mass of the people were inflamed, but confused; they had no fixed and settled purpose, but all was left for the development of time. Mr. Adams was one of the boldest in the march of honest resist-

ance to tyranny. He looked farther than the business of the day, and ventured at that early period, to suggest plans of self-government and independence. To Mrs. Adams he communicated his thoughts freely on all these high matters of state, for he had the fullest confidence in her fortitude, prudence, secrecy, and good sense, without the test which the Roman Portia gave her lord, to gain his confidence in matters of policy, 'when the state was out of joint.' When Mr. Adams was appointed to represent his country at the court of St. James, his wife went with him, and such was her exquisite sense of propriety, her republican simplicity, her delicate and refined manners, her firmness and dignity, that she charmed the proud circles in which she moved, and they speak of her, to this day, as one of the finest women that ever graced an embassy to that country.

"When Mr. Adams was chosen vice-president, she was the same unaffected, intelligent, and elegant woman. No little managements, no private views, no sly interference with public affairs, was ever, for a moment, charged to her. When her husband came to the chair of the chief magistrate, the widest field opened for the exercise of all the talents and acquirements of Mrs. Adams; and her fondest admirers were not disappointed. She graced the table by her courtesy and elegance of manners, and delighted her guests by the powers of her conversation. Through the drawing-room she diffused ease and urbanity, and gave the charm of modesty and sincerity, to the interchanges of civility. But this was not all; her acquaintance with public affairs, her discrimination of character, her discernment of the signs of the times, and her pure patriotism, made her an excellent cabinet minister; and, to the honor of her husband, he never forgot nor undervalued her worth. The politicians of that period speak with enthusiasm of her foresight, her prudence, and the wisdom of her observations. Tracy respected, Bayard admired, and Ames eulogized her. All parties had the fullest confidence in the purity of her motives, and in the elevation of her understanding. It was a stormy period. Fatigue and anguish often overwhelmed the president, from the weight and multiplicity of his labors and cares; but her sensibility, affection, and cheerful-

ness, chased the frown from his brow, and plucked the root of bitterness from his heart. To those who see the matters of state at a distance, or through the medium of letters, all things seem to go on fairly and smoothly; but those who are practically acquainted with the difficulty of administering the best of governments, will easily understand how much necessity there is for the wisdom of the serpent, united with the gentleness of the dove; and they too can comprehend how much the delicate interference of a sagacious woman can effect. Pride, vanity, and selfishness are full of claims and exactions, all bustling and importunate for office and distinction. Peremptory denial produces enmity and confusion, but gentle evasion and cautious replies soften the hearts of the restless, and temper the passions of the sanguine. An intelligent woman can control these repinings, and hush these murmurings with much less sacrifice or effort than men. A woman knows when to apply the unction of soft words, without forgetting her dignity, or infringing on a single principle which the most scrupulous would wish to maintain. Mrs. Adams calmed these agitations of disappointment, healed the rankling wound of offended pride, and left men in admiration of her talents, and in love with her sincerity. Notwithstanding these numerous duties and great exertions as the wife of a statesman, Mrs. Adams did not forget that she was a parent. She had several children, and felt in them the pride and interest, if she did not make the boast of the mother of the Gracchi. Many women fill important stations with the most splendid display of virtues; but few are equally great in retirement; there they want the animating influence of a thousand eyes, and the inspiration of homage and flattery. This is human nature in its common form, and the exception is honorable and rare. Mrs. Adams, in rural seclusion at Quincy, was the same dignified, sensible, and happy woman, as when surrounded by fashion, wit, and intellect. No hectic of resentment, no pangs of regret were ever discovered by her, while indulging in the retrospection of an eventful life, in these shades of retirement. Her conversation showed the same lively interest in the passing occurrences, as though she had retired for a day only, and w

to have returned on the morrow to take her share in the business and pleasures of political existence, There was no trick, no disguise in this. It arose from a settled, and perfectly philosophical and christian contentment, which great minds only can feel. Serenity, purity, and elevation of thought preserve the faculties of the mind from premature decay, and, indeed, keep them vigorous in old age. To such, the lapse of time is only the change of the shadow on the dial of life.

"The hours which are numbered and gone are noticed, but their flight does not "chill the genial current of the soul." Religious thankfulness for the past, and faith in assurances for the future, make "the last drop in the cup of existence clear, sweet, and sparkling."

ANNE BRADSTREET, the first female who ventured to publish a volume of poems in this country, was a daughter of Thomas Dudley, who was chosen governor of Massachusetts several times, from 1634 to 1650. Anne was born at Northampton, in England, in 1612; and was married there in 1628, to Simon Bradstreet, who was afterwards governor of the province also. Anne had received an excellent education; her father and husband were both good scholars, but men of different habits; her father was inflexible and intolerant, and severe in his opinions of others. In the early part of his administration as chief magistrate, he showed his zeal against heretics, and this disposition continued through life; for, after his death, this singular sentiment, expressed, as he would have called it, in verse, was found in his pocket:

"Let men of God, in courts and churches watch,
O'er such as do a toleration hatch,
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left, and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's—I die no libertine."

Under the eye of such a father Anne Dudley received her first impressions of learning and religion, but she married Simon

Bradstreet at the early age of sixteen, whose mind was of a different cast, and whose disposition was gentle and affectionate. He was one of the most tolerant of all the puritan school. With this mild and amiable man she lived forty-four years, and was the mother of eight children. Blessed with fine natural powers of understanding, early disciplined in a severe school of thinking, she displayed extraordinary talents; and from her situation, associated with all the distinguished persons of the age in which she lived. At the age of thirty she published a volume of poems, which were thought "*a miracle of wit and learning.*" It seems at that time the title page of a book was under the control of the publisher, or printer, or otherwise one so modest as Anne Bradstreet, would not have ventured on such a title page as graced this early American offering to the muse.

The title is, "Several Poems compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight; wherein especially is contained a complete discourse and description of the four elements, constitutions, ages of man, seasons of the year, together with an exact epitome of the three first monarchies, viz; the Assyrian, the Persian, Grecian, and Roman Commonwealth, from the beginning to the end of their last kings; with divers other pleasant and serious poems, by a gentlewoman of New England." The most learned divines of the day were her admirers. Norton, a preeminent scholar of the day, wrote these complimentary verses, which expressed the general opinion of the readers of Mrs Bradstreet's works; for, although these poems were anonymous, it was as well known who was the author of them, as it was who wrote the cantos of Don Juan, a few years ago, before Lord Byron acknowledged them: Her eulogist says:

"Her breast was a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet;
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en,
That other souls to her's dwelt in a lane."

The eulogist did not confine himself to verse, for he expatiated *in prose*, and declared the poetry of this wonderful woman was *so fine*, that were Maro to hear it, he would again condemn his *to the fire*. This praise seems to us at the present day,

not a little extravagant; but the writer had heard nothing in the way of poetry for several years, but those shocking attempts of Elliot and Welde to translate the psalms of David into English verse; and any thing that had sense with a little rhyme, no doubt gave him great pleasure. She was as learned as her coadjutors, and vastly more poetical. In 1658 a third edition of these works were published. The preface to this edition contains these words: "It is the work of a woman honored and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanor, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet management of her family occasions; and more so, these poems are the fruits of a few hours curtailed from her sleep, and other refreshments." Although she made no great efforts, according to these accounts, to write poetry, the highest praise is her due, and she may fairly be placed at the head of the American poets of that age.

Let the reader examine the poem we have selected, and then say whether we are correct or not.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

SOME time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
 When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
 The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
 Where gilded o'er by his rich golden head,
 Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted, but was true
 Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hue,
 Wrapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
 If so much excellence abide below;
 How excellent is He that dwells on high!
 Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
 Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
 That hath this under world so richly dight:
 More heaven than earth was here no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
 Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire;
 How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
 Thy strength, and stature more thy years admire.
 Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
 Or thousand since thou brak'st thy shell of horn,
 If so, all these as nought, eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistening sun I gaz'd,
 Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,
 The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
 And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
 Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,
 No wonder, some made thee a deity;
 Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
 And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
 The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
 The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
 Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,
 Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
 Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,
 Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
 All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
 Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
 Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
 Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty and delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
 Hath strength, thy shining rayes once to behold?
 And is thy splended throne erect so high?
 As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
 How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
 Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!
 Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
 In pathless paths I lead my wandering feet,
 My humble eyes to lofty skyes I rear'd
 To sing some song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
 My great Creator I would magnifie,
 That nature had, thus decked liberally:
 But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
 The black clad cricket, bear a second part,
 They kept one tune and plaid on the same string,
 Seeming to glory in their little art.
 Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
 And in their kind resound their maker's praise:
 Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

*When present times look back to ages past,
 And men in being fancy those are dead,
 It makes things gone perpetually to last,*

And calls back months and years that long since fled.
It makes a man more aged in conceit,
Than was Methuselah, or 's grand-sire great ;
While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.

Sometimes in Eden fair he seems to be,
Sees glorious Adam there made Lord of all,
Fancies the Apple, dangle on the Tree,
That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.
Who like a miscreant 's driven from that place,
To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face :
A penalty imposed on his backsliding race.

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
And in her lap, her bloody Cain new born,
The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,
Bewails his unknown hap, and fate forlorne ;
His mother sighs, to think of Paradise,
And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,
Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

Here Cain and Abel come to sacrifice,
Fruits of the earth, and fatlings each do bring ;
On Abel's gift the fire decends from skies,
But no such sign on false Cain's offering ;
With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's dayes,
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There Abel keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,
The Virgin Earth of blood her first draught drinks,
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd ;
The wretch with ghastly face and dreadful mind,
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancies not his looks now at the barr,
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught
Nor male-factor ever felt like warr,
When deep despair, with wish of life hath sought,
Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,
A vagabond to Land of Nod he goes,
A city builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages.
Their long descent, how nephew's sons they saw
The stary observations of those Sages,
And how their precepts to their sons were law,
How Adam sighed to see his progeny,

Clothed all in his black sinfull livery,
Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes,
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive ?
And though thus short, we shorten many ways,
Living so little while we are alive ;
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,
So unawares comes on perpetual night,
And puts all pleasures vain into eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen ;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthfull made ;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed,
No sooner born, but grief and care make fall
That state obliterate he had at first.
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer ?
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,
Because they're bigger, and their bodies stronger ?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
And when unmade, soever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm ;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixed mine eye,
Which to the long'd-for Ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force :
O happy Flood, quoth I, that holdst thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
 But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,
 So hand in hand along with thee they glide
 To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:
 Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
 O could I lead my Rivulets to rest,
 So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye Fish which in this liquid region 'bide,
 That for each season have your habitation,
 Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,
 To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
 In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
 So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
 You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air
 Then to the colder bottome straight they dive,
 Eftsoon to Neptune's glassie Hall repair
 To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
 Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,
 And take the trembling prey before it yield,
 Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
 And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
 The sweet-tongued Philomel perch't o'er my head,
 And chanted forth a most melodious strain
 Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
 I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
 And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
 That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
 Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
 To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
 Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
 Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,*
 Setts hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
 So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
 And warbling out the old begins anew,
 And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
 Then follow thee into a better Region,
 Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

* i. e. Anticipate. °

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
 In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak :
 Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
 Each storm his state, his mind, his body break :
 From some of these he never finds cessation,
 But day or night, within, without, vexation,
 Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st Relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail, and vain,
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
 This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
 Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow :
 Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,
 In weight, in frequency and long duration
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
 Sings merrily, and steers his bark with ease,
 As if he had command of wind and tide,
 And now become great Master of the seas ;
 But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
 And makes him long for a more quiet port,
 Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
 Feeding on sweets that never bit of th' sowre,
 That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
 Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower.
 But sad affliction comes and makes him see
 Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety ;
 Only above is found all with security.

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
 That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
 Their names without a record are forgot,
 Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust
 Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape time's rust ;
 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

It should be remembered that there were no models in English verse at the time Anne Bradstreet wrote. She was not probably acquainted with Shakspeare, as a poet, although he died when she was four years of age; but the puritans could know nothing of the works of a player. When she published *her works*, Milton had not written, or certainly was not known as

an author of distinction. Chaucer and Spencer were the only guides at that time. Perhaps we should except Francis Quarles, who was twenty years senior to Mrs. Bradstreet, and had written and published several works previous to the appearance of her volume. His "Emblems," and "Divine Fancies," with all their quaintness, have a good share of poetical merit in them; and from several terms of expression, used by her, there can be no doubt but that she had read them. The phrase, "fond fool," which she used, is often found in Quarles' "Emblems", and is applied in the same sense by both, meaning one enamored with the world, and neglectful of spiritual things.

Anne Bradstreet had a sister who was married to a clergyman by the name of Woodbridge, who preached both in Andover, in the county of Essex, in Massachusetts, and also in Newbury, in the same county. She also wrote poetry; but congratulated Mrs. Bradstreet on her publication, as looking up to her as a superior being to herself, and favored by the muses, beyond all females of her time. Mrs. Bradstreet died at the age of sixty, before the country had been agitated with the subject of witch-craft. The proceedings, upon which her honest husband, in his old age, most stoutly opposed, against the opinions of Mather and Phipps, two mighty names in church and state.

More than a century passed away before another female poet arose in this country, worthy of being mentioned with Anne Bradstreet. Mercy Warren did not publish her dramas, and other works, until more than a hundred and twenty years after the poems of Anne Bradstreet had been known to the public. The night of darkness has gone, and numerous female votaries of the muses have arisen to delight and enchant the lovers of taste.

BLANCHE OF CASTILE, queen of France, was daughter of Alphonso IX., king of Castile, who married her, in 1200, to Louis VIII., king of France. She was the mother of nine sons and two daughters, whom she educated with great care, and in such sentiments of piety, that two of them, Louis IX., and Elizabeth, have been *beatified* by the church of Rome. If thi

honor be such as no mortal deserves, still, it is a proof of a holy life. On the death of her husband, Blanche, in 1226, became regent, during the minority of her son Louis, then twelve years of age. In this arduous situation, when the great lords of the kingdom were affecting independence, she acted with equal prudence and vigor; opposing some in arms, and gaining over others with presents, and condescensions. In educating the young king, she was charged with putting too much into the hands of the clergy, and encouraging that superstitious turn, which afterwards caused so many calamities; but she proved an excellent guardian of his virtue, and inspired him with reverence for religion, which never quitted him. When Louis, in 1248, undertook his expedition to the Holy Land, Blanche was again created regent of the kingdom, and governed with great prudence. His unfortunate defeat and imprisonment, however, threw affairs into confusion, and so much affected her spirits, that she died in 1252, to his great grief, and to the regret of the whole kingdom. She was, doubtless, one of the most illustrious characters of her time; possessed both of firmness and dexterity in the management of affairs, and eminent for personal and mental endowments; yet she was not free from haughtiness, and inordinate love of power, and her piety was strongly tinged with the weakness of the age in which she lived.

BLANCHE, a native of Padua, celebrated for her chastity. After the death of her husband, at the siege of Bassano, she refused to gratify the passion of Acciolin, the general of the enemy; and when he offered violence to her person, she threw herself into her husband's tomb, where she was crushed to death by the falling of the stone which covered the entrance.

BOADICEA, a British queen, in the time of Nero, was wife to Prasutagus, king of the Iceni, that is Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdonshire. Prasutagus, in order to secure the friendship and protection of Nero to his wife and family, left the emperor and his daughter co-heirs. But no sooner was

he in his grave, than the emperor's officers seized upon his effects in their masters name. Boadicea, widow of the deceased king, strongly remonstrated against these unjust proceedings; but her complaints were so far from being heard, or her grievances redressed, that she found herself exposed to farther wrongs and injuries. For, being a woman of high spirit, she resented her ill usage in such terms as provoked the officers to treat her in the most barbarous manner, and causing her to be publicly scourged.

She excited the Britons to rage, and all, except London, agreed to revolt. Boadicea put herself at their head, and while the Roman general was in the Isle of Mar, her followers put all the Romans they could find to the sword, so that no less than seventy thousand perished.

Paulinus, the Roman general, suddenly returning, attacked Boadicea; and the Britons, when they saw the Romans advance with sword in hand, gave way; and the Romans, rushing on them, gave no quarters, and put eighty thousand to the sword. Boadicea escaped from the hands of the conquerors; but unable to survive the remembrance of this terrible defeat, either fell a victim to despair or poison.

LADY ANNE BACON, second daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, was born in 1528. She was carefully educated with her sister, Lady Burleigh, and not less distinguished for her talents and erudition. She was appointed governess to Edward VI., a station for which she was peculiarly fitted by her superior endowments, and irreproachable manners. She gave her hand to Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal; two sons were the fruits of this marriage, Anthony and Francis, whose knowledge and genius rendered them the ornaments of their age, and country. To the care and attention of their excellent mother, who, during the early periods of their youth, and childhood, when the temper is most susceptible, and the first habits are acquired, instilled into their infant minds the rudiments and principles of science, and awakened the spirit of a liberal curiosity, their subsequent *progress* may be justly attributed.

Lady Bacon displayed at an early age her capacity, application, and industry, by translating from the Italian of Bernardine Octine, twenty-five sermons, on the abstruse doctrines of predestination and election. This performance was published about the year 1550. A circumstance took place soon after her marriage, which again called forth her talents and zeal. The catholics of that period, alarmed at the progress of the reformation, exerted, in attacking it and throwing an odium upon the reformers, all their learning and activity. The council of Trent was called by pope Pius IV., to which queen Elizabeth was invited. The princes of Christendom pressed her, by their letters, to receive and entertain the nuncio, urging her, at the same time, to submit to the council. Bishop Jewell was employed on this occasion to give an account of the measures taken in the preceding parliament, and to retort upon the Romanists, in "An Apology for the Church of England," the charges brought against the reformers. The work of the bishop obtained great reputation, but, being written in Latin, was confined to the learned. A translation was loudly called for by the common people, who justly considered their own rights and interests in the controversy. Lady Bacon undertook to translate the bishop's "Apology," a task which she accomplished with fidelity and elegance. She sent a copy of her work to the primate, whom she considered as most interested in the safety of the church; a second copy she presented to the author, lest, inadvertently she had, in any respect, done injustice to his sentiments. Her copy was accompanied by an epistle in Greek, to which the bishop replied in the same language. The translation was carefully examined, both by the primate and author, who found it so chastely and correctly given, as to stand in no need of the slightest emendation. The translator received on this occasion, a letter from the primate, full of high and just compliments to her talents and erudition.

Lady Bacon survived her husband, and died about the beginning of the reign of James I., at Gerhamburg, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. She was the mother of the "greatest, wisest of mankind."

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, a name long dear to the admirers of genius, and lovers of virtue, was born at the village of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on June 20th, 1743, the eldest child and only daughter of John Aiken, D. D., and Jane his wife, daughter of the Rev. John Jennings, of Kibworth, and descended by her mother from the ancient family of Wingate, of Harlington, in Bedfordshire.

That quickness of apprehension, by which she was eminently distinguished, manifested itself from her earliest infancy. Her mother thus writes respecting her, in a letter which is still preserved: "I once indeed knew a little girl who was as eager to learn, as her instructors could be to teach her, and who, at two years old, could read sentences and little stories in her *wise book*, roundly, without spelling, and in half a year more could read as well as most women; but I never knew such another, and I believe never shall."

Her education was entirely domestic, and principally conducted by her excellent mother, a lady whose manners were polished by the early introduction into good company, which her family connections had procured her; whilst her mind had been cultivated and her principles formed, partly by the instructions of religious and enlightened parents, partly by the society of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, who was for some years domesticated under her paternal roof.

In the middle of the last century a strong prejudice still existed against imparting to females any tincture of classical learning; and the father of Miss Aiken, proud as he justly was of her uncommon capacity, long refused to gratify her earnest desire of being initiated in this kind of knowledge. At length, however, she in some degree overcame his scruples; and with his assistance she enabled herself to read Latin authors with pleasure and advantage; nor did she rest satisfied without gaining some acquaintance with the Greek.

The obscure village of Kibworth was unable to afford her a single suitable companion of her own sex; her brother, the late *Dr. Aiken*, was more than three years her junior, and as her father was at this period master of a school for boys, it might

have been apprehended that conformity of pursuits, as well as age, would tend too nearly to assimilate her with the youth of the ruder sex, by whom she found herself encompassed. But maternal vigilance effectually obviated this danger, by instilling into her a double portion of bashfulness and maidenly reserve; and she was accustomed to ascribe an uneasy sense of constraint in mixed society, which she could not entirely shake off, to the strictness and seclusion in which it had thus become her fate to be educated. Her recollections of childhood and early youth were, in fact, not associated with much of the pleasure and gaiety usually attendant upon that period of life; but it must be regarded as a circumstance favorable, rather than otherwise, to the unfolding of her genius, to have been thus left to find, or make in solitude her own objects of interest and pursuit. The love of rural nature sunk deep in her heart; her vivid fancy exerted itself to color, to animate, and to diversify all the objects which surrounded her; the few but choice authors of her father's library, which she read and re-read, had leisure to make their full impression—to mould her sentiments and to form her taste; the spirit of devotion, early inculcated upon her as a duty, opened to her by degrees an inexhaustible source of tender and sublime delight, and while yet a child, she was surprised to find herself a poet.

Just at the period when longer seclusion might have proved seriously injurious to her spirits, an invitation, given to her learned and exemplary father, to undertake the office of classical tutor in a highly respectable dissenting academy at Warrington, in Lancashire, was the fortunate means of transplanting her to a more varied and animated scene. The removal took place in 1758, when Miss Aiken had just attained the age of fifteen, and the fifteen years passed by her at Warrington, comprehended probably the happiest, as well as the most brilliant portion of her existence. She was at this time possessed of great beauty, distinct traces of which she retained to the latest period of life. *Her person was slender, her complexion exquisitely fair, with the bloom of perfect health; her features were regular and elegant, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the light of wit and fancy.*

A solitary education had not produced on her its most frequent ill effects, pride and self importance; the reserve of her manners proceeded solely from bashfulness, for her temper inclined her strongly to friendship and to social pleasures; and her active imagination which represented all objects tinged with hues "unborrowed from the sun," served as a charm against that disgust with common characters and daily incidents, which so frequently renders the conscious possessor of superior talents at once unamiable and unhappy. Nor was she now in want of congenial associates. Warrington academy included among its tutors, men eminent both in science and literature. With several of these, and especially with Dr. Priestly, and Dr. Enfield, and their families, she formed sincere and lasting friendships. The elder and more accomplished among the students composed an agreeable part of the same society, and its animation was increased by a mixture of young ladies, either residents in the town or occasional visitors, several of whom were equally distinguished for personal charms, for amiable manners, and cultivated minds. The rising institution, which flourished for several years in high reputation, diffused a classic air over all connected with it. Miss Aiken, as was natural, took a warm interest in its success, and no academic has ever celebrated his *alma mater* in nobler strains, or with a more filial affection, than she has manifested in that portion of her early and beautiful poem, "The Invitation", where her theme is, this "nursery of men for future years."

About the close of the year 1771, her brother, after several years of absence, returned to establish himself in his profession, at Warrington; an event equally welcome to her feelings, and propitious to her literary progress. In him she possessed a friend, with discernment to recognize the stamp of genius in her productions and anticipate their fame, combined with zeal and courage sufficient to vanquish her reluctance to appear before the public in the character of an author. By his persuasion and assistance, her poems were selected, revised, and arranged for publication; and when all these preparations were completed, finding that she still hesitated and lingered, like the parent bird who pushes off their young to its first flight, he procured the

paper, and set the press to work, on his own authority. The result more than justified his confidence of her success; four editions of the work were called for within the year of publication, 1773; compliments and congratulations poured in from all quarters; and even the periodical critics greeted her muse with unmixed applause.

She was not permitted to repose upon her laurels: her brother, who possessed all the activity and spirit of literary enterprise, in which she was deficient, now urged her to collect her prose pieces, and to join him in forming a small volume, which also appeared in the year 1773, under the title of "Miscellaneous pieces, in prose, by J. and A. S. Aiken." These likewise met with much notice and approbation, and have been several times reprinted.

In 1774, Miss Aiken was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a descendant of French protestants. Mr. Barbauld soon after accepted the charge of a dissenting congregation at Palgrove, near Diss, and announced his intention of opening a boarding school at the neighboring village of Palgrove, in Suffolk.

The rapid and uninterrupted success which crowned this undertaking, was doubtless in a great measure owing to the literary reputation attached to the name of Mrs. Barbauld, and to her active participation with her husband in the task of instruction. It fortunately happened that two of the eight pupils, with which Palgrove school commenced, were endowed with abilities worthy of the culture which such an instructress could alone bestow. One of them, William Taylor, Esq., of Norwich, known by his "English Synonyms," his exquisite "Iphgenia in Tauris," from the German, his "Leonara," from Burger, and many other fruits of genius and extensive learning, has constantly acknowledged her, with pride and affection, for the "mother of his mind;" and in a biographical notice prefixed to the collective work of Frank Sayers, M. D., of the same city, *author of the "Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology,"* he *has thus recorded* the congenial sentiments of his friend "Among the instructions bestowed at Palgrove, Dr. Sayers has

repeatedly observed to me, that he most valued the lessons of English composition, superintended by Mrs. Barbauld. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, the boys were called, in separate classes, to her apartment; she read a fable, a short story, or a moral essay to them, aloud, and then sent them back into the school-room to write it out on their slates, in their own words. Each exercise was separately overlooked by her; the faults of grammar were obliterated, the vulgarisms were chastised, the idle epithets were cancelled, and a distinct reason was always assigned for every correction; so that the arts of inditing and criticising were, in some degree, learned together. Many a lad from the great schools, who excels in Latin and Greek, cannot write properly a vernacular letter, for want of some such discipline.

The department of geography was also undertaken by Mrs. Barbauld; and she relieved the dryness of a study, seldom rendered interesting to children, by so many lively strokes of description, and such luminous and attractive views of the connexion of this branch of knowledge with the revolutions of empires, with national manners, and with the natural history of animals, that these impressive lectures were always remembered, by her auditors less among their tasks than their pleasures.

In 1775, Mrs. Barbauld committed to the press a small volume, entitled "Devotional Pieces," compiled from the Psalms of David, with "Thoughts on the Devotional Taste, and on Sects and Establishments." As a selection it did not meet with great success; nor did the essay escape without some animadversion. It was afterwards separated from the Psalms and reprinted with the "Miscellaneous Pieces."

The union of Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld proved unfruitful, and they sought to fill the void, of which, in the midst of their busy avocations, they were still sensible, by the adoption of a son out of the family of Dr. Aiken. They received the child when he was about two years of age, and his education became a leading object in Mrs. Barbauld's attention. For the use of her little Charles, she composed those "Early Lessons," which have justly gained for her the reverence and love of both parents and chil-

dren; a work, which may safely be asserted, formed an era in the art of early instruction, and stands yet unrivalled among unnumbered imitations. It was for the benefit of the younger class in school, that her "Hymns in Prose for Children" were written, in which it was her peculiar object, (to use her own words in the preface,) "to impress devotional feelings, as early as possible, on the infant mind; to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that he sees, all that he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight, and thus, by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life."

None of her works is a fairer monument than this, of the elevation of her soul and the brightness of her genius. While discarding the aid of verse, she every where bursts forth into poetry; while stooping to the comprehension of infancy, she had produced a precious manual of devotion, founded on the contemplation of nature, fitted to delight the taste, and warm the piety of the most accomplished minds and finest spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld frequently visited London during their school vacations. At the splendid mansion of her early and constant admirer, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Barbauld beheld in perfection, the imposing union of literature and fashion. Under the humbler roof of her friend and publisher, the late worthy Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's church yard, she tasted, perhaps with higher relish, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," in a chosen knot of lettered equals.

At the end of eleven years, finding their health and spirits so much impaired, they determined on quitting Palgrove, and allowing themselves an interval of complete relaxation, before they should again embark in any scheme of active life. Accordingly, in the summer of 1785, they embarked at Calais; and after extending their travels as far as Geneva, returned to winter in the south of France. In the spring they again bent their course northward, and after a leisurely survey of Paris, returned to London in the month of June, 1786. Mr. B., having been elected pastor of a small dissenting congregation at Hampstead, they fixed themselves in that agreeable village for several years.

In 1790, the rejection of a bill for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, called forth her eloquent and indignant address to the opposers of this repeal; her poetical epistle to Mr. Wilberforce, on the rejection of the bill for abolishing the Slave Trade, was written in 1791. The next year produced her "Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Inquiry into the expediency and propriety of public or social Worship;" and her "Sins of the Government, Sins of the Nation, or a Discourse for the Fast," appeared in 1793. She wrote two critical essays; one prefixed to Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," the other to the odes of Collins.

In 1802, Mr. Barbauld accepted an invitation to become pastor of the congregation, (formerly Dr. Price's,) at Newington Green, and quitting Hampstead, they took up their abode in the village of Stoke Newington. The sole motive for this removal, which separated them from friends to whom they were cordially attached, was the mutual desire of Dr. Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld, to pass the closing period of their lives in that near neighborhood which admits of the daily, and almost hourly intercourses of affection. Here they passed the evening of their lives, and it proved a long, though by no means an unclouded one; twenty years elapsed before the hand of death sundered this fraternal pair.

In 1804 she offered to the public a "Selection from the Spectator, Tattler, Guardian, and Freeholder, with a Preliminary Essay," in which she gave her name. This delightful piece may be regarded as the most successful of her efforts in literary criticism; and that it should be so, is accounted for by the fact, that there are many sterling parts of resemblance between her genius and that of Addison.

On the 11th of November, 1808, Mr. Barbauld died; and she had the fortitude to seek relief from dejection in literary occupation; and incapable as yet of any stronger effort she consented to edit a collection of the British Novelists, which issued from the press in 1810. In the following year she compiled for the use of young ladies an agreeable collection of verse and prose, entitled the "Female Speaker," and shortly after produced

"Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," the longest, and perhaps the most highly finished, of all her poems.

This was the last of Mrs. Barbauld's separate publications. No incident worthy of mention henceforth occurred to break the uniformity of her existence. She gave up all distant journeys; and, confined at home, to a narrow circle of connexions and acquaintances, she suffered life to slide away, as it were, at its own pace,

"Nor shook the outhasting sands, nor bid them stay."

An asthmatic complaint, which was slowly undermining her excellent constitution, more and more indisposed her for any considerable exertion either of mind or body. Her powers of conversation suffered little declension to the last, although her memory of recent circumstances became somewhat impaired.

A gentle and scarcely perceptible decline was now sloping for herself the passage to the tomb; she felt and hailed its progress as a release from languor and infirmity; a passport to another and higher state of being. Her friends, however, flattered themselves that they might continue to enjoy her yet a little while longer; and she had consented to remove under the roof of her adopted son, that his affectionate attentions and those of his family might be the solace of every remaining hour. But Providence had ordained it otherwise: she quitted indeed her own house, but whilst on a visit at the neighboring one of Mrs. Aiken, her sister-in-law, the constant and beloved friend of nearly her whole life, her bodily powers gave way almost suddenly; and after lingering a few days, on the morning of March 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age.

To claim for this distinguished woman the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear surperfluous. Her education and connexions, the course of her life, the whole tenor of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. *It is a higher, or at least a rarer commendation to add, that no one ever better loved "a sister's praise," even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light*

of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem, and affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and in many instances essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence. She loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself, from time to time, to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love, not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family, will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is believed, a single friendship, and without having drawn upon herself a single enmity which could properly be called personal.

LAURA BATTIFERI, an Italian lady of distinguished learning and beauty, the daughter of John Antony Battiferi, was born in Urbino, in 1513. She married Bartholomew Ammanati, the celebrated artist, spent her whole life in the study of polite literature, and is esteemed one of the best Italian poets of her time. The principal merit of her poems consists of a noble elevation, their being filled with excellent morals, and their breathing a spirit of piety. The academy of Intronati, at Sienna, chose her one of their members. She died in November, 1589, aged seventy-six. *Her name is held in the highest veneration among the literati of Italy.*

LAURA MARIA CATHERINA BASSI, the wife of Dr. Joseph Verati, a very ingenious lady, was born in 1712, and died at Bologna, of which she was a native, in 1778. Such was her acknowledged talents and learning, that in 1733 she was honored with a Doctor's degree, after having disputed publicly in Latin; and her reputation became afterwards completely established by a course of lectures on experimental philosophy, which she delivered from 1748 to the time of her death. Madame de Boccage in her "Letters from Italy," informs us, that she attended one of those lectures, in which Madame Bassi developed the phenomena of irritability, with precision and depth. The greater part of the literati of Europe, to whom she was well known, bore testimony to her learning, particularly, in the Greek, Latin, French and Italian; nor was she less for her numerous exertions of charity to the poor, and the orphan. She abstained from publishing any thing, but was the theme of much poetical praise. So many scholars of that day paid tributes to her worth, that a collection of them was made and printed, with her portrait, about the time she was made Doctor of Philosophy, in 1732, when she was only twenty years of age. This volume was inscribed to her as Doctor of Philosophy, and a member of the Academic Institute, with a beautiful allusion to Petrarch's Laura, in Latin, intimating the Laura of Avignon was made great by the genius and song of the bard, but the Laura of Bologna by her eloquence and a Petrarchian mind. Such honors would awaken the same ambition now, if our patrons of learning would bring the female mind to the test, and produce the same effects.

BERENACE, said to have been the only woman that was the daughter, sister, and mother of victors at the Olympic games, and therefore the only woman permitted to see the games. Pliny, and several other Roman historians, mention this fortunate woman.

ANNE BOLEYN, the vicissitudes of whose fortunes have rendered her name celebrated, descended, on the side of her mother, from the duke of Norfolk, whose daughter her father, Sir Tho

was Boleyn, had espoused. Anne was born in 1507, and carried to France at seven years of age, by the sister of Henry VIII., who was given in marriage to Louis XII. After the death of Louis, his widow returned to her native country, but Anne remained in France, in the service of Claudia, wife of Francis I.; and after her decease, with the duchess of Alencon, a princess of singular merit. The beauty and accomplishments of Anne, attracted, even at a very early age, general admiration at the French court.

She returned to England about the time when scruples were first entertained by Henry VIII., respecting the legality of his marriage with the betrothed wife and widow of his brother, Catharine of Arragon. In his visits to the queen, to whom Anne Boleyn became maid of honor, Henry had an opportunity of observing her beauty and captivating manners. Anne quickly perceived her influence over the heart of the monarch, whose passion, either from principle or policy, she resolutely resisted. The enamored Henry, despairing of succeeding with the lady but upon honorable terms, was, by her conduct, stimulated to redouble his efforts to procure a release from his former engagements. For this purpose, he resolved on making application to the court of Rome.

The impatience of Henry suffered him not to wait for the dissolution of his marriage with Catharine; a private ceremony united him with Anne Boleyn on the 14th of November, 1532. The marriage was made public on Easter eve, 1533, when Anne was declared queen of England, and crowned the first of the following June. On the seventh of the ensuing September, the new queen was delivered of a daughter, (afterwards queen Elizabeth) on whom was conferred the title of princess of Wales.

The affection of the king for his new queen, seemed, for a time, to increase rather than diminish by possession; but, in about six years his love began to languish, and visibly decay. The enemies of Anne, who were the first to perceive the change, eagerly sought to widen the breach; and jealousy was the engine which they employed for her destruction, with the greatest success.

No real stigma has been thrown on the conduct of Anne, but a certain levity of spirits and gaiety of character, which she had probably acquired from her education in France, rendered her manners unguarded. She was more vain than proud, and took a coquettish pleasure in beholding the effects of her charms, and indulged herself in an easy familiarity with those who had formerly been her equals. Her popular manners offended the dignity of Henry; if the lover had been blind to the foibles of his mistress, the husband became but too quick-sighted to the indiscretions of his wife. Malignant persons misinterpreted the innocent freedom of the queen, and aggravated the suspicions of Henry.

A passion for a new object had vanquished, in the heart of a capricious despot, the small remains of his affection for Anne, who was supplanted in the affections of her husband by Jane, daughter of Sir John Seymour, a young lady of singular beauty and merit. By the desire of raising to his bed and throne the new object of his fancy, he was induced to lend an ear to every suggestion, however lightly founded, that tended to criminate the unhappy Anne.

His jealousy, over which he secretly brooded, first manifested itself at a tournament at Greenwich, where the queen, having let fall her handkerchief, he construed this accident into a signal of gallantry, and retiring instantly from the place, sent orders to confine her to her chamber. Five gentlemen, charged with being her paramours, were arrested, and thrown into prison. Anne, astonished at this violence and injustice, on an occasion so slight and inadequate, was willing to persuade herself that the king meant merely to try her; but convinced at length, that he was but too much in earnest, she reflected seriously on his inflexible temper, and prepared herself for what was to ensue.

She was the next day sent to the Tower, and on her way thither, informed of what she had till then been unconscious, the crimes and misdemeanors alledged against her. As she entered *the prison, she fell on her knees, and called God to witness how* *guiltless she was* of the offences imputed to her charge.

The sweetness and beneficence of Anne's temper, had, during

her prosperity made her numberless friends; but in her falling fortunes, no one even attempted to interpose between her and the fury of the king; she, whose appearance had dressed every face in smiles, was now abandoned, unpitied and alone, to her adverse destiny. Anne addressed to her husband a letter from the Tower, full of protestations of her innocence; of which the following is the conclusion:

“If you have already determined of me, and that my death not only, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, (whatsoever the world may think of me,) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

“My last, and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand,) are likewise in strait confinement for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing to your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the tower, this sixth of May,

“Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

“ANNE BOLEYN.”

This address, so pathetic and eloquent, failed to touch the heart of a tyrant, which licentious and selfish gratification had steeled. The gentlemen who were imprisoned on her account, although no proof of their guilt was made out, were condemned and executed. The queen and her brother, the viscount Rocheford, were tried by a jury of peers; their uncle, and implacable enemy, the duke of Norfolk, presiding as lord high steward.

Anne, though unassisted by counsel, defended herself with so much clearness and presence of mind, that the spectators unanimously believed her to be guiltless. Judgment was, however, passed by the court both against her and her brother; she was sentenced by the verdict to be beheaded or burned, according to the king's pleasure. "O Father," said she, lifting up her eyes when this dreadful sentence was pronounced, "O Creator, thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this death!" Then, turning to the judges, she pathetically declared her innocence. In her last message to the king, she thanked him for having advanced her from private life to the throne, and now, since he could raise her no higher in this world, he was sending her to heaven. She earnestly recommended her daughter to his care, and renewed her protestations of innocence and fidelity. At the scaffold she prayed for the king, and said to the lieutenant of the tower, "the executioner is, I hear, very expert, and my neck, (grasping it with her hand, and laughing heartily,) is very slender." She met death with firmness, and her body was thrown negligently into a common elm chest, made to hold arrows, and buried in the tower.

JANE DE BELLEVILLE, was wife of Oliver III., lord of Clisson. Philip de Valois, king of France, having caused her husband to be beheaded, in 1343, on unauthenticated suspicion of correspondence with England, Jane, burning with revenge, sent her son, but twelve years of age, secretly to London; and having no more fear for him, sold her jewels, armed three vessels, and with them assailed all the French she met with. The new corsair made descents in Normandy, and took their castles; and the inhabitants of the villages saw frequently, one of the most beautiful women in Europe, with a sword in one hand, and a flambeau in the other, enforce, with inhuman pleasure, the horrors of her cruel and misplaced revenge.

CATHERINE BROWN, a half blooded Cherokee, was born about the year 1800, at Willis Valley, in Alabama. It was a

romantic country where she first drew her breath, and she seems to have acquired a natural taste for fine scenery. Her father's name, in the Indian language, was Yau-nu-gung-yah-ski, which is "drowned by a bear." His English name, from his father, was John Brown. Her mother's name was Tsa-luh, in the Cherokee. Her English name was Sarah. They were people of property, and far above the level of their race, but still had no education, they could not speak a word of English. In 1816, the American Board of Foreign Missions, sent the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury to the Cherokee nation, for permission to establish a school in their territory. This was granted, and a school opened at Chickamaugah, within the territory of Tennessee. Catherine had heard of the school, although living at the distance of a hundred miles. She had learned to speak English, by residing at the house of a Cherokee friend, and could read in words of one syllable. She was now seventeen years of age, possessing very fine features, and of roseate complexion. She was decidedly the first of Cherokee beauties. She was modest, gentle and virtuous, with a sweet and affectionate disposition. From her wealth and beauty, she had been indulged as the pride of her parents; but she was the most docile of all the missionary pupils. Her progress was wonderfully rapid. In three months she learned to read and write. This exceeds the progress of any one on record, in this or any other country. She soon became serious, and then religious; and was baptised in January, 1818. In June, 1820, she undertook to teach a school at Creek-path, near her father's house. She showed the greatest zeal in the cause of enlightening her country women; for those of all ages came to learn something of her. She established religious exercises in her father's house, and brought many to Christianity. She was not contented with the measure of information she had acquired, but intended to push her studies into higher branches of knowledge, which she knew to exist; but while she was contemplating great things for herself and her nation, her health began to decline. She had probably injured herself by too close application to her studies. *The change from flying through the groves and paddling the canoe, to such a sedentary life, which she must*

have led, in acquiring so much knowledge in so short a time, would have naturally undermined the strongest constitution. In her sickness she discovered the greatest resignation, and the most exalted piety. She had made a deep impression on the honest hearts of her people; and they watched the progress of her disease with most poignant anxiety. She died July 18th, 1823, aged twenty-three, and was buried at Creek-path, by the side of her brother John, who had died the preceeding year, having, through her instrumentality, embraced the Christian religion. She would have been, in the early ages of Christianity, ranked with saints, and martyrs; and at this time, deserves, to be held in sweet remembrance. By her conversion, her parents became of the household of the faithful; and a mission was established at Creek-path, which has been productive of much good. Catharine Brown must be ranked with Pocahontas, the loveliest daughter of the wilderness; both forming the highest proof that the children of the forest have talents, and strong and noble affections; and only require instruction to rival those of the Anglo-Saxon blood. When we discover such talents and virtues in the aborigines, the philanthropist, as well as the Christian, mourns to think that this race of beings will soon disappear in our country. They are passing away as the summer cloud; but we must console ourselves that the hand of God is in this.

ANNA BATES, wife of Joshua Bates, D. D., president of Middlebury College, was the daughter of Deacon N. Poor, of Andover, in Massachusetts; she was born about the year 1783 and resided chiefly in that place. She was the charm of the social circle in that delightful town; which has since been selected for the site of a theological seminary, all things considered, the first in the United States. Miss Poor had several sisters older than herself, and one younger. Her father's house was a pleasant place, for those who were engaged in literary pursuits, to spend a social evening. They had a kind reception, and were sure to have an hour's improving conversation. Subjects of a literary nature were discussed, without staidness or

controversy. It was a family circle which every one in the neighborhood was happy in being permitted to enter. Miss Poor, her elder sisters being married, met her friends with a sweet smile, and where she was, all were sure to be happy.

In the year 1804, she was married to Mr. Bates, who had been an instructor in Phillip's Andover Academy, and afterwards a resident in the town as a student in divinity, but was at the time of their union a clergyman in the first parish in Dedham, in the same commonwealth. Here a new circle of duties fell to her share. It is one of the most difficult tasks in the world to act the clergyman's wife in New-England. Every eye is upon her; if too solemn they complain; and if of a cheerful, lively disposition, they seem to doubt her piety. But Mrs. Bates had nothing to change, and no habit to get rid of. She soon was as popular there as a matron, as she had been in her father's house as a young lady. She visited the sick, fed the poor, clothed the naked, and rejoiced with the happy. She was orthodox, according to the faith of her fathers, but the Unitarians in Dedham were foremost in her praise, for her virtues did not depend upon creeds. She would have been pious under any form of belief. Some years after the settlement of Mr. Bates in Dedham, he was appointed president of Middlebury College; an office for which he was eminently qualified. He was learned, pious, social, dignified, and possessed a happy faculty of inspiring respect and confidence. The institution has flourished under his auspices, and is now one of the most reputable in New-England. Mrs. Bates was precisely fitted for this new situation. Accustomed to see company without parade, to make her house a resort for the enlightened in an easy and pleasant way, she had nothing new to learn, but only to pursue the course she had followed from childhood. The same round of philanthropic deeds, and the same Christian courtesies, made her as happy here, as it had done when her usefulness was more confined. She had a large family of children, and spared no pains in instructing them. It was not her destiny to live to old age. *She died after a short illness, in 1826, and was most deeply mourned by all who ever knew her, in any walk of life.*

She had genius, taste, good sense, equanimity, and sweetness of disposition. Her religion was the bright, hopeful, soul-cheering being, who descended from heaven to bless mankind when the Saviour of man walked the earth, and gave his commandments of love to mankind. Such women should be held up as examples for our esteem, for all may profit by them.

ESTHER BURR, the wife of Aaron Burr, president of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, was the daughter of Jonathan Edwards, the famous metaphysician, who wrote on the human will, a volume which has been a text book in some of our colleges ever since his day; and to whom the celebrated Sir James Macintosh has lately paid the highest compliment that can be awarded to genius. She was married to president Burr, in 1752, and was the mother of two children, a son and daughter. The daughter, was married to Judge Reeve, of Connecticut, a sound lawyer, who, for many years, was the principal of a law school, where many distinguished men of the United States have been instructed in the science of the law. The son of Mrs. Burr is still living, the famous Col. Aaron Burr, a statesman, lawyer, and orator, in the first grade of American talent. President Burr died in 1757, and his father-in-law, Jonathan Edwards, was chosen to supply his place. President Burr was a scholar of high acquirements, admired for his eloquence, his readiness in business, his deep and fervid piety, as well as for his knowledge of the great doctrines of the protestant religion. He was a pattern of meekness, and of evangelical piety. He was a friend to George Whitfield, and accompanied him to Boston in 1764, preaching when Whitfield was exhausted; and among the most judicious, was thought a better orator than the great itinerant preacher himself. The college flourished under his administration, and many flocked to it from the New England states, to share the benefit of his instruction. In fact, he was the most popular president that had taken charge of a college in this country. While president of Nassau Hall, he continued to preach. He had no gloom in his composition. He inspired all around him with cheerfulness. He had no narrow feelings.

His arms were open to good men of every denomination. A sweetness of temper, obliging courtesy, and mildness of manners, joined to an engaging candor of sentiment, spread a glory over his reputation, and endeared his person to all his acquaintances. Though steady to his principles, he was free from all bigotry. In the pulpit he shone with peculiar lustre. He was fluent, copious, sublime, and persuasive. Having a clear and harmonious voice, which was capable of expressing the various passions, and taking a deep interest in his subject, he could not fail to reach the heart. His invention was exhaustless, and his elocution was equal to his ideas. He wished to restore man, disfigured by the apostacy, to the beautiful image of God. He was distinguished for public spirit. Amidst his other cares he studied, and planned, and toiled for the good of his country. He had a high sense of English liberty, and detested despotic power as the bane of human happiness. Over the college he presided with dignity and reputation. He had a most engaging method of instruction, and a singular talent in communicating his sentiments. He stripped learning of its mysteries, and presented the most intricate subjects in the clearest light; and while he enriched the minds of the students with the treasures of learning, he also implanted in them the seeds of virtue and religion. He possessed the true spirit of government in his college, and no one could complain of laxity or partiality. He printed several learned works upon divinity, which show that he possessed intellect, taste, and learning. He died in 1757; and his wife survived him but a short time, dying the next year, at the early age of twenty-seven. The character of the puritan divines gave them a choice of all the first rate females of the country for wives, and they were wise enough to avail themselves of their privilege. The daughter of Jonathan Edwards and Mary his wife, so descended, and so educated, was among the first that taste, piety, and genius, would seek for. It is agreed on all hands, that Mrs. Burr was a woman of singular endowments. She was beautiful, accomplished, pious, and learned. She was *eloquent and fascinating, and wrote with genius and facility; but in all probability, most of the productions from her pen are lost*

for there was no one to gather up her writings; for her parents died soon after her, and her children were then too young to think of preserving any thing to keep her memory alive. She died of relapse, which followed the small pox.

Mrs Burr was an ornament to her sex. Her temper was sweet, and her conversation fascinating. Her manners were graceful, and her literary accomplishments were acknowledged by all; for she made no one feel her superiority while she was dispensing life and happiness around her. There was no gloom in her religion; that was all pure and perfect as the sunshine upon other worlds, where no clouds intervene. If there had been those who were in the habit of writing biographies then, as in the present day, her virtues and accomplishments would have been spread upon a more ample record, than can now be made, after the lapse of three quarters of a century.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER, the daughter of Brandt Schuyler, Esqr., was born in the city of New York, in the month of October, 1752. She was, from childhood, fond of books. At the age of seventeen she was married to Mr. Bleecker, of New Rochelle, and after living for a while in this new city of the Hugenotts, she removed to Poughkeepsie, and from thence to Tomhanick, a romantic village not more than twenty miles from Albany. This place was made by nature to nurse poetic thoughts. Here she had a few friends, a few books, and, what was more, they had them all to themselves, a luxury seldom enjoyed in a crowded city. The approach of Burgoyne's army, in 1777, was the first event to disturb her repose. She could hardly believe that a hostile foot could invade her sacred retreat; but she was roused from this dream by a report that the enemy was close at hand. With only one domestic she fled with her two little children to a place called Stony Arabia. Her youngest child became sick by hurry and fright, and soon died with the complaints of the fall season. She had cherished a most romantic love for her *offspring*, natural to poetic minds, drawing aliment from solitude, and hardly acquainted with the vicissitudes of mortal existence, as found in the bosom of society, and she could not be consoled.

During these difficulties, her husband was taken prisoner by the scouting parties, and was absent for several days, which produced sad effects on her disturbed mind. When war had passed away, though the enemy had not as yet departed from our shores, she was prevailed upon to visit the city of her birth, which her husband hoped would revive her spirits; but the visit had a different effect. She saw the ravages war had made, and her diseased imagination turned all things on the dark side. Peace had indeed come, and the olive-branch was talked of in all circles, but not a rose bush of joy had budded, nor a bough of any thing but the laurel of the heroes of the revolution had grown in the land. The footsteps of desolation were freshly imprinted in the soil, and she was too far imbued with all the horrors of war, to indulge a vision of hope. She returned to her rural retreat, and died on the twenty-third of November, 1783, just as the last hostile foot was leaving her native land. She was deeply lamented, for the poor found in her a kind benefactor, and her friends loved her as one who had a heart attuned to every virtuous feeling, united to a clear, and exalted mind, that ranked her high among women of talents. Some years after her death, the poems she had written, were collected, and published by her daughter, Mrs. Faugeres. There are no wonderful traces of genius in these compositions, but they show taste and talents, and prove that she would have been capable of high efforts, if the powers of her mind had been strengthened by years, or properly developed by the admiration of the tasteful, or cherished by public notice. Never was there a flower more decidedly born to blush unseen, than the poetical talents of Mrs. Bleecker. In viewing the place where she wrote, and from whence she fled from the enemy, whose strides were then supposed to have no check; and in contemplating the melancholy loss of her infant, give a more than ordinary interest to those pure thoughts which abound in her poetry. She hardly thought that her writings would ever be the subject of future criticism, or ever of public notice; but she did not know that *there is immortality in pure and virtuous sentiments, embalmed in sweet expressions.*

There is a sweet current of conjugal and maternal affection.

running through every line of her poetry, that makes it more fascinating than more labored verse, of deeper thought a higher finish. She saw nature in all her loveliness, and painted her as she was seen. Her poetical powers might have been cultivated to high efforts, if opportunity had offered. When she wrote, she had but few models among her own people to assist her taste. The following specimens of her poetry, are full of ease, delicacy, affection, and taste, and place her productions among the loveliest fruits of the pastoral muse.

TO MR. BLEECKER, ON HIS PASSAGE TO NEW YORK.

SHALL fancy still pursue the expanding sails,
 Calm Neptune's brow, or raise impelling gales?
 Or with her Bleecker ply the laboring oar,
 When pleasing scenes invite him to the shore,
 There with him through the fading valleys rove,
 Bless'd in idea with the man I love?
 Methinks I see the broad majestic sheet
 Swell to the wind; the flying shores retreat:
 I see the banks, with varied foliage gay,
 Inhale the misty sun's reluctant ray:
 The lofty groves stripp'd of their verdure, rise
 To the inclemence of autumnal skies.

Rough mountains now appear, while pendant woods
 Hang o'er the gloomy steep and shade of floods;
 Slow moves the vessel, while each distant sound
 The cavern'd echoes doubly loud rebound;
 A placid stream meanders on the steep,
 Till tumbling from the cliff, divides the frowning deep.

Oh tempt not fate on these stupendous rocks,
 Where never shepherd led his timid flocks;
 But shagged bears in those wild deserts stray,
 And wolves, who howl against the lunar ray:
 There builds the ravenous hawk her lofty nest,
 And there the soaring eagle takes her rest;
 The solitary deer recoils to hear
 The torrent thundering in the midway air.
 Ah! let me intercede—Ah! spare her breath,
 Nor aim the tube charged with a leaden death.

But now advancing to the opening sea,
 The wind springs up, the lessening mountains flee;
 The eastern banks are crown'd with rural seats,
 And nature's works the hand of art compleats.
 Here Philips' villa, where Pomona joins
 At once the product of a hundred climes;

Here, tinged by Flora, Asian flowers unfold
 Their burnish'd leaves of vegetable gold.
 When snows descend, and clouds tumultuously fly
 Through the blue medium of the crystal sky,
 Beneath his painted mimic heaven he roves
 Amidst the glass-encircled citron groves ;
 The grape and luscious fig his taste invite,
 Hesperian apples grow upon his sight ;
 The sweet auriculas their bells display,
 And Philips finds in January, May.

But on the other side the cliffs arise,
 Charybdis like, and seem to prop the skies :
 How oft with admiration have we view'd
 Those adamantine barriers of the flood ?
 Yet still the vessel cleaves the liquid mead,
 The prospect dies, the aspiring rocks recede ;
 New objects rush upon the wondering sight,
 Till Phœbus rolls from heaven his car of light,
 And Cynthia's silver crescent gilds the night.

I hear the melting flute's melodious sound,
 Which dying zephyrs waft alternate round,
 The rocks in notes responsive soft complain,
 And think Amphion strikes his lyre again.
 Ah ! 't is my Bleeker breaths our mutual loves,
 And sends the trembling airs through vocal groves.

Thus having led you to the happy isle,
 Where waves circumfluent wash the fertile soil,
 Where Hudson, meeting the Atlantic, roars,
 The parting lands dismiss him from their shores ;
 Indulge the enthusiast muse her favorite strain
 Of panegyric, due to Eboracia's plain.

There is no land where heaven her blessings pours
 In such abundance, as upon these shores ;
 With influence benign the planets rise,
 Pure is the ether and serene the skies ;
 With annual gold kind Ceres decks the ground,
 And gushing springs dispense bland health around :
 No lucid gems are here, or flaming ore,
 To tempt the hand of avarice and power :
 But sun-burnt labor, with diurnal toil,
 Bids treasures rise from the obedient soil,
 And commerce calls the ships across the main,
 For gold exchanging her superfluous grain ;
 While concord, liberty, and jocund health,
 Sport with young pleasure mid the rural wealth.

RETURN TO TOMHANICK.

*Hail, happy shades ! though clad with heavy snows
 At sight of you with joy my bosom glows*

Ye arching pines, that bow with every breeze,
 Ye poplars, elms, all hail my well known trees !
 And now my peaceful mansion strikes my eye,
 And now the tinkling rivulet I spy ;
 My little garden, Flora, hast thou kept,
 And watch'd my pinks and lilies while I wept ?
 Or has the grubbing swine, by furies led,
 The enclosure broke, and on my flowerets fed ?

Ah me ! that spot with blooms so lately graced,
 With storms and driving snows is now defaced ;
 Sharp icicles from every bush depend,
 And frosts all dazzling o'er the beds extend :
 Yet soon fair spring shall give another scene,
 And yellow cowslips gild the level green ;
 My little orchard sprouting at each bough,
 Fragrant with clustering blossoms deep shall glow .
 Ah ! then 't is sweet the tufted grass to tread,
 But sweeter slumbering in the balmy shade ;
 The rapid humming bird, with ruby breast,
 Seeks the parterre with early blue-bells drest,
 Drinks deep the honeysuckle dew, or drives
 The laboring bee to her domestic hives :
 Then shines the lupine bright with morning gems,
 And sleepy poppys nod upon their stems ;
 The humble violet and the dulcet rose,
 The stately lily then, and tulip blows.

Farewell, my Plutarch ! farewell, pen and muse
 Nature exults—shall I her call refuse ?
 Apollo fervid glitters in my face,
 And threatens with his beam each feeble grace :
 Yet still around the lovely plants I toil,
 And draw obnoxious herbage from the soil ;
 Or with the lime-twigs little birds surprise,
 Or angle for the trout of many dyes.

But when the vernal breezes pass away,
 And loftier Phœbus darts a fiercer ray,
 The spiky corn then rattles all around,
 And dashing cascades give a pleasing sound ;
 Shrill sings the locust with prolonged note,
 The cricket chirps familiar in each cot.
 The village children rambling o'er yon hill,
 With berries all their painted baskets fill.
 They rob the squirrel's little walnut store,
 And climb the half exhausted tree for more ;
 Or else to fields of maize nocturnal hie,
 Where hid, the elusive water-melons lie ;
 Sportive, they make incisions in the rind,
 The riper from the immature to find ;
 Then load their tender shoulders with the prov
 And laughing bear the bulky fruit away.

FRANCISCA ANNA PASCALIS CANFIELD, was born in Philadelphia, in August 1803. She was the daughter of Felix Pascalis, M. D., distinguished in the medical and philosophical world, for his numerous dissertations on abstruse subjects, for his practice in the yellow fever, and other extraordinary disorders, and as a political economist, who has made great exertions in introducing into the United States, the Chinese mulberry tree, in order to encourage the making of silk in this country. Her parents resided for some years after their marriage in Philadelphia, of which place her mother was a native, and afterwards removed to New York. Miss Pascalis was remarkable for her intellectual acquirements, when quite a child, although she had not any extraordinary advantages of education. Her father was too busy in his professional and philosophical pursuits, to pay much attention to his daughter's education, and her mother went no farther in the course of her studies, than to see that she was industrious, and could give a good account of her time. When only ten years of age, she attracted the attention of that sagacious philosopher, and deep judge of human nature, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, who playfully became her Valentine, and wrote her the following in 1815. It clearly proves that he foresaw that distinction awaited his youthful friend.

Descending snows the earth o'erspread,
Keen blows the northern blast;
Condensing clouds scowl o'er head,
The tempest gathers fast.

But soon the icy mass shall melt,
The winter end his reign,
The sun's reviving warmth be felt,
And nature smile again.

The plants from torpid sleep shall wake,
And, nurs'd by vernal showers,
Their yearly exhibition make
Of foliage and of flowers.

So you an opening bud appear,
Whose bloom and verdure shoot,
To load Francisca's growing year
With intellectual fruit.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

The feather'd tribes shall flit along,
 And thicken on the trees,
 Till air shall undulate with song,
 Till music stir the breeze.

Thus, like a charming bird, your lay
 The listening ear shall greet,
 And render social circles gay,
 Or make retirement sweet.

Then warblers chirp, and roses ope,
 To entertain my fair,
 Till noblest themes engage her hope,
 And occupy her care.

In school Miss Pascalis was at the head of her class, and mastered languages with such readiness, that her instructors often suspected her father of devoting his time in bringing her forward, when he hardly knew what she was studying at the time. She made translations from the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, for mere amusement, or for school exercises; and many of them have been preserved by her friends, and show unquestionable evidences of genius. She early caught the spirit of universal grammar, and found no difficulty in getting possession of the beauties, and idiom of a language. Her poetical taste early appeared, and at a very tender age she wrote sonnets, criticisms, satires, hymns, and epistles to her friends in verse. There are many of her productions preserved, which she wrote between the ages of eleven and fifteen, that are excellent. The following translation from the French, she wrote when she was only thirteen; it is difficult to pour the soul of a song into a translation, but certainly there is much in this that might remind others besides soldiers of their home.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
 Tous les objets de mon amour ?
 Nos clairs ruisseaux ;
 Nos coteaux ;
 Nos hameaux ;
 Nos montagnès,
 Et l'ornement de nos campagnes ?
 La si gentille Isabeau,
 A l'ombre d'un ormeau ;
 Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous les objets de mon amour ?

Mon pere,
Ma mere,
Mon frere,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergere;

Quand reverrai-je en un jour,
Tous ces objets de mon amour ?

(TRANSLATED BY REQUEST.) .

The day how blissful will it be,
When each loved object I shall see.

The clear and purling rill,
The mountain top so grey,
The verdure-covered hill,
The distant hamlets gay,
The glacier's summits pale,
And my native sheltered vale,
Of my ancestors the grave,
Where the elm's hoar branches wave,
To the gale.

When to the soft breathing sound of the lute
Shall I merrily dance with the light-bounding foot,
Gaze with delight on my Isabel's smile,
That lightened my labor, and sweetened my toil ?

That day how blissful will it be,
When each loved object I shall see.

My father—my mother,
My sister—my brother.

My sheep which love the shade,
Of the flower-cinctured glade ;

The woodbine o'er the thatch which creeps,
The rose which round my dwelling weeps ;
And she, my fond and charming maid !—
That day with bliss shall crowned be,
When each loved object I will see.

Before Miss Pascalis had left school, she translated from the French a volume of Lavater's work for a friend, who had engraved the plates of the work from the original. Soon after this, she translated the "Solitaire," from the French, and the "Roman Nights," from the Italian of Alexander Verri, and the "Vine Dresser," from the French, at a subsequent period. The

English of her works are extolled as excellent. In the "Roman Nights," as it appears in the English dress, there is much of the noble flow of Tully, with the delicacy of the best Italian writers. A splendid Italian scholar, Dr. William Taylor, of the catholic church, considered Miss Pascal's "Roman Nights," as the best translation he had ever read of any work from his beloved Italian, and was of opinion also that she was a most delightful poet in her own language.

We quote the introduction of this splendid work of Verri as a specimen of her talent at translation.

"On my first acquaintance with the writings of the ancients, my admiration became fixed by the grandeur and elevation of their style, and the extraordinary times which they commemorated. But gigantic Rome towered above all the other nations of antiquity, as superior by a heroic strength and a noble pride of character, as by the magnitude and extent of her conquests. After having been long habituated to the study and contemplation of her heroes, my infatuated mind peopled my solitary retirement with their society. I felt their presence in lonely and quiet groves, or when wandering by some meandering rivulet: there, beyond all intrusion on my thoughts, save the warbling of a bird, or the whispers of the breeze, my spirit, absorbed in deep meditation, seemed to forget my present being, and would soar away to those distant ages. This bias of my imagination so increased by indulgence, that at length I began to cherish a strange and strong desire, and secret hope, of being able to invoke from the dead, some of the celebrated characters of the once mistress of the world; to view them face to face, and hold communion with them. Petrarch undoubtedly felt the same aspiration; for we know that he composed letters to Cicero, Seneca, Livy, and Varro, thus enabling himself to pass over the intermediary interval of ages, and establish an intercourse with the greatest of the ancients. The enthusiasm also of Pomponius Letus was a precedent for mine: deeply versed in the antiquities of his country, he was often seen standing motionless among ruins, bedewing them with the tears of admiration. Attracted by the same taste, and ardently desirous of

yielding to my mind the most lively gratification of which it was susceptible, I left the plains of Lombardy for Rome, on which my fancy so continually rested.

“ Those only who have tasted the delights of classic erudition, can comprehend the multitude of sensations that crowd upon the traveller, when, from the heights of the Appenines, he sees the road descend before him to the Eternal City! The eye, with eager curiosity, seeks for the summits of the Seven Hills; the heart, still more impatient, swells with anticipation; and every fragment of ruins on the road, becomes the object of learned conjecture and of complacent speculation.

“ When I found myself on the Flaminian Way, I thought of its ancient magnificent extent from Rome to Rimini, and of the consul from whom it derived its name, who fell in the memorable battle with Hannibal, at the lake of Thrasymene. I was still absorbed in the reveries these thoughts induced, when I passed through the noble gate which terminates the Flaminian. Its majestic architecture seemed to continue the pleasing illusion with which I persuaded myself, that I was entering the marble city of the emperor Augustus. I will not attempt to detail all my feelings during the first moments of my residence at Rome, for there are impressions to which the most able description could not render justice. It were better to pass over in silence my overwhelming emotions at the first sight of the sacred Tiber; the Egyptian obelisks; temples still black with the smoke of ancient sacrifices; the Flavian amphitheatre, resting in ruins like an overthrown colossus; the columns on which the military regulations were graven; the site of the forum; the mausoleums; the thermal baths; the triumphal arches; the stupendous remains of the circo; and all the other monuments of Roman grandeur and magnificence, which command our wonder and admiration.

“ It was in that season of the year when the vapors of autumn moisten the earth after the burning heats of summer. The sky, where it gleamed through the piles of snowy clouds, was deeply blue; the parched plants had resumed their former verdure, and the green turf wore the freshness of spring

Instead of the shrill monotonous chirp of the field-cricket, the ear was now saluted by the musical warbling of a thousand birds, that wantoned on the balmy air in innocent security, ignorant of the snares of the fowler. At this time there was a rumor in Rome, that the sepulchre of the Scipios, which had been the object of so much useless research, was at length discovered. This interesting fact made me immediately renounce every other object; for the monuments of great men penetrate the soul that loves the calm of reflection, with a pleasing melancholy, far preferable to the exultation of gayety and the turbulence of mirth. When night came, bringing the silence and obscurity favorable to my design, I repaired to the spot, which was marked by a rustic hovel; thence a narrow and irregular excavation leads to the catacombs. Through this steep and rocky passage, I entered the tomb of the valiant race of the Scipios. The remains of some of them had been disinterred from the earth and ruins, under which others were still buried. I approached them, carrying a flambeau to guide my steps; and by its glimmering light I perceived the mouldering remains mingled together among the stones and the loose earth. Slowly moving my torch around me, I marked with dissatisfaction and pain the inroads of the spade on these spoils of the grave, worthy of being enshrined in sarcophagi of alabaster, but now become toys for the vulgar curious, and the sport of the populace. But learned travellers, attracted to Rome from all parts of the globe, by an enlightened taste for antiquity, had been willing to express a due veneration for these precious relics; and had hastened to gather and transfer some to distant cabinets as pledges of their respect to the memory of the Scipios. Even foreign ladies of rank, on hearing of this discovery, had fearlessly exposed their delicate feet to the rugged soil of the cavern; and had touched with their fair and soft hands these crumbling bones, sad evidences of human caducity. As for me, I could not avoid feeling a shudder of reluctance to tread under foot the remains of that race of heroes; and as I walked, to crush perhaps the head or the arm of one of those triumphant sons of victory.

“ These venerable tombs bear in their simplicity the stamp of those better days of the republic, when the Romans sought not to distinguish themselves by vain magnificence, but by the splendor of their virtues. They are built only of coarse stone, rough hewn; and the names and actions of the dead are traced simply in red ochre, fortunately yet uninjured. The monumental inscriptions are in the ancient Latin tongue, and modestly record, in a concise style, the famous actions of those deposited within them. The pyramid of Caius Cestius still stands, I said, as I gazed around me, though his fame is so obscure that scarce a trace of it is found in history. Thus his pompous tomb has transmitted, from age to age, a name unaccompanied with any title to glorious distinction; while, by the vicissitude of events, these ashes are disturbed, which for so many centuries have been buried from human eye. While my mind was immersed in reflections of this nature, the night breeze suddenly rushed through the mouth of the cavern, and in a moment my torch was extinguished. This accident was not displeasing; by shutting out all visible images it seemed to lend new vigor to my soul, more deeply devoted to contemplation in the midst of total darkness. The gloomy domains of death seemed to open before me, and again I was seized with the desire of communing with their pale inhabitants.....Suddenly, I heard a plaintive murmuring of inarticulate sounds, slowly extending and increasing; it resembled the noise of the winds roaring through ravines. The earth shook under my feet; and my ears rung as with the hum of bees. The bones of the dead striking against the sides of the tombs, rattled like the crashing of dry branches. The tablets of the sepulchres seemed to be slightly raised, and then to fall back to their places; at least such a sound caught my attention in that obscurity. I confess that human fears then prevailed over noble desires, and a cold chill froze the current in my veins. There are none but would have shared my awe; none who would not have trembled at a trial so far above the ordinary strength of human nature. By degrees the air became calm, the earth grew firm beneath me, and at intervals a phosphoric light expanded around, by which I began to discern a

few human faces slowly appearing in the tombs. I next distinguished their arms supporting the lids of stone which covered them. At length every sarcophagus seemed to hold a spectre, standing and disclosing the upper parts of the body. I saw the head and shoulders of children and young persons, and the upper half of the forms of men. The females with modest demeanor stood shrouded in veils, which some of them drew aside. There were youths whose thick locks shaded their brows; they divided them on their foreheads, or flung them back upon their shoulders; while other spectres by their baldness and white hair, seemed to have died in the decline of their years. The faces of young virgins, cut off in the dawn of their loveliness, though shaded by death, were still blooming with a faint carnation, like the tender tints of the cropped flower. But the eyes of the phantoms were heavy, and as if weighed down by the slumber of ages. While they gradually raised their heads, and fixed their glances on me with a slow and confused expression, like sleepers just awakened, I perceived a phosphoric glare in the distant part of the cavern. It accompanied a spectre who advanced with a majestic mien, clothed in the white toga, and resembling the consular statues. His countenance was replete with mild dignity; he seemed past the prime of manhood; and his aspect inspired respect and reverence. No sooner was he perceived by the spectres among the tombs, than they hurried to meet him, and pressed around him with admiration and homage; but there was something in their low voices too melancholy for language to express. Alone in the midst of the immense crowd that surrounded him, he stood proudly erect, with conscious superiority, and seemed preparing to address them. Almost breathless in anxious suspense, I leaned myself against the side of a tomb, subdued to silence by sentiments of surprise and veneration."

Many of the periodicals of the day were adorned by compositions from her pen both in prose and verse. The *Minerva*, the *Mirror*, and other papers were much indebted to her pen for some of their most attractive articles. There are many of her tales which purport to be translations that were known to *be originally from her study*, never having seen the light before

they appeared in an English dress. She changed the signature affixed to her poetical effusions, as well as to her prose works, for concealment, not wishing it to be known that she wrote so much. One of her signatures was "Salonina." By this signature she addressed to her friend Dr. Mitchill, a poetical epistle, purporting to be a translation from Le Brun. It is a paraphrase more properly.

Mitchill, although the envious frown,
 Their idle wrath disdain!
 Upon thy bright and pure renown,
 They cannot cast a stain.
 Ida, the heaven-crown'd, feels the storm
 Rave fiercely round her towering form,
 Her brow it cannot gain,
 Calm, sunny, in majestic pride,
 It marks the powerless blast subside.

And didst thou ever hope to stand,
 So glorious and so high,
 Receive all honor and command,
 Nor meet a jealous eye?
 No, thou must expiate thy fame,
 Thy noble, thy exalted name;
 Yet pass thou proudly by!
 The torrent may with vagrant force,
 Disturb, but cannot change thy course.

Or, should thou dread the threats to brave
 Of malice, wilful—dire,
 Break thou the sceptre genius gave,
 And quench thy spirit's fire;
 Down from thy heights of soul descend,
 Thy flaming pinions earthward bend,
 Fulfil thy foes' desire;
 Thy immortality contemn,
 And walk in common ways with them

The lighter tasks of wit and mind,
 Let fickle taste adore;
 But Genius' flight is unconfin'd,
 O'er prostrate time to soar.
 How glows he, when Ambition tears,
 The veil from gone and coming years
 While ages past before,
 To him their future being trust,
 Though empires crumble into dust.

Without this magic, which the crowd
 Nor comprehend, nor feel,
 Could Genius' son have ever wou'd,
 His ductile heart to steel,
 'Gainst all that leads the human breast,
 To turn to indolence and rest ;
 From Science' haunts to steal,
 To Beauty, Wealth, and Ease, and Cheer,
 All that delight the senses here ?

And thus he earns a meed of praise,
 From nations yet unborn ;
 Still he, whom present pomp repays,
 His arduous toil may scorn ;
 But wiser, sure, than hoard the rose,
 Which low for each way-farer blows,
 And lives a summer morn,
 To climb the rocky mountain way,
 And gather the unfading bay.

Yet wo for him whose mental worth
 Fame's thousand tongues resound !
 While living, every worm of earth,
 Seems privileged to wound.
 His victory not the less secure,
 Let him the strife with nerve endure,
 In death his triumph found ;
 Then worlds shall with each other vie,
 To spread the name that cannot die.

Miss Pascalis was married to Mr. Canfield, a lottery vender and exchange broker. He was a man of enterprise, but failed soon after their marriage. The union of such an accomplished woman with Mr. Canfield was not hailed as a very suitable one, and so it proved. On the change of his fortunes she entreated him to come down to his situation, and make safe and sure efforts to rise again. This did not agree with his views, and her advice was disregarded. Mrs. Canfield was never heard to repine. She made the best of every thing. Among other attempts to retrieve his fortunes, her husband published a paper called "Canfield's Lottery Argus, Commercial and Exchange Telegraph, or National Miscellany." The great *object of the paper* was, of course, to give the public all such *matters and things* as are necessarily connected with banks and brokerage, and in this department he was an adept. To

this he added a literary department of which his wife took charge. But few readers of miscellaneous literature, thought of looking into such a paper for matters of taste and genius, and of course her efforts were almost entirely "wasted on the desert air." Many editors plundered her columns, thinking that they should never be detected. It was not the proper situation for one so well calculated to fill a higher sphere. But as editor of this department she continued a helpmate to her husband, while the paper existed, and it was continued for several years.

Among other accomplishments, she was an excellent painter, and if she had confined her attention to that branch of the fine arts, she would have been the first female painter of the age. She drew a landscape, a flower, a stream, or a human being, all with equal ease. She sketched with readiness, and finished with taste. Some of her copies of old pictures have deceived professional painters. One of her copies was sold at auction for an original, and the mistake was not discovered until mentioned by her father. She was a tolerable musician, and played with some science and skill, although she had no passion for the art. Her imagination was powerful, and her invention often surprising, yet her logical powers were always controlling when in connection with her imagination. There is a depth of thought in her reasoning which gives strength to her arguments, and an elegance of expression in her language which should be denominated eloquence. In reasoning, her heart was a vassal to her understanding. In writing, she seemed to have been constantly under the influence of the advice thus given to Pindar: "Moderate your fire; the axle of your chariot wheels burns too soon."

Mrs. Canfield was, from infancy, fond of retirement, and preferred solitude, and a small circle of warm and admiring friends, to all the pleasures of the gay and fashionable world. Though modest and retiring, and almost bashful, when curiosity was investigating her merits, or she thought herself gazed at by the public, yet she was open, free, eloquent, and enchanting, when she was with her chosen few. Nature had given her the

power of a satirist, and sometimes she was induced to show that she possessed it; but she preferred to praise the good, rather than to censure the blamable. She wrote some critical notices of reviews, which cut deep, and were felt long. She was not destined to long life; for some time previous to her dissolution, she knew that her life-blood was on the lees, and that her days would soon be finished, but she was not alarmed; she knew that the debt of nature must sooner or later be paid, and she was ready to meet it. Mrs. Canfield by some was called handsome, others who think prettiness makes beauty, would not concur in the opinion. Her large hazle eye beamed with the lustre of genius, and the combination of her features gave a refined, intellectual and expressive cast to her countenance when in repose; but it was in the gentle agitation of her soul, that her beauty was seen and acknowledged. Misfortune had made some inroads upon her face, but still its ethereal character was softened, not changed. She wasted away by that consumption which comes from a broken heart, and which gives the sufferer a full gaze of death, as he approaches; but she saw his grim visage without dismay. She left four children to feel the want of a mother's care; and although she was assured that others would faithfully discharge the duties she was not allowed by divine providence to pay herself, still it must have been hard for a mother to part with four infant children. The most gifted of the daughters of men must pass away like the humblest, and the places that knew them shall know them no more. The most delicate and lovely of all earth-born flowers bursts upon us in the shades of night, and is not, when the morning sun arises. Many a *cactus grandiflorus* of the moral and intellectual world appear and die, known only to a few.

It should be remembered, in estimating her powers of mind, that she wrote most of her communications for the *Argus*, when poverty had sickened her heart and destroyed the harmony of the social circle, and the wolves of the law were at the door; yet, there is no sighing, no repining, to be found in a single sentence from her pen. Nothing escaped her by which one could divine that a cloud had rested upon her house, or a shade upon

her future hopes. Dr. Pascalis was an ambitious man, and indulged the fond belief, that he should see his daughter sought for, and distinguished, in the first circles of mind and accomplishments, and never enjoyed himself a moment after this vision of his hopes had disappeared, by the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Canfield. There seems to be, in the inscrutable laws of divine providence, in his moral government, a blight upon the expectations and prospects of those who disregard, the deep feelings of parental advice, in the choice of a partner for life. The kindest attentions of a fond husband, and the innocent prattle of sweetest babes, and all the enjoyment of fortune, cannot efface from the mind of a woman the frowns of a father at her disobedience, long after the face on which the frown has settled, has mouldered into dust. Mrs. Canfield died on the twenty-eighth of May, 1823. Her father was disconsolate at her loss, and never again resumed his cheerfulness, or his pursuits. He lingered until July, 1833, when he followed his daughter to the grave. Her husband died in September following. He had collected many of her productions, and intended to publish them in one or two volumes. This, probably, will not be done at present. We present a few of them, selected more in regard to our limits than to their respective merits. The old money broker is a graphic sketch, bold, severe but just.

THE OLD MONEY-BROKER.

I wish I could make you catch the likeness,—his face pale and tawny, a complexion that I would call *mooney*, it looks so much like badly washed Sheffield. His hair, brushed smooth, is ashen grey, and lies close to his head. His features are as settled and unruffled as if moulded in bronze. There are scarcely any lashes to his small grey eyes, which are as yellow as weasels'; his nose is sharp, his lips thin; and his sight always protected against the glare of broad day by a green lining to the front of his old jockey cap. He speaks with a low voice, and never looses *his temper in an argument with his customers. He is always appalled in sable.* What his age may be, is all a

guess; you cannot tell whether he has become old before his time, or whether he has so husbanded his youth and vigor as to be wearing them out at the slowest possible rate.

His room is as neat as an Englishman's coat; but every thing in it is threadbare, from the coverlit on the bed to the green baize of the secretary. It seems the cold recess of one of those ancient spinsters, who spend the livelong day in rubbing up the old furniture. And every thing in it is defective or cross-grained; even to the very fire-brands, in the coldest winter's day, I have never seen them blazing; but they smoulder away without flame, half smothered in the bed of ashes.

The life of this man passes away as noiselessly as the sands of an antique hour-glass. From the hour he rises, to his fit of coughing in the evening, all his actions are as regular as the movements of a clock. He is nothing better than the model of a man, running down and wound up from sun to sun. If you touch a wood-louse, crawling over a piece of paper, it stops and feigns death; just so, if a carriage rattles by when this man is speaking, he pauses, until it has passed, as if he called in his powers, lest he should expend the smallest degree more than what is exactly necessary. He is for economising the vital movement, and concentrates every thought and feeling within the orbit of *I myself*. Sometimes the victims on whom he preys, talk loud in his room, and get very high and angry; and to that there succeeds an unbroken quiet; as in a kitchen, where the pitiless cook is not to be turned from her purpose by the noisy clatter of a duck, who suffers—and all is once more still.

Until seven o'clock in the evening, he is reserved and serious; but about eight o'clock he unbends from his business-like gravity, and the man of notes becomes a very ordinary personage, and not to be distinguished in a crowd from any other man. The change seems a mystery more secret than the transmuting of gold; for, indeed, it is the transmuting of a heart of metal into one of flesh. Then he will sometimes rub his hands together, and has a mirthful style of his own, in a small way, with a cackling, hollow laugh, that can be seen by his mouth agape, but which can be scarcely heard. But in his gayer

moments, his conversation is carried on in monosyllables, here a word, and there a word, for assent or dissent.

He is my neighbor; that is to say, he occupies a part of the house where I lodge. The house is gloomy and damp. It has neither yard-room nor court, and the rooms are only lighted from the street. The building is distributed like a cloister, into rooms of equal dimensions, tier above tier, each with only one door, which opens on a long and common corridor or hall, lighted by loop-hole windows. So repulsive is the aspect of the house that the volatility of a high spirited heir generally sobers down into something like dejection before he reaches the landing place of my fellow-lodger. Well do the house and he resemble each other—they are like the submarine rock, and the oyster which clings to it. His whole life is clandestine. The sole being with whom he holds communion, socially speaking, is myself. Sometimes he comes to my apartment to ask for a little fire, to borrow a book or a newspaper; and of evenings, I am the only one permitted to enter his den, or to whom he will speak of his own accord. These marks of his confidence are the fruits of a seven years neighborhood. If he has any relatives or friends, I am ignorant of them; neither have I ever seen a penny in his possession, but I know that he has an immense fortune in the vaults of the bank. But any how, he has sometimes been a martyr to his prudence; one day he chanced to have gold in his pocket, and a doubloon made its way out and fell on the stairs; a fellow-tenant, who was coming up at the same time, picked it up and handed it to him—"that doesn't belong to me!" said he, with a gesture of repulse and surprise; "I never have gold—never have it about me,—nor in my house."

He makes the coffee for his own breakfast in a small boiler in the jamb, from which black corner of the hearth the utensil never stirs. His dinner is brought to him from a cook-shop. The old woman who attends to the door, at a fixed hour, regularly goes up stairs and arranges his room. Finally, by one of those chances which Sterne would call predestination, my fellow lodger, who so much interests me, is named Gobsech.

If the social virtues are a religion, this man, thought I to

myself, must be pronounced an atheist recreant. To satisfy myself, concerning the mystery of his nature and pleasures, I determined to study him more closely, *homo duplex*, the man and his mind. I like facts better than systems. Instead, then, of being discursive in theory. I shall be brief in narrative.

Last evening I paid a visit to this curious mortal, who has made gold his all in all. I found him seated in his easy chair, still and fixed as a statue, and his eyes rivetted on the mantel-piece, where he seemed to be reading tables of discounts. A hand lamp, smutty, smoky, with a foot that had once been lackered green, cast a dull red glare on his bloodless complexion. He lifted his eyes, but spoke not; however, as my chair was drawn out beside him, it was evident that I was expected and welcome.

"Does this being," said I to myself, "ever think? Believes he in a Deity, Creator, and Preserver? Does he know what sensibility is? Is woman dear to him? Have emotions of pleasure ever fluttered or unfixed that rigid soul?" Thus did I pity him as an object, a sick man, a cripple. Still, I felt, that with a million in bank, he must luxuriate in a sense of power that was equal to possessing the whole world at a grasp.

"Good day, Gaffer Gobsech!" said I to him.

He turned his face towards me, and slightly drew together his broad, black eye-brows. This characteristic inflexion was equivalent to the gayest smile of one of warmer temperament.

"You are as dull to-day," continued I, "as the time when they told you of the failure of —— the bookseller. Have you met any bad drafts to-day—this is the 31st, I think—"

It was the first time I had ever spoken to him concerning money matters. He looked me full in the face; and, with that soft, low-tuned voice, which does not ill resemble the irresolute breathings on the flute of a learner, he replied, "I was taking a little recreation."

"What," cried I, "do you ever take recreation?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and gave me a look of pity, and scorn.

"Do you think," said he, "that there are no persons of fancy and taste, except poets that print verses?"

Verses in such a head! thought I. He continued, "There is none whose lot is more animated and soul-stirring than mine.

"Listen," said he. "By what I shall tell you of this morning's adventures you will be able to form an idea of my enjoyments."

He then rose and bolted the door, and drew before it an old tapestry curtain, the rusty rings of which grated on the rod. He seated himself beside me, and began thus :

"This morning I had only two bills to collect, because I had passed off all the others yesterday as cash to my customers. One of the notes was given me by a dashing young fellow who rode in a tilbury. It was signed by one of the handsomest ladies in ——, the wife of a great landholder and nobleman. It was drawn, to pay—I dont know what debt; the amount was two hundred crowns. The other note was for the same sum, and drawn by a lady also, for it was signed Fanny ——. It came into my possession from a linen draper. The drawer of one note lived in —— square, and the other in —— street. Could you but know the romantic conjectures that filled my mind as I left my home this morning! What proud delight thrilled my bosom, as I foresaw, that if these two women were not ready, they would receive and treat me with as much respect as if I were their own father. What politenesses Lady —— would shower on me for the sake of two hundred crowns! She would stoop to address me with an affectionate air, she would speak to me in those soft and gentle tones which she reserves—perhaps for the endorser of the draft; she would lavish upon me words of endearment, fond expressions; entreat me even, and I——"

Here the old man, facing me, gave his countenance an expression, freezingly obdurate and inexorable.

"And I," he resumed, "not to be moved! There I am—like any avenger, like conscience, which is not to be put off! But let us have done with my reveries. By and by I reached the mansion of Lady ——.

"A femme de chambre answered me that her ladyship was sleeping. 'Is her ladyship sick?' said I. 'No,' she replied, 'but she did not return from the ball last night until three o'clock.'

“My name is Gobsech; tell her my name, I shall be here at noon.’ And I went my way, after leaving marks of my presence on the sumptuous carpeting that covered the staircase.

“When I reached —— street, I found at the number, a house of mean appearance. I pushed open the crazy gangway gate, and saw one of those dark court-yards to which the sun never penetrates. The porter’s lodge was fairly black with age and neglect, and the window panes, like a rusty fustian sleeve, listed with greasy brown stripes.

“I asked for Miss Fanny ——.

“She is out; but if you come about a draft, the money is here.’ ‘I’ll call again,’ said I; for when I found that the money was ready, I wanted to know a little more of the young lady; I had made up my mind that she was young. I passed the morning in looking at the engravings displayed in the print shops, and as twelve o’clock struck, I was just crossing the anti-chamber of the bed-room of my Lady ——.

“Her ladyship has but just rung,’ said the waiting-maid; ‘I do not think she can be seen.’

“I shall wait,’ was my answer; and I sat down on a gilded sofa. The blind-doors had scarcely been more than opened, when the femme de chambre returned. ‘Will you walk in, sir.’— There was that in the words and the tone, which assured me that the lady fell short.

“But what a magnificent woman met my sight! She had hastily thrown over her bare shoulders a cashmere shawl, the folds of which she gathered round her with just that ravishing art that the beautiful proportions of her bust were distinctly manifest. A tasty morning-gown, white as snow, was her only dress. Her black tresses escaped, here and there in rich confusion, from underneath a choice Madras handkerchief, capriciously fastened round her head in the fashion of the Creoles. Her bed was a scene of picturesque disorder; and certainly her slumbers had been uneasy and agitated. The draperies were cast with most voluptuous and bewitching negligence, and her pillow lay in the midst of the eider-down quilt of blue silk, the splendid lace relieving admirably from the azure ground. ▲

painter would have paid a price to have stood where I did. On the large bear-skin, spread beneath the carved mahogany lion's claws of the bedstead, glittered two small slippers of white satin, thrown one here the other there, as weary feet will do, on returning from a ball. Over a chair lay a rumpled dress, the sleeves hanging to the floor. Spider-net stockings, such as the slightest breath of wind might carry away, were twisted about the leg of an easy chair, as if flung there from the hand; and along a couch lay a pair of garters, artificial flowers, diamonds, gloves, a nosegay and belt, scattered confusedly. There was a delicate, a scarcely perceptible odor of aromatics in the air. A costly fan, half open, lay on the mantel; the drawers of the bureau were open. This mingled luxury and carelessness, every thing rich and elegant, yet all displaced, impressed the mind with a sense of discomfort in the midst of wealth. The lassitude, betrayed by the countenance of her ladyship, was in keeping with the room thus strewed with the cast off attire of the festival. Such unseasonable disorder excited my contempt; the same objects harmoniously assembled the evening previously, might have raised in me some emotion. They seemed to tell of a heart that was burning with a passion that was blasted by conscience; they showed as the image of a life of show, expense, and dissipation; a tantalizing pursuit of unsubstantial pleasures. There were some spots of unnatural redness on the face of the lady, that set off the delicacy of her skin; her features seemed swelled, and the brown circle around her dark eyes, rather heavy. But nevertheless, these indications of folly did not lessen her beauty, such was the energy of health and nature that seemed glowing in her whole frame. Her eyes sparkled; she reminded me of a Herodias, by Leonardo da Vinci—for I have been a picture-broker once. She was full of life and strength; nothing meagre in the contour, or feeble or mean in the outline of her person, scanted the sense of admiration. Her appearance inspired love; and yet there was a power developed in her brilliant and haughty consciousness of beauty, *by no means akin to the fragility and delicacy that wins and wakes the tender passion.* It was just the style to please

me; and it was long since my heart had throbbd before; th value of the note was already paid; for I would give more than two hundred crowns for a sensation that reminds me of the days of my youth.

“‘Sir,’ said she, as she handed me a chair, ‘will you have the kindness to allow me time’——

“‘——Till to-morrow at noon, your ladyship; I have not the right,’ said I, as I folded up the note, ‘to protest before the hour.’

“Then I said within myself—pay for your luxury—pay for your rank—pay for your happiness—pay for the monopoly which you enjoy. For wretches without bread, there are courts, judges, and executioners; but for you, who sleep on downy pillows canopied with silk, let there be the pangs of regret and the gnashing of the teeth hidden under a smile, and the cold clutch upon the heart of a concealed anguish.

“‘A protest!’ she exclaimed, ‘do you intend that!’ said she, looking at me with a wild gaze; ‘will you have so little consideration for me?’

“‘If the king, your ladyship, were in my debt, and did not pay me, I would make him take the benefit of the act.’

“At that instant, there was a slight tap at the door of the room. ‘I am not within!’ imperiously exclaimed the young wife.

“‘Emily, I wish very much to see you,’ said a voice outside. ‘Not at present my dear,’ she replied, in a tone less harsh, but still peremptory.

“‘O, you are only jesting, for you are speaking to a stranger,’ answered the voice, and the door was suddenly thrust open by a man who must have been her husband. Her ladyship gave me a look—I understood it; she had made herself my slave. Ha! ha! there was a time once, when I was stupid enough not to protest.

“‘What is your business?’ said the count to me.

“I saw the lady shiver. The white and satiny skin of her neck became rough, or as we say in common parlance, like *goose flesh*. As for me, I laughed, without ever a muscle moving.

" 'This person,' said she, 'is one of my tradesmen.'

"The noble gentleman straightway turned his back upon me, but I drew the note half way out of my pocket. At this pitiless motion the young lady stepped near to me, and offered me a diamond. 'Take it,' said she, 'and begone.'

"We exchanged the two values, I made her bow and retired. The diamond was fully worth two hundred and forty crowns. I passed, in going out, two superb chariots that the lackeys were cleaning, and footmen brushing their liveries and polishing their boots. So, said I to myself, this is what brings these people to me, makes them steal and rob millions in a decent way, or else betray their country. That they may not make their shoe-soles dusty, they go over head and ears into the mud! Just at that very moment the great gate was thrown open, and the young man who gave me the note, passed through in his stylish tilbury. As soon as he descended, I went to him and said, 'Here, sir, are forty crowns, which I would thank you to hand to her ladyship, and tell her that I shall keep at her disposal, for eight days, the pledge that she left in my hands this morning.' He took the forty crowns and a mocking smile stole over his countenance, as if he would have said, 'She has paid, has she, so much the better!' I read in that face the desolation of the countess.

"I then went to — street, to Miss Fanny —. I had to ascend a very narrow stair-case, and when I reached the fifth story, I was introduced into an apartment, newly fitted up, where every thing wore an air of miraculous neatness. I could not detect a trace of dust on the simple furniture of the chamber, where I was received by Miss Fanny. She was young and city-bred; her head youthful and elegant, with a becoming air of gentility and kindness; her well combed chesnut hair was fastened in two bows on her temples, and shaded a pair of blue eyes clear as crystal. She was dressed plain. The light, falling through small white curtains, stretched across the window, threw a softened luster over her angelic face. She was unfolding pieces of linen, and the cuttings of linen over the floor, showed what were her usual occupations. She looked the very person-

fication of solitude. When I handed her the note, I told her that she had not been at home when I first called.

“‘But I left the money with the porter,’ said she.

“‘I pretended not to hear her.

“‘You go out rather early, it seems,’ said I.

“‘I am away from home but rarely,’ replied she, ‘but working so late at night, I am sometimes obliged, for my health, to go bathing.’

“At a glance I understood her history. The daughter, doubtless, of a family once rich, and obliged by adversity to labor for her subsistence. There was an indescribable air of virtue, of modesty, and native nobleness in her mien. Every thing around her partook of that character. It seemed that I was set down in the midst of an atmosphere of sincerity and candor, and could breathe at my ease. I perceived in an alcove a simple couch of painted wood, surmounted by a crucifix, and then a branch of box. I felt affected, and wanted to leave the money she had just handed me, and the diamond of the countess; but I thought the present would perhaps be doing her a harm; and every thing considered, I thought it best to keep back both; the more so, as the diamond is worth two hundred and fifty crowns for an actress or a bride. And then, as like as not, she too has some fellow of a cousin, who would wear the diamond as a breast-pin, and use up the two hundred and forty crowns in his own way. When you came in, I was just thinking what a good little wife Fanny ——— would make for somebody. It will be a fortnight too, before I shall get that countess out of my head, and she has one foot, at least over the brink of perdition.”

“Well!” cried he, resuming the thread of his reflections after a moment of deep silence, during which I had been watching his looks, “think you this is nothing to penetrate thus into the most secret folds of the human heart, and thus espouse the fortunes of others, and see their lives exposed like a nudity to your searching eye? It is a spectacle of multifarious shiftings; ghastly wounds eating into life at the core; silent, but death-dealing sorrows; or scenes of love; or distresses, over which the waves of *the river* are waiting to close; or raptures of the youthful pulse

that will end in the gibbet and the axe; the insane laughter of despair; the sumptuous and splendid revel; a tragedy yesterday—a father of a family who suffocated himself with charcoal, because he could not get bread for his children; to-morrow it will be some farce or other, some young C——r playing off the pranks of Pea Green Jacket, with variations. I have heard many brags of the force of parliamentary eloquence; I have listened to one at least of those boasted orators—he never moved me; but often has it happened, that a loving young girl, in the holy zeal of a plighted attachment; an aged merchant on the brink of a failure; a mother wishing to conceal the fault of a son; a laborer famishing with hunger; or a politician without principle, have made my soul reel and shudder with the potency of their language. They were sublime actors, and played for me alone. But I am not to be played upon. My eye is as keen as ubiquity! I read the very heart. Nothing is hidden from me. What do I lack? I have every thing that is wanted. Nothing is refused or denied to him who has the control of the purse strings, if there be enough in the purse for temptation. Ministers and their consciences can be bought—there's power for you; accomplished and delicate women, ay, and their hearts too, can be bought—there's pleasure and beauty for you. In fact every thing is on sale, and money can buy every thing. We are kings, without title, incognito, I grant you; but the kings of life, for what is existence without money? But, while I have enjoyed every thing, I have become sated with every thing. There are thirty of us, such as I, in this city. A common interest is the tie between us; we meet weekly in a coffee-house in ——— street, and form a sort of board of finance, where every mystery connected with the rise and fall of stocks, and interest, is divulged, and canvassed. There is no show of fortune that can blind us, we have a key to the secrets of every family, and we keep a sort of black book, in which we minute down the most important items concerning public credit, bankers, and trade. We analyze the most indifferent actions. We are the casuists of exchange. Like me, also, the rest care for power and money, not so much to exercise, as to possess them.

"Here," continued he, pointing around to his cold, and narrow apartment, "here the fiery lover, who is jealous of a word, and draws his sword for a speech—here he begs with folded hands; here begs the haughtiest merchant; here begs the beauty, vainest of the vain; here begs the fiercest soldier, the most famous artist, the writer whose name is pledged to posterity and renown; and here," added he, laying his hand on his forehead, "is the balance that weighs, not only in a few solitary cases, the things to come, but for every one, for all!—"

"Do you still think there are no recreations, no amusements to be enjoyed under that blank and dingy mask, whose unalterable stillness has so often excited your surprise?" asked he, stretching his neck, and advancing nearer to me his pallid countenance, which smelt of silver.

I returned to my room, stupified. In my fancy, the little withered, spindly old man, grew in dimensions, until he changed into a fantastic apparition—like the spirit of gold incarnate. The perfidies of life, and my fellow-men, weighed upon me with horror. Can it indeed, be true, that every thing thus resolves itself into money, money, money?

THE FIRST EXCURSION OF THE STEAMBOAT WASHINGTON, CAPT. E. S. BUNKER.

O'er the bright waters haste we; and our speed
The wind's capricious aid disdains to heed;
Our galley's haughty prow the wave divides,
And mocks each hidden current's swelling tides,
As with instinctive life, on flies she fast,
While idly travels in her wake the blast.
Like sea-born Leviathan risen to day
From ocean's caves along its breast to play,
That strong in giant bulk, defying fear,
Sunders the rolling surf in his career;
So moves she docile to the secret helm,
And walks with rushing step the liquid realm.

We pass blue hills and shores, and mark the spires
Slow sinking, where the city dim retires;—
That isle-enthroned city of our pride,
Beneath whose feet the circling waters wide
Meet and pay homage!—Think ye when the crew
Of Hudson's barque, o'er seas untried that flew,
Had toward our bay their dubious errand steered.

Still westward on, 'till Navesink hills appeared,
 (Whose lofty peaks above their cloudy zone
 Arose the beacons of a land unknown.)
 That our fair river's estu'ry they found,
 Its graceful sweep, the verdant shores around ;
 With sunny slopes that frequent spreads between
 The lonely shore's primeval forest green ;
 The bay's broad glittering scope, unbroken save
 Where fairy islets specked the sparkling wave ;
 And *Manna-hata's* cape of sands, where rude
 Spoke the loud breakers in that solitude,
 Commingling 'mid the ancient rocks that based
 The isle, and fenced the sapping water's waste ;
 While east and west, a river's tribute given
 To the fierce sun, like incense smoked to heaven,
 And fed the sailing clouds, deep-freighted there,
 The fountain's wealth o'er ample climes to bear,—
 Think ye that even the careless sailor saw
 This scene, and thrilled not with delight and awe ;
 Gazing with steady rapture till the air
 Seemed kindling round him into visions rare !

Well may we love these glorious waves, and range
 Proudly in fancy o'er the wondrous change,
 Since first they yielded to the keel, and flew
 O'er their light foam the frail and fleet canoe,
 Whose slender form upon its venturous way,
 Seemed like a sea-mew darting through the spray,
 Till now a thousand sails along them sweep,
 And this broad pile that bulwarked on the deep,
 Glides on her mission as a floating isle,
 By shores where all the social triumphs smile ;
 Herself a marvel as she wheels afar,
 By Fulton's mighty spell, an ocean-car.
 Well may we number, with admiring thought,
 The slow advances time and science wrought,
 Since enterprise, each danger prompt to brave,
 With her first feeble means essayed the wave,—
 Since the small skiff, while toiled the laboring oar,
 Crept o'er the wave, and hugged the safer shore ;
 Till, as the weary boatman marked the light
 And waving pinion speed the sea-gull's flight,
 And felt his arm grow powerless as he plied,
 While adverse beat the north wind's airy tide ;
 Fired with new hopes he shaped the spreading sail,
 And winged his bark to drift before the gale :
 Thus, with alternate progress and delay,
 Ages on ages saw his timid way
 Tread scarce more firm than while the world was young,
 Till when, at *Fulton's* call, invention sprung

Instant to being, in full strength, and swayed
Her ready vassal steam's transcendent aid!

Now goes each good ship proudly, and alone
Parts from the shore, and roves from zone to zone;
But ours, with course as bold, prepared to sweep
Where roll the billows of the vasty deep,
Shall 'mid the calm, where dies the wavering breeze,
And not a breath disturbs the languid seas,
Proceed with tireless prow, and onward bear
Her peopled decks and fraught saloons, where'er
Her track shall bend, if hardy *Bunker* steer;
He, veteran sailor, trusty timoneer!
Whose practised eye has made the waves his chart;
Still firm to duty's post, whose faithful heart
With dauntless skill the wildest storms has braved,
And still his favored ship through perils saved;
The mariner, with steady soul endued,
The weather beaten ancient of the flood! F. 1825.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER, A DESIGN BY HORACE VERNET.

Forth came he,—gallant and firm his breast;
And on fiery charger in trappings dress'd
His clarion held by a baldric gay,
He led the van on that famous day.

A warning he blew, whose brazen note
Not only rung through woods remote;
Not only startled the peaceful hills;
Echoed not only along the rills.

But a high tone it roused in the bold of heart;
The mettled barbs at the signal start;
Its defiance-peal, as a shrill death-wail,
Died in the bosoms of matrons pale.

Fiercely and well rose the martial strain
For the brave who met on that battle-plain;
As a voice of glory it came, and stirred
Proudly the spirit of them that heard.

A cohort of braves at that trumpet's call,
To the onset hastened with sabre and ball;
It raised a tempest it could not still,
They charge at the summons so stern and shrill,

Their foremost the deadly shots arrest,
And down swept many a haughty crest:
Loud rung the rally; their refulgent shock
Ebb'd, broken again, as the waves from the rock.

Still did the barbarous clarion bray
 "Through yon serryed foot-band ye must find way ;"
 For the hundredth time has pealed that blast
 And the phalanx line is broken at last.

Vain then the defence of the bristling steel !
 Slaughter and rout sped with armed heel,
 And the tide of battle that rolled away
 Left but shivered weapons and breathless clay.

But where was the bugle-pæan to sound
 Gaul's tale of triumph more wide around !
 He who should breathe it so full and free,
 The dauntless trumpeter—where is he ?

His comrades paused for his cheering strain,
 It came not—therefore they knew him slain,
 He has fallen, they said, as they looked a space,
 Then rushed they on in the dreadful chase.

But where was he ? on his stricken steed
 From the conflict turning aside with heed :
 The death-wound struck him—with slackened rein
 His staggering courser had crossed the plain.

By a lonely hut with failing strength,
 Unnerved and trembling he stopped at length ;
 A streamlet swept through the turf beside,
 And there had the trumpeter fallen and died.

Like one who has sunk in his war-array
 To sleep o'ertired, outstretched he lay ;
 But the useless helm from his brow had rolled,
 And the shot pierced temple death's havoc told.

'Twas saddening to see war's harness gay
 On the heavy frame of helpless clay ;
 And to mark the hamlet's portal barred,
 Nor comrade nor foe the dead to regard.

And sadder to view the stiffening steed,
 Wounded and faint, round his master plead ;
 The reins, though broken, the death-grasp held,
 And the tempting streamlet too distant welled.

And how he stretched forth his drooping head,
 With anxious eye fixed full on the dead ;
 Who lay still while those sounds of cheer,
 The loud recall-notes, rung far and near.

And his faithful dog on his track had crept,
 Though shifting squadrons the field had swept,
 In vain had he howled for succor, and now
 Cowering he moaned as he licked the brow.

That brow in the morn that was braced and bright,
 Smooth with high hope and the joy of the fight,
 How deathly and wan with the clammy dew,
 Its bony mould and its pallid hue !

Was it sure as sudden, the mortal blow ?
 Or say, did the lonely sufferer know
 His fiery pangs, who neglected lies,
 And fain would live and yet feels he dies.

While wavereth dim life's latest spark
 Feels the ear deaden, the eye grow dark ;
 Waits for the aid that may yet restore,
 In frenzy waits it, and—feels no more !

Who weeps the slain in the martial joust,
 Where force bears down an host to the dust ?
 There the stony eye can but warm to note
 What banners stoop and what standards float.

So while I read of that chieftain gone,
 Earth's mightiest victor, Napoleon,
 Who strode through Europe's realms dismayed,
 From throne to throne unchecked, unstayed.

In admiring glow I gave no thought
 To the myriad victims, the tools that wrought,
 'Twas thine, Vernet ! o'er the least of all
 To force one natural tear to fall.

For thou led'st my heart to the plaintive scene,
 Where the footsteps of glory have lately been,
 Sowing the earth with each ruined tie ;
 And the sunless wasting of agony.

To S * * * * L * * *

By those blue eyes that shine
 Dovelike and innocent,
 Yet with a lustre to their softness lent
 By the chaste fire of guileless purity ;
 And by the rounded temples' symmetry ;
 And by the auburn locks, disposed apart,
 (Like Virginia Mary's pictured o'er the shrine,)
 In simple negligence of art,

By the young smile on lips, whose accents fall
 With dulcet music, bland to all,
 Like downward floating blossoms from the trees
 Detached in silver showers by playful breeze ;
 And by thy cheek, ever so purely pale,
 Save when thy heart with livelier kindness glows ;
 By its then tender bloom, whose delicate hue,
 Is like the morning's tincture of the rose,
 The snowy veils of the gossamer mist seen through ;
 And by the flowing outline's grace,
 Around thy features like a halo thrown,
 Reminding of that noble race
 Beneath a lovelier heaven, in kindlier climates known,
 Whose beauty, both the moral and the mortal,
 Stood at perfection's portal
 And still doth hold a rank surpassing all compare ;
 By the divinely meek and placid air
 Which witnesseth so well that all the charms,
 It lights and warms,
 Though but the finer fashion of the clay
 Deserve to be adored, since they
 Are emanations from a soul allowed
 Thus radiantly to glorify its dwelling
 That goodness like a visible thing avowed,
 May awe and win, and temper and prevail :
 And by all these combined !
 I call upon thy form ideal,
 So deeply in my memory shrined,
 To rise before my vision, like the real,
 Whenever passion's tides are swelling,
 Or vanity misleads, or discontent
 Rages with wishes, vain and impotent.
 Then, while the tumults of my heart increase,
 I call upon thy image—then to rise
 In sweet and solemn beauty, like the moon,
 Resplendent in the firmament of June,
 Through the still hours of night to lonely eyes.
 I gaze and muse thereon, and tempests cease—
 And round me falls an atmosphere of peace.

A SKETCH.

That fair Euterpe !—each brown tress
 With budding orange-blooms was twined ;
 Full did the clustering ringlets press,
 Above a brow were sate enshrined
 Instinct divinity of mind ;
 But o'er those smoothest temples shone,
 Amid their lofty grace, revealings
 Of such compassionate, ferved feelings,
 'Twas all but love to look thereon.

I marked Euterpe 'mid the bright
 Gay mazes of the festal night.
 Beside her smiled the one, on whom
 Her frank eye coveted to rest;
 Careless he smiled—I marked the bloom
 Desert her cheek, a deep sigh rend her breast;
 'Twas with gay scorn he smiled, as though he deemed
 He might command her heart; and proudly seemed
 To say, thou may'st love on, but I shall be
 Unmoved by these sweet arts to conquer me.
 And she whose tameless graces speak,
 Like the hues rushing o'er her cheek,
 Of mind all fancy, heart all glow,
 Stood fixed and mute, but not with wo—
 Her cheek wore angel's wavering stain,
 Her lip, slow smiling, breathed disdain,
 As when the stubborn heart for pride
 Would fain dishonoring weakness fling aside.
 Her heart that heaved with sudden swell.
 'Neath snow white drapery rose and fell;
 But though such simple guise enzoned,
 The haughty brow, the bitter smile,
 Gave her a mien like queen dethroned,
 Who tasks a traitor for his guile.
 Did he not shrink and faltering turn
 Who gave such anger leave to burn?
 Anger—oh no, he knew, in vain
 Might the all-conscious slave resist the chain.
 Not once the large and fringed lid
 Her sparkling eye declining hid;
 Nor upwards with beseeching gaze,
 Strove she those darkening orbs to raise,
 But on the mocker full they bent
 Till their indignant flame was spent;
 And dew-bright, o'er their evil glare,
 Stole a mild shade, like an eclipse
 Falling through sun light air.
 Then sealed in meekness were her lips;
 But in the sad solemnity
 Of her submissive mien, I read,
 How love's enthusiast sophistry
 To fevored fortitude misled,
 And justified the wrong with lavish clemency,
 "Alas," her sighs to fancy said,
 "Let me not blame unkindly,—wise too late;
 Is not love doom? and when was passion felt
 Without full measure of this anguish dealt?
 Man too is haughty ever:—this is fate."
 Such the poor heart! love's ills his sweets transcend,
 And still the wisest, like the weakest bend.

ANNE CLIFFORD, sole daughter and heir to George, earl of Cumberland, was born at Skipton Castle, at Craven, January 30th, 1589, and married first, to Richard, Lord Buckhurst, by whom she had three sons, and two daughters. She married, secondly, Phillip Herbert, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, by whom she had no issue. One of her first structures was a pillar in the highway, where she and her mother took their last farewell. She also erected a monument to her tutor Daniel, the poet, and another to Spencer, besides which, she founded two hospitals, and repaired or built seven churches. But the most singular article in her life is the letter which she wrote to Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state after the restoration, who had presumed to recommend a candidate for the borough of Appleby. The reply of the countess was worthy of her ancestors: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand. Anne, Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery." This letter has excited a general admiration; the reason of which is thus explained by Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric." "We shall find," says he, "that the very same sentiment expressed diffusely, will be admitted barely to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited."

Mr. Pennant characterises lady Anne Clifford as the most eminent person of her age for intellectual accomplishments, for spirit, magnificence, and deeds of benevolence; and he has given a particular description of two portraits of her, in the side leaves of a family picture. Both the paintings are full lengths; one representing her at the age of thirteen, and the other in her middle age, in the state of widowhood. The books in the first of these pictures inform us of the fashionable course of reading among people of rank in her days. There are among them Eusebius, St. Augustine, Sir Phillip Sidney's Arcadia, Godfrey of Boulogne, the French Academy, Comden, Ortellius, and Agrippa on the Vanity of Occult Sciences. The books in the second picture consist wholly of the Bible, Charron on Wisdom, and pious treatises. A narrative, or rather, a journal of her own life, was left by the countess, consisting principally of

minute details of the petty occurrences of a retired life, the greater number of which are tedious, uniform, and but little interesting.

This lady expired at Brougham, March 23d, 1675, after a few days illness, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. She was interred, April 14th, at Appleby, in Westmoreland, under the monument she had erected. Her funeral sermon was preached at Appleby, by Dr. Edward Reinbow, bishop of Carlisle, from this verse: "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

MARIA MADDELENA FERNANDEZ CORILLA, a celebrated improvisatrice, was born at Pistoca, in 1740, and gave, in her infancy, the most unequivocal marks of uncommon genius; and her acquirements in natural and moral philosophy, and ancient and modern history, were at the age of seventeen, very remarkable. At the age of twenty she began to display that talent for extempore composition, which is so common in Italy, and so uncommon elsewhere as to be questioned. Of this lady's abilities, however, we are not permitted to doubt, if we give any credit to the popularity she gained among all classes, and especially among persons of the highest rank. The empress Maria Theresa offered her the place of female poet laureate at court, which she accepted, and went to Vienna in 1765. Previous to this she had married Signor Morelli, a gentleman of Leghorn. At Vienna she wrote an epic poem and a volume of lyric poetry, both of which she dedicated to the empress. She attracted the enthusiastic admiration of Metastasio himself, and rendered the taste for Italian poetry more predominant than it had ever been in Vienna. Soon after 1774, she settled at Rome, and was admitted a member of the Academy of the Arcadi, under the name of Corilla Olympica, and for some time continued to charm the inhabitants of Rome, by her talents in improvisation. At length, when Pius VI. became pope, he determined that she should be solemnly crowned, an honor which had been granted to Petrarch only. An account of this singular transaction, beautifully printed at Parma, by Bodini, in 1779, contains her diploma and all the discourses, poems, sonnets, &c., written on

the occasion, with the examination she underwent, concerning her knowledge upon the most important subjects upon which she was required to *Improvisare*, or treat extemporaneously in verse, publicly at the campidoglio, in Rome. The Italian title of this narrative is, "Atti della solenne coronazione fatta in campidoglio, della insigne poetesia D. na, Maria Maddalena Morilli Fernandez Pistoiese, Tragli Arcadi Corilla Olympica." Twelve members of the Arcadian Academy were selected out of thirty, publicly to examine the new edition of the *Tenth Muse*, which has so often been dedicated to ladies of poetical and literary talents. Three several days were allotted for this public exhibition of poetical powers, on the following subjects; sacred history, revealed religion, moral philosophy, natural history, metaphysics, epic poetry, legislation, eloquence, mythology, fine arts, and pastoral poetry.

In the list of examiners appeared a prince, an archbishop, three messeigneurs, the pope's physician, abati, avvocati, all of high rank in literature and criticism. These, severally, gave her subjects, which, besides a readiness at versification, in all the measures of Italian poetry, required science, reading, and knowledge of every kind. In all these severe trials she acquitted herself to the satisfaction and astonishment of all the principal personages, clergy, literati, and foreigners then resident at Rome; among the latter was the brother of George III., the duke of Gloucester. Near fifty sonnets, by different poets, with odes, canzoni, terze rime, attave, canzonette, &c., produced on the subject of the event, are inserted at the end of this narrative and description of the order and ceremonials of this splendid, honorable, and enthusiastic homage, paid to poetry, classical taste, talents, literature, and the fine arts.

This renowned lady merits some notice as a musician, as well as poetess, as she sang her own verses to simple tunes, with a sweet voice, and in good taste. She likewise played on the violin; but at Florence, in 1770, she was accompanied on the violin by the celebrated and worthy pupil of Tartini, Nordini.

Towards the close of 1780 she left Rome, with the intention of passing the remainder of her life in Florence, nor did she

practice her art much longer, aware that youth and beauty had added charms to her performance which she no longer possessed. She died at Florence, November 8th, 1800. This talent for extemporaneous poetry, is not so rare as we imagine. I have known several specimens of this talent, practiced only before a few friends, but if it had been cultivated, would have astonished the literati.

SULPICIA, a Roman poetess, who lived in the reign of the emperor Domitian, to whom she addressed a poem on conjugal love, which is highly praised by Martial, in one of his epigrams, but unfortunately it is not extant. The only specimen remaining of her productions is a fragment of a satire against Domitian, composed on the promulgation of his edict for banishing the philosophers from Rome. This piece may be found in the "Corpus Poetarum," of Mattaire, and in the "Poetae Latinae Minores." The "Elegies," annexed to the fourth book of those of Tibulus, have been perhaps erroneously attributed to this poetess.

ANNA COMNENA, daughter of the emperor Alexander Comnenus I., has been rendered memorable by her talents as well as her rank. In the midst of a voluptuous and frivolous court, she addicted herself to the study of letters, and cultivated an acquaintance with philosophers. She was married to a young nobleman of distinction, Nicephorus Byrennius; and her philosophy had not so far mortified her ambition, but that, upon the last illness of her father, she joined with the empress Irene, in soliciting him to disinherit his son in favor of her husband. On the failure of this scheme she excited a conspiracy for the deposition of her brother; and when Byrennius impeded its success by his fears or scruples, she lamented that nature had mistaken their sexes, for that he ought to have been the woman. The plot was discovered and defeated; and Anna was punished by the confiscation of her property, which was, however, restored to her by the indulgent emperor; but she appears not to have possessed any influence at court. She

soothed the solitude of her latter years, by composing a minute history of her fathers reign; a work still extant, and which forms a conspicuous portion of the collection of Byzantine historians. The authors of the "Journal des Savans," for 1075, have spoken of this learned and accomplished lady in the following manner. "The elegance," say they, "in which Anna Comnena has described, in fifteen books, the life and actions of her father, and the strong and eloquent manner in which she has set them off, are so much above the ordinary understanding of women, that one is almost ready to doubt whether indeed she was the author of these books. It is certain one cannot read the description she has given of countries, rivers, mountains, towns, sieges, battles, the reflections she makes upon particular events, the judgment she passes upon imperial human actions, and the digressions she makes on many occasions, without perceiving that she must have been very well skilled in grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, and mathematics; nay, that she must have had some knowledge of law, physic, and divinity; all which is very rare and uncommon in any of that sex."

CATHARINE DE MEDICIS, celebrated by the French historians for her talents and her crimes, daughter of Lorenzo de Medicis, duke of Urbin, and of Madeline de la Tour, countess of Boulogne, was born at Florence, April 15th, 1519. Her form was admirable; her aspect expressed majesty, blended with softness. In the delicacy of her complexion, and the vivacity of her eyes, she surpassed every other lady of the court.

She was exposed during her childhood to great danger, through the animosity of the Florentines to the house of Medici, which a faction had expelled from the city. She was confined for some time in a monastery.

At fourteen years of age, she was given in marriage, by pope Clement VII., her great uncle, to Henry, duke of Orleans, second son of Francis I. The nuptials were celebrated at Marseilles, October 28th, 1533, in the presence of the pope, and the king of France. *But her beauty and insinuating manners failed to captivate the heart of her husband, who had devoted himself*

to the maturer charms of Diana de Poitiers. The character of Catherine had not yet discovered itself.

Ten years after her marriage, she was delivered of a son, on whom the name of his grandfather was conferred. On the decease of Francis I., she was crowned with her husband, June 12th, 1540. But she possessed only the title of queen; while her rival engrossed the most unbounded political influence.

An event now approached, which enabled her to throw aside her mask, and to assert the native force of her mind. A tournament was proclaimed in the French court, on the double occasion of the return of peace, and the marriage of Elizabeth of France, the daughter of Catharine, (who since the birth of Francis, had borne several children,) with Philip II., of Spain. Henry, in breaking a lance with Montgomery, captain of his life guards, was killed in the forty-first year of his age.

The court, on this catastrophe, was filled with consternation, and divided by intrigues. Catherine, so long obscured, now came forward, and rose in importance; as mother to the young king, her favor was eagerly courted, while her capacity and her talents fitted her for the most arduous offices. Endowed with a thousand great qualities, she wanted only virtue to direct them to useful and honorable purposes. Her love of pleasure, of letters, of magnificence, were her inferior passions, over which ambition predominated. Possessing a calm and intrepid temper, no circumstances, however sudden, however trying, threw her off her guard; she knew how to bend to circumstances, or to accommodate every thing to her purposes. Consummate in dissembling, her manners were seductive, and her conversation insinuating. Sprung from the blood of Cosmo de Medicis, and emulous of the reputation acquired by Francis I., she affected to protect learning, and cultivate the fine arts, amidst the horrors of civil war; even in the most exhausted state of the finances, she was the most munificent patroness of men of letters. Expensive and lavish in the spectacles which she exhibited to the court, she covered *under the mask* of pleasure, the most atrocious designs; planned a massacre in the midst of a festival, while she caressed the victims of a sanguinary policy. Cruel from ambition rather

than from temper, profuse from taste, and rapacious from necessity, she united in her character, qualities apparently the most discordant. The majesty of her person, the dignity of her aspect, and the elegance of her dress, added lustre to her beauty, which remained unimpaired to an advanced period of life.

Animated by an intemperate and barbarous zeal, the new ministers persuaded their youthful sovereign, that in persecuting the huguenotts, he would adhere to the maxims and conduct of his father. Catharine, with a temporising policy, endeavored, as interest suggested, to adjust the balance between the contending parties. The young king died suddenly, after a reign of little more than a year. While both parties courted her as the arbitress of their future fortunes, she employed, with infinite address and coolness, the measures necessary to secure to herself the first place in the government, under Charles, her son, who had scarcely attained his eleventh year.

Catharine by her subtle policy, and by her pretended favor for the different parties which divided the kingdom, was the cause of the civil wars which raged between the huguenotts and catholics, the king of Navarre, the prince of Conde, and the duke of Guise.

The royal army, in which was the queen and her son, after taking Blois, Tours, and Bourges, laid siege to Rouen, defended by Montgomery, famed in the annals of France for his fatal tournament with Henry II. The courage of Catharine was truly heroic; every day, during the siege, she exposed herself to the most imminent personal dangers. The duke of Guise, and the constable, remonstrated with her in vain on this temerity. "Why," she nobly replied, "should I spare myself more than you? Is it that I have less courage, or less interest in the event? It is true that I have less personal force, but in resolution of mind I am not inferior." Of what had not Catharine been capable, had this grandeur of sentiment been directed by proper principles! The soldiers, in imitation of the Romans, gave to her the title of "*Mater Castrorum*." The city was carried by assault. The king of Navarre met his fate before Rouen.

After many struggles between the contending parties, with

alternate loss and advantage, peace, so long and so ardently desired, was re-established, on terms not unfavorable to the huguenotts. Charles swore to preserve the treaty inviolate, and to protect the colonist in every benefit it promised to confer; but under these fair appearances lurked the most cruel and treacherous designs. Catharine, convinced from experience that the huguenotts were not to be subdued by force, had already planned the tragic spectacle which two years afterwards astonished Europe. A project so horribly flagitious and unprecedented, has stigmatised with indelible and deserved infamy, the comprehensive, yet detestable genius, which gave it birth. "Like some minister of an angry deity," says an ingenious and entertaining writer, "Catharine appears to have been occupied only in effecting the ruin of her people, and to have marked her course with carnage and devastation."

It becoming necessary to marry the king, who had entered his twenty-first year, Catharine solicited for him the hand of Elizabeth of England. Failing in this suit, she turned her attention to the archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the emperor Maximilian II., a princess whose slender capacity threatened no diminution of her influence over the mind of her son.

The marriage having been celebrated, the young queen was crowned at St. Denis. Catharine displayed on this occasion the magnificence of her spirit, and the elegance of her taste. The entertainments exhibited at court were heightened by the fictions of antiquity, and embellished by the allegories of Greece and Rome. The amusements of Catharine were characterized by a genius, a spirit, and a refinement, that emulated those of more advanced periods, and were scarcely surpassed under the splendid reign of Louis XIV., the Augustan age of France. "Her extraordinary and universal genius," says the writer before quoted, "comprehended every thing in its embrace, and were equally distinguished at a cabinet or a banquet, whether directed to the destruction or delight of mankind: in her, qualities the most opposite and discordant in their nature, seem to have been blended. She was enabled, by the universality of her talents, to pass, with the easiest transition, from

the horrors of war to the dissipations of indolence and peace; and we are forced to lament, that a capacity so exalted should, from the principles by which it was actuated, produce only more general and lasting evils."

The horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, was resolved on by Catharine, but her pernicious counsels had not yet extinguished in Charles' bosom every spark of honor, every sympathy of humanity. He paused on the threshold of an enterprise that would deliver his name with infamy to the latest posterity, and overwhelm his memory with execration and abhorrence. Observing the paleness of his countenance, and the drops which hung upon his forehead, she reproached him with pusillanimity. Piqued at her contemptuous reflections, the unhappy Charles gave the orders demanded of him.

The dreadful work of death commenced; the massacre continued for a week, and more than five thousand persons of every rank, perished. Their bodies floated on the Seine, passing in the view of the tyrant, under the windows of the Louvre. Catharine de Medicis, the demon of this destruction, beheld, without pity or compunction, the misery of which she had been the cause; having gazed on the head of Admiral Coligni, which was presented to her, with savage delight, she sent it to Rome as the most acceptable present to the sovereign pontiff. The number of Calvinists put to death in the various provinces, is estimated from twenty-five to forty thousand persons.

This bloody tragedy had such an effect on the mind of Charles, that he did not long survive it. He expired in his twenty-fifth year, May 30th, 1574. The crown descended to his brother Henry, then king of Poland. Catharine acted as regent until his arrival, and their meeting at Lyons was tender and affecting. No alteration was made by Henry in the cabinet, in which the queen mother held a distinguished place.

The weakness of the king's subsequent conduct, which drew on him the contempt of the nation, threw Catharine into a profound melancholy: she foresaw the ruin of the state, which she knew not how to avert. Her remonstrances and entreaties had lost all influence over the mind of Henry, who was sunk in

debauchery and the most abject superstition. He was deserted by his subjects, and alike contemned both by catholics and huguenotts. He involved himself with both in the most fatal contentions; the kingdom was divided by factions, and torn by intestine wars. In vain were all the endeavors of Catharine to rouse the mind of her degenerate son, and to inspire him with a portion of her own vigor and capacity. She alternately sought by negotiation and address to allay the violence of all parties, and heal the wounds of the state.

Her death took place at the castle of Blois, January 5th, 1588, in the seventieth year of her age.

The memory of Catharine has been, by the protestant historians, uniformly execrated and branded with infamy; and the part she took in the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew, has left upon her name an indelible stain.

CONSTANCE, daughter of Conan, duke of Brittany, was wife of Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of Henry II., king of England. She was contracted by him while they were both in the cradle, and by her right Geoffrey became duke of Brittany. By him she had two children, Eleanor, called the maid of Brittany, and Arthur, who was born after the death of his father. She afterwards married Ralph Blundeville, earl of Chester; from him she was divorced, and again married Guy, brother to the Viscount Thouars. She had by him a daughter, named Alix, whom the Bretons elected for their sovereign. She died in 1202.

LAURA CRETA, an Italian lady, was born in 1669. She was learned in the languages and philosophy. She married Peter Lereni, but with him she was not destined to live long. He died in eighteen months after their union. She refused to enter into a second connection, but devoted herself to her studies. She held a correspondence with most of the great scholars and philosophers in Europe, who were happy in forming an acquaintance, through the medium of letters, with one of most learned women of the age, and of the world. She died in the flower of her age, and was lamented throughout Christendom.

But by the jealousies of many of modern times, the writings of highly educated females have not had a fair chance to see new editions. This jealousy, thank Heaven, is now departing from the literary horizon of Europe.

CORINNA, a poetess, was born at Thebes, or, according to some writers at Tanagra. She was distinguished for her skill in lyric verse, as well as remarkable for her personal attractions. She was the rival of Pindar, while he was in the prime of his youth and in zenith of his fame, and gained a victory over him, according to some Greek writers no less than five times, but all agree that she did so once. She wrote in the Æolic dialect, which it is said gave her a great advantage over Pindar, who wrote in the Doric, particularly as she had an Æolic auditory. She was not vain of her success, for she gave Pindar some wholesome criticism upon moderating the ardor of his imagination. Most of her productions have been lost in the lapse of ages; a few fragments only have survived, but enough to show what was the power of her abilities, and of her mastery over rhythm. Even Pindar has been but little more fortunate, for but a small portion of his poetry is extant.

MARIA CUNITIA, or CUNITZ, a lady of great learning and genius, was born in Silesia about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and became celebrated for her extensive knowledge in many branches of learning, particularly in mathematics and astronomy, upon which she wrote several ingenious treatises; one of which under the title of "Urania Propitia," printed in 1650, in Latin and German, she dedicated to Ferdinand III., emperor of Germany. In this work are contained astronomical tables, of great care and accuracy, founded upon Kelper's hypotheses. She acquired languages with amazing facility; and understood Polish, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. With equal care she acquired a knowledge of the sciences, history, physic, poetry, painting music, both vocal and instrumental, *were familiar to her*; and yet they were no more than *her amusements*.

Her favorite study was mathematics, and especially astronomy, to which she was principally devoted, and was not without reason ranked among the most able astronomers of her time. She married Elias De Lewin, M. D., also an astronomer; and they carried on their favorite studies for some time with equal reputation and success, until the war penetrated into Silesia, and obliged them to quit their residence at Schweinetz, for Poland, which was then at peace. Upon their journey, although furnished with the best of passports, they were robbed by the soldiers; but on their arrival in Poland were welcomed with every attention. Here she compared her astronomical tables above noticed, first printed at Oels, and four years after at Frankfort. Some historians fix her death at 1664, while others say that she was living a widow in 1669; but all agree in her extraordinary talents and acquirements.

CAPILLANA, a Peruvian princess, who, having become a widow very young, retired from court to a house she had in the country; scarcely was she established there, when Pizarro appeared on the coast. Having sent his people to reconnoitre the country, they penetrated to the retreat of Capillana, who gave them all the succors they wanted, and expressed a desire to see their general. Pizarro came, and an attachment soon took place between them. He knew all the advantages of such a conquest; and profiting by his ascendancy over the heart of Capillana, he endeavored to persuade her to embrace the Christian faith. But the young princess was not easily convinced, and he left off the attempt; yet afterwards applying herself to study the Spanish language, she became a convert. On the death of Pizarro, she returned again to her retreat, and sought consolation in the knowledge she had acquired. In the library of the dominicans of Peru, a manuscript of her composition is preserved, in which is painted, by her own hand, ancient Peruvian monuments, each accompanied with a short historical *explanation* in the Castilian language. There is also a *representation* of many of their plants, with curious descriptions on *their merits and properties*.

VICTORIA COLONNA, an illustrious lady, distinguished for her productions in Italian poetry; was the daughter of Fabutio Colonna, duke of Palliano; she was born at Marino, in 1490. When seventeen years of age, she was married to Francis d'Avallas, marquis of Pescara. They lived together in the most perfect harmony; and she is said to have employed her influence in dissuading him from accepting the crown of Naples, which was offered him after the battle of Pavia, in order to detach him from the interests of the emperor Charles V. After the death of her husband, which happened in 1525, she lived in retirement, solacing her grief with poetry and devotion, and firmly rejecting all offers of a new alliance. She entertained a friendly correspondence with some of the most learned and enlightened persons of the age, as the cardinals Bombo, Contarini, and Pale; the poets Flominio, Malza, Almanni, and others. For the sake of a more perfect retirement, she entered a monastery at Orvieto, in 1546, which she soon exchanged for that of St. Catherine, in Viterbo. She at length left this monastery and retired to Rome, where she died in 1547. Her poems passed through four editions, and are much admired. They are not inferior to those of the greater part of the Petrarchian versifiers of that age, and are among the first in which Italian poetry was employed on religious topics. The Italian muse had sung before that time only war and love.

CHARLOTTE CORDE, was born in the department of Calvados, in France, about the year 1774. During a part of the French revolution, she had been in habits of confidence with many of the deputies of the legislature, and her spirit was animated with the greatest devotion to the cause of liberty, and of her country.

The factions which prevailed in the convention, had excited her abhorrence, and amongst those whom she held most odious, was the infamous Marat, whose sanguinary proscriptions, denunciations, and maxims, had filled her soul with a determined resolution for his destruction. She accordingly left her native home, in the beginning of July, 1793, with an express determination of assassinating him, which she effected on the evening of the

day following, after conversing with him on some political topics, by stabbing him to the heart with a dagger.

Having perpetrated this deed, she walked out of the house with the most perfect composure, and was soon after arrested. When brought before a magistrate, she looked on him with a smile of the most indignant and contemptuous mockery, and declared, that she gloried in releasing her country from a monster; that she had fixed her mind on his death, as necessary to its salvation; that there were others, who should also perish, had she the power, but as she knew she could sacrifice but one, she was determined to begin with the most execrable of them all. She even spoke at large in justification of the deed, as necessary to the honor and happiness of her country, and glorious to herself; that it was due to justice to rid the world of a sanguinary monster, whose doctrines were framed for indiscriminate destruction, and who was already condemned by the voice of public opinion.

Her deportment, during her trial, was modest and dignified. There was so engaging a softness in her countenance, that it was difficult to conceive how she could have armed herself with sufficient intrepidity to perpetrate such a deed, or to sustain herself with so great calmness on the verge of death. She heard her sentence pronounced, with attention and composure, and left the court with the greatest serenity, to prepare for the last scene. When on the scaffold, she behaved with the same fortitude, which she had uniformly displayed from the commencement of this extraordinary transaction. As the executioner was attempting to tie her feet to the plank she resisted, from an apprehension that he meant to insult her; but upon his explaining himself, she submitted with a smile; and her head was immediately after severed from her body.

Her portrait was in every print shop in England, and the United States; every museum had her image in wax, and her name became as familiar as that of Brutus. Some few viewed her as an assassin; others as a heroine of deathless fame. It is acknowledged by all her biographers, that she was virtuous in *her conduct*, and lofty in her feelings. If Lucretia was right in

sacrificing herself for her country, Charlotte Corde could not have been wrong; if Brutus did a deed of glory by striking Cæsar to the heart, this female patriot was not to be censured; for Cæsar was ambitious, but not tyrannical. Marat was a cut-throat and a traitor, he had deluged the country with blood. There are many acts of a high character, of doubtful morality; they are exceptions to all the ordinary rules which govern human life, and are not dangerous as examples. Let those who censure their deeds, remember that they are judging in quiet times, but the acts were perpetrated when the political and moral elements were in confusion. Let those who praise them consider that such deeds, if to be admired, are not to be imitated, and thank heaven there are but few occasions that will call them forth.

ISABELLA LOSA, DE CORDOVA, was learned in the languages, and received the honorary degree of D. D. After her husband died she took the habit of St. Clair, and founded the hospital of Loretto, where she retired from the world, and ended her days in the bosom of devotion, in 1546, in the seventy-third year of her age. At this period of the world, many learned ladies, after enjoying life for a time, retired to a convent; they could not find in society sufficient charms to interest them, and wanting something to fill up the void, turned from the world to the duties of religion, as it was then understood, and passed life away in a dream, because there was not sufficient occupation to fill their whole souls. If the burthens and duties of society, which are now known, had then existed, the pious and enlightened might have found a cure for ennui, or something to have filled up every hour of existence.

HANNAH COWLEY, a dramatic writer, was the daughter of Phillip Packhouse, Esq., a man of classical attainments, who, after being educated for the church, gave up the profession, and opened a book store. He gave his daughter a good education; for he discovered her talent when she was quite young. She married a Mr. Cowley, a gentleman of talents, and a captain in

the East India Company's service. He died in 1797. She became a writer by accident. While attending the theatre one evening with her husband, the thought came into her mind that she could write as well as the author of the play then enacting, and she sketched the outlines of one the next morning. She wrote many pieces of great merit; but she was never vain, or neglectful of her domestic duties. Her greatest pleasure in life was in the education of her children. She wrote with great purity and taste. She died, March 11th, 1809; and the periodicals of that day paid several affectionate and just tributes to her memory. Her works have been published in three volumes octavo.

ROSALBA CARRIERA, an eminent female artist, was born at Chiozza in 1675; and having shown an early taste for painting, her father placed her with an artist from whom she learned to paint in oil, but she afterwards practiced, and carried crayon-painting to a high degree of perfection. Orlandi celebrates her miniatures. Her crayon often arrives to the strength of pictures in oil. Her portraits, spread over all Europe, are as elegant and graceful in conception and attitude, as fresh, neat, and alluring in color. Her Madonas, and other sacred subjects, rise from grace to dignity, and even majesty. Incessant application deprived her of sight in the seventy-second year of her age. She lived ten years afterwards. While in this state of blindness, she called up all the visions that had been in her mind when she could see. She arranged her images in this hall of imagination and recollection. She now gazed on a Madona with the eyes of her mind, and criticised it with spirit and accuracy. She would often sketch a landscape with tolerably correctness when every ray of the light of day had left her. Such a genius forever enjoys the sunshine of the soul. There is a communion between the blind and the world beyond human vision that elevates the soul to the abode of the gods. Such was Homer, Milton, Ossian, and the strains of Carolan the blind bard of Erin, and those of our own sightless Shaw, have a touch of celestial music in them.

CATHERINE II., empress of Russia, (her maiden name was Sophia Augusta Frederica,) was born at Stelling, May 2d, 1729. Her father, Christian Augustus, of Anhalt-Terbst-Domburgh, (a small district in Upper Saxony,) was major-general in the Prussian service, commander-in-chief of the regiments of infantry, and governor of the town and fortress of Stelling. Her mother, a woman of talents, born princess of Holstein, was the friend and correspondent of Frederick, prince royal of Prussia. Intelligence and vivacity characterised the young Sophia; who was educated under the eye of her mother: her temper was commanding, and her manners dignified; in her childish sports with her companions, she assumed to herself the direction and control, with a spirit and firmness which admitted of no appeal.

She resided alternately, till her fifteenth year, in Stelling, in Domburgh, or in Terbst, she also accompanied her mother in several journies, by which her mind was enlarged and her manners improved. She frequently made some stay at Hamburg, with her maternal grandmother, the widow of the bishop of Lubeck, at whose court she received from M. Von Brummer, gentleman of the bedchamber, the most select productions of contemporary writers. Attached to letters, to learning, and to meditation, she derived from these communications both profit and pleasure. Her visits to Brunswick were yet more frequent, where, with Elizabeth Sophia Maria, duchess dowager of Wolfenbutth, she sometimes passed the whole summer.

In December, 1743, she was instructed at Brunswick, by the court preacher Dave, in the principles of the Lutheran church. In the preceding year she made a visit to Berlin, for the purpose of being present at the nuptials of the prince of Prussia. She likewise revisited Prussia in the beginning of the year 1744, whence she proceeded to Russia.

Three years after the appointment of Peter to the succession by the empress Elizabeth, by whom he had been called to Russia for the purpose, it was determined to marry him. Sophia, princess of Anhalt-Terbst, was selected, on this occasion, by Elizabeth, for his consort: As a preliminary to these nuptials, the princess embraced the formulary of the Greek church, and at

her invitation received the name afterwards so celebrated, of Catherine Alexievna.

A cloud obscured the favorable prospects of Catherine. A fever had seized her lover, accompanied by alarming symptoms. The distemper terminated in a malignant small-pox, which spared the life of the duke, but proved in its effects, a severer trial of the affection of his mistress. The features of Peter suffered a cruel alteration, his comeliness was wholly defaced, and his countenance for a time scarred and distorted.

Catherine felt a secret horror on her first interview with the duke, but repressing her emotions, she fell on his neck and affectionately embraced him, with marks of the liveliest joy. The impressions which had seized her, however stifled at the moment, were not to be effaced; on her return to her chamber she fell into a swoon, from which she revived not till after several hours. With these feelings, on her recovery, ambition struggled, and finally prevailed: she sought not to defer the celebration of her nuptials, an event so ardently desired by her mother, and which the empress anticipated with pleasure. The marriage was accordingly solemnized, while the attachment which had preceded it, and which was built on a superficial foundation, was already expiring.

Brought up under the eye of a sensible mother, at no great distance from the court of Frederick, the seat of the sciences and arts, Catherine had, to a strong and comprehensive mind, added extensive knowledge, and a facility of expressing herself, in several languages, with elegance and grace. With an excellent heart and some understanding, the education of Peter had been wholly neglected; deficient in those graces and accomplishments, and in that cultivation of mind, which so eminently distinguished his wife, he felt her superiority and blushed; while she repined at the fate which had united her to a man so little worthy of her, and so ill suited to contribute to her happiness or improvement. Their mutual disgust, which daily increased, became at length but too visible to the court.

Peter had, from the moment of his arrival, been beheld with distrust by the principal Russian families. Among the most

determined of his enemies was the chancellor Bestucheff, who formed the design of excluding him from the throne, and placing Catherine at the head of affairs.

Among other accusations brought forward against their victim was that of drunkenness, a habit he had acquired, and of which the empress had ocular demonstration. Emboldened by their success, the conspirators set no bounds to their calumnies, by which the unfortunate prince was rendered odious to his aunt; a prey to lassitude, the inactivity in which he languished, with the flexibility of his temper, gave but too many advantages to the perfidy of his enemies. Persuaded of his misconduct, the empress gradually withdrew from him her favor and he was accustomed to retire to a palace in the country, and immure himself as a state prisoner rather than as heir to the crown. ●

Catherine in the mean time, guided by a shrewd and vigilant mother, insinuated herself into the favor of the most considerable persons of the court; ambition triumphed in her mind over every inferior propensity, and enabled her to extort, by the propriety of her conduct, the esteem of those whose affection she failed to conciliate. The influence which her mother had over her, excited the jealousy of the empress, and an order was at length procured by her enemies, which compelled the princess to quit the empire. Catherine would not see the departure of her mother, whom the most poignant grief appeared to overwhelm, without concern; but ambition diverted her filial sorrow, which the allurements of pleasure contributed more effectually to subdue.

Elizabeth, after a tedious illness and severe sufferings, the consequences of intemperance, died on Christmas day, 1761. This event was scarcely known, when the courtiers crowded around the heir, to whom the importance of the moment gave a temporary firmness. The first measures of Peter were popular and auspicious: to the Russian nobility and gentry he gave freedom; he also recalled the state prisoners, with which jealousy and despotism had peopled Siberia. The ordinary habits of the czar, dazzled by the elevation, and influenced by the ascendancy of a more vigorous genius, suffered a temporary suspension, but, corrupted by power, he quickly relaxed into indolence and vice.

Insensibly relaxing in his great designs, the offspring of an effervescent fancy rather than the dictates of a sound judgment, Peter resumed, amidst a society of treacherous parasites, his habits of intemperance; whole days were passed in smoking, or sunk in odious inebriety. His behaviour towards his consort became capricious and unequal; while the powers of her understanding extorted his homage, he failed not to intimate his sense of her irregularities, and the resentment with which they inspired him. At the splendid festival of the Russian church, he was impolitically content to follow as a simple colonel in the suite of Catherine, who, adorned with the symbols of regal dignity, appeared with majesty as if born to command. Catherine was also left to do the honors of the court, while the czar, habited in the uniform of his regiment, respectfully presented to her his officers and comrades. Although the great Peter had, with Catherine I., acted a similar part, it should be remembered that heroes and men of talents only, possessing an inherent dignity, may venture to disdain adventitious advantages.

Catherine determined to oppose to the imprudence of her husband great circumspection and address. Versed in dissimulation, it was not difficult for her to act a part, while she employed herself in gaining the hearts the czar was alienating. For philosophy she substituted the demeanor of a bigot; while repairing daily to the churches, she prayed with the semblance of a sincere devotee; punctual in the observance of the Greek superstitions, she accosted the poor with benignity, and affected homage to the patriarchs, who failed not from house to house to proclaim her praises. While Peter was shut up with his companions and mistresses, the favorite of debauchees and buffoons, the empress kept her court with mingled dignity and sweetness, charming all who approached her. It was her study to attract towards her every man distinguished for his talents or courage, or whose intrigues promised to be useful.

The czar in the mean time, offended the Russians by his indiscretions, and disgusted the foreign ministers; and the hopes of Catherine received daily accession from the imprudence of her husband. Dismissed to Peterhoff, she passed her days

in one of its most retired apartments, where she meditated the dethronement of Peter: her evenings were devoted to an adherent, converted into an intrepid conspirator by her favor.

The power of the czars, like all despotisms, is weakly founded: resting upon the opinions and prejudices of the governed, it requires a steady hand to poise it: change of manners and a broken succession, had rendered revolutions in Russia not more difficult than sudden. The foreign nativity of Peter enhanced his danger, which his attention to foreign interests, to the prejudice of the empire, contributed to augment.

At the head of the conspiracy to depose Peter, were Orloff, and Odart, and the Princess Dashkoff. It was two in the morning, when Catherine, ignorant of what was passing, and lulled in a profound sleep, found herself suddenly roused by a soldier to whose person she was a stranger, "Your majesty," said he, "has not a moment to lose; arise, get ready and follow me." Having thus spoken, he instantly disappeared. The empress, astonished and terrified, called her favorite woman; having dressed in haste, they disguised themselves so as to be unknown to the sentinels. Scarcely were they prepared when the soldier returned, from whom they learned that a carriage awaited them at the garden gate. They found there a coach, which, by the princess Dashkoff, had been kept in readiness, under the pretence of a rural excursion, at the house of one of her peasants, a few miles from Peterhoff, and for which Alexey, the brother of Orloff, had sent a comrade.

Catherine, with her attendant, having entered the carriage, the reins were seized by Alexey, who set off at full speed. Nearly exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, yet commanding herself enough to assume a sedate and tranquil air, she reached the city at seven in the morning, July 9th, 1762.

She proceeded immediately to the quarter of the Ismailoff guards, of which three companies had been won over to her party: but they were not permitted by the chiefs of the conspiracy, to leave their barracks till the appearance of the empress, lest precipitation should ruin their plan. At the report of her arrival, thirty of the soldiers, half dressed, ran out to receive

her with shouts of joy. Alarmed at the smallness of their number, she hesitated for a moment, and at length assured them in a tremulous voice, "that she had been driven by her danger to the necessity of asking their assistance; that her death, together with that of her son, had been decreed by the czar that very night; that flight had been her only means of escape; and that her confidence in their attachment had led her to put herself into their hands!" Her auditors trembled with indignation, and swore to die in her defence.

Their example, with that of the hetman, their colonel, who presently joined them, collected others, who, led by curiosity, flocked about the empress in great number, and with one consent declared her sovereign. The chaplain of the regiment being immediately summoned, a crucifix was brought from the altar, on which the oath of the troops was received. Amidst the tumult, some voices were heard proclaiming Catherine regent, but these were overborne by the threats of Orloff, and the more numerous cries of "Long live the empress!"

All these advantages were attained within two hours. The empress already beheld herself surrounded by two thousand warriors, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of Petersburg, who mechanically followed the soldiers. By the advice of the hetman, she repaired to the church of Kassan, where every thing had been prepared for her reception. As she passed along, attended by a numerous suite, the windows and doors were crowded with spectators, who mingled their acclamations with the shouts of the troops. The archbishop of Novogorod, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, accompanied by a train of priests, to whom long beards and hoary heads gave a venerable appearance, waited at the altar to receive her, placed on her head the imperial crown, and in a loud voice, proclaimed her under the name of Catherine II., sovereign of all the Russias; declaring at the same time the young grand duke, Paul Petrovitch, to be her successor. A *Te Deum* was then chanted, accompanied by the shouts of the multitude.

Peter was thunderstruck at the intelligence of the revolution. After several ineffectual attempts to regain the favor of the

people, he was induced by the treacherous counsel of Ismailoff, to give himself up as a prisoner; when he was treated with much indignity. He was prevailed upon to sign a paper, renouncing all claims to the crown. He was afterwards removed to a little imperial retreat, at Ropscha, where he was barbarously poisoned, and suffocated by Alexius Orloff. Of her innocence of this atrocious act, the general conduct and character of the empress seems to afford a presumption; at least it appears probable that respecting so horrible a service, her partisans would, from decency forbear to consult her; a subject so delicate, and of so difficult decision, to lead to the side of candor is the undoubted part of the historian. The victim of his weakness rather than of his vices, it is impossible not to contemplate the fate of Peter with the sincerest commiseration. While Catherine governed her subjects with a lenity to which they had been strangers, she displayed to foreign courts the strength of her character. Combining policy with firmness, she found means to soothe the most dangerous of the clergy, and to stop the cabals of the monks. Ambition had not stifled in her bosom the love of pleasure, by which she attached to herself the courtiers; but amusement was not suffered to interfere with business. The empress applied herself alternately to either with equal attention, and with equal ardor. She assisted at the deliberation of the council, read the despatches from her ambassadors, dictated, or with her own hand minuted, the answers to be sent, and attended to the details of their execution. Jealous of glory, she placed before her as models the example of those monarchs who had, by their illustrious qualities and the grandeur of their exploits, effaced the recollection of their weaknesses; and with the frailty of men, merited, as the friends and benefactors of their species, the praise and gratitude of posterity. "We should be constant in our plans," said she, "it is better to do amiss, than to alter our purpose—none but fools are irresolute." Such were her favorite maxims.

While the empire enjoyed peace with foreign princes, internal maladies fermented in its bosom, which neither the severity nor the clemency of the empress had yet been able wholly to

eradicate: the state of the finances, and the dictates of policy, forbade her to divert the attention of the public by brilliant novelties or successful enterprises. The administration of her estates, the advancement of commerce, the augmentation of the marine, and the revenues of the nation, engrossed, by turns, her attention and care. The necessity for economy was pressing and obvious, but the temper of Catherine, and the magnificence of her spirit, would not permit her to renounce that oriental splendor, for which, since the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the court of Petersburg had been distinguished and famed: a splendor which appeared the more necessary during a profound peace, and in an unsettled state of the empire, to attract and dazzle the eyes of the nation.

After the business with her ministers was transacted, the empress would converse in private with Besturcheff and Munich. With the former she studied politics and the affairs of Europe; while the latter consulted her respecting the execution of a plan, meditated during his exile in Siberia, for driving the Turks from Constantinople; a project which gratified her aspiring temper.

But in distant views of ambition or interest, the empress neglected not her domestic regulations; she studied the duties of a sovereign, and considered herself as the mother of her people, whom she treated with confidence, and whose condition she ameliorated. In her first manifesto on her accession to the throne, she says, "We wish to prove how far we merit the love of our people, for whose happiness we acknowledge our throne to be established: and we solemnly promise on our imperial word, to make, in the empire, such arrangements, that the government may, with an intrinsic force, support itself within proper and limited bounds; each department of the state being provided with wholesome laws, sufficient to the preservation of order, at all times, and in all circumstances."

Catherine ordained that torture should no more be used in the investigation of truth; and with Frederick of Prussia, afforded on this occasion an example to Europe. Her criminal laws breathe throughout a spirit, mild and gentle; if she made no

vows, like Elizabeth, her predecessor, to avoid the infliction of death, capital punishments were, during her long reign, very rare.

Amidst these regulations, she neglected not the study of a more important science, that of human nature and of her own mind, of which she truly appreciated the powers and resources. In a confidential conversation with the minister of France, she required of him his opinion respecting the duration of a peace, recently concluded between Austria and Prussia. The minister replied, "that the exhaustion of the people, and the wisdom of the sovereigns, seemed to promise a long tranquility," but added, with a compliment to her sagacity, "that she, who by her forces could direct them at will, was better enabled to appreciate the political systems of the courts of Europe." "You think then," said Catherine, assuming an air of humility, "that Europe at present has its attention fixed on me, and that I am not without weight in foreign courts." The ambassador, of course, replied in the affirmative. The empress having listened to him with apparent pleasure, exclaimed with dignity, "I do indeed believe that Prussia merits attention. I have the finest army in the world. I am short of money, it is true, but shall be abundantly provided within a few years. If I give the reins to my inclination, my taste is for war rather than for peace, but reason, justice, and humanity, restrain me. Yet I will not, like the empress Elizabeth, allow myself to be pressed to make war. Whenever it shall prove to my advantage, I will assuredly enter upon it; but never through complaisance to others." To this she added, "that till after five years, the world could not properly judge of her character; that period it would at last require to reduce the empire to order, and to reap the fruit of her cares. In the mean time, she should act towards all the princes of Europe like a finished coquette." These expressions, which the minister imputed to vanity were literally true.

The beneficial consequences of the regulations and establishments of Catherine, became daily more apparent through all parts of the empire. The government more simply organized and animated with a new energy, displayed a spirit of independence worthy a great nation. "The volumes of modern history,"

says a historian, "can produce no reign like this; for no monarch has ever yet succeeded in the attainment of such a dictature in the grand republic of Europe as Catherine II. now holds; and none of all the kings, who have heretofore given cause to dread the erection of a universal monarchy, seem to have any knowledge of human nature; she presents herself with the pride of a conqueror in the most perilous situations, and with a total new dignity, in the most common transactions. And it is manifestly not only the supreme authority which here gives law, but the judgment which knows when to show that authority, and when to employ it."

Catherine knew how to assign limits to the encroachments of those whom she favored with her esteem and friendship; to punish those who had offended her; and to issue her commands with mildness and firmness. Mistress of her passions, however moved, she controlled their emotions, and appeared tranquil till the moment when the maturity of her plans insured success. Judicious in her bounty, she bestowed, by her manner of conferring them, a double value on her favors. While she gave laws to Poland, amused Austria, conciliated Prussia, and treated with England, she extorted the respect of every court in Europe. She gave to the commerce of Russia a new spirit, augmented its navy, softened the manners of the people, and advanced the progress of civilization.

In the midst of these occupations, the turbulence of internal division continued to interrupt and harrass her; every day teemed with plots and conspiracies, from which her prudence and her fortune combined to deliver her. The favors she showered on those whom it was important to conciliate, but stimulated their rapacity; her punishments, though secret and terrible, proved unavailing to preserve her from new outrages.

Useful institutions were erected, and reform made; the tribunals were corrected, schools founded, hospitals built, and colonies planted. She sought to inspire the nation with a respect for the laws, and, by instruction, to soften their manners. Rapacious of power, and jealous of glory, she aimed at once to be a *legislator* and a conqueror. Amidst internal dissensions, and prepa-

rations for war, amidst public pleasures and private indulgences, she committed nothing that might attract the admiration of her contemporaries, and consign her name with renown to posterity.

Peter the Great, so worthy of admiration, and so justly celebrated, had framed no permanent laws. To Catherine II. the work of legislation was left; it was she only who, having conceived the grand idea, had the courage and magnanimity to put it in execution. A code of laws, founded on truth and justice, was, by a *woman*, presented to the Russian empire.

Proud of the work which had obtained her this flattering homage, copies of her instructions were dispatched to those sovereigns whose esteem she courted. Having complimented her labors, they hesitated not to pronounce, that they would afford to her honor an eternal monument. The king of Prussia, among other flattering observations, thus expressed himself: Semiramis commanded armies, Elizabeth of England was accounted a politician, but no woman has hitherto been a legislatrix; a glory reserved for the empress of Russia, who so well deserves it.

Catherine died very suddenly, on the fifth of November, 1796. She still retained at her death, vestiges of beauty, though nearly seventy years of age. She was of the middle stature, and carrying her head high, appeared tall. Her hair was auburn; her eye-brows dark, and her eyes blue; her countenance, though not deficient in expression, never betrayed what passed in her mind; a mistress of dissimulation, she knew how to command her features. She became corpulent as she advanced in years, yet her carriage was graceful and dignified. In private she inspired, by her conciliatory manners, confidence and good humor, youth, playfulness, and gaiety appeared to surround her. But in public, and on proper occasions, she knew how to assume the empress, to appear, *the Semiramis of the North*, and to awe by her frowns. She wore a green gown or vest, with close sleeves reaching to the wrist: her hair lightly powdered, and flowing upon her shoulders, was crowned with a small cap covered with diamonds: in the latter period of her life she put

on a great quantity of rouge. In her habits and diet she was strictly temperate: she took a light breakfast, ate a moderate dinner, and had no supper.

The estimate of her character must be formed from her actions: her reign was perhaps for her people rather brilliant than happy. Within the circle of her influence, her government was moderate and benign; at a distance terrible and despotic; under the protection of her favorites, justice, order, and law, were sometimes violated, and the most odious tyranny practised with impunity. Her situation in the empire, delicate and often critical, restrained her judgment; it was by suffering her power to be abused that she was enabled to preserve it; she knew how to reward, but dared not always punish.

For her licentiousness as a woman no excuse can be offered; as a sovereign she must be allowed the title of great. If her love of glory too often assumed the features of a destructive ambition, the praise of an enlightened and magnanimous mind cannot be denied to her.

It has been well observed, that the splendor of her reign, the magnificence of her court, her institutions, her monuments, and her victories, were to Russia what the age of Louis XIV., had been to Europe. As an individual, the character of Catherine had a better title to great. The French formed the glory of Louis, Catharine that of the Russians; she reigned not like him over a polished people, nor had she his advantages. She had a nation to form, and her measures were her own; however deceived or seduced, she suffered not herself to be governed. Humane and generous, cheerful and amiable, she constituted the happiness of those who surrounded her. Her active and regular life, her firmness, courage, and sobriety, were moral qualities of no mean value; corrupted by prosperity, and intoxicated with success, her errors of a darker hue, were those of her station, rather than of her heart. The barbarous country, over which she reigned, the grossness of its manners, and the difficulties *with which she had to struggle*, must not be forgotten in forming an estimate of her character. Whatever may have been her faults, and doubtless they were great, her genius, her talents, her

courage, and her success, must ever entitle her to a high rank among those women whose qualities and attainments have thrown a lustre on their sex. She aspired to the character of an author, to which, by her celebrated "*Instructions for a Code of Laws*," her dramatic pieces and proverbs, her tales and allegories, for the improvement of her grand children, she is justly entitled. Among the productions of her pen, her "*Letters to Voltaire*" are accounted the most interesting. She composed also for the imperial family a plan of education, compiled principally from the writings of Locke and Rosseau, which reflects infinite credit on her liberality and discernment.

CORNELIA, the daughter of Scipio Africanus the elder, was the mother of the two Gracchii. She is sometimes called Sempronia, a name common to the female descendants of the Sempronii, Gracchii and Scipios. She was a woman of great learning and virtue, and possessed the most exalted sentiments of human nature. It is said that she was courted by a king, but preferred being the wife of a Roman citizen, to that of a monarch. Her husband Sempronius was a man of exalted character, but not of the patrician order as she was. Sempronius was twice consul and once censor. He made war in Gaul, and met with much success in Spain. Cornelia was early in life a widow, and had the chief care of her children. She educated them in the great doctrines of liberty and patriotism, and foresaw their future glory when only children. The story of her pride in them is familiar to all. When a Campanian lady made a show of her jewels at Cornelia's house, and entreated her to favor her with a sight of her own, Cornelia produced her two sons, when they returned from school, saying, "these are the only jewels of which I can boast." The education she gave them made them inordinately ambitious, but at the same time nobly patriotic. When they were quite young, she was impatient to see them taking a part for the glories of Rome, which she saw were expiring in the hands of the patricians. This excellent mother did not leave their education even when they had reached manhood, for she, by her eloquence persuaded them to study Greek philosophy.

in which all the ennobling principles of freedom are to be found. Tiberius, the eldest son, served at the siege of Carthage, and was the first man who mounted the walls of the burning city. While yet a mere youth, he was received into the college of augurs, an honor conferred upon gray-headed virtue. He was also a quæstor to the Consul Mansinus, while he waged war against Neumantinus, in Spain. His diplomatic talents were conspicuously displayed in making a treaty with this people, favorable to Rome. The senate were too corrupt to ratify an honest treaty; but all their influence could not make Tiberius Gracchus unpopular, although it was exerted to the fullest extent.

He now became a determined enemy of the senate, and his mother prompted him to a vigorous course to save the country from the baneful effects of aristocracy. He saw that the patri- cians ground the face of the poor, and by their avarice and extortion had made the mass of the nation wretchedly destitute. On his return from the army, he offered himself as a candidate for the tribuneship of the people, which office rendered his person inviolable as long as he was entrusted with it, and placed him in a situation to advance the great plans for the improvement of the condition of the people in a legal way. To effect this, he revived an old law, passed two hundred and thirty-two years before, and had become obsolete, called an agrarian law, which enacted that no more than five hundred acres of the public lands should be possessed by any person. This law was revived with many softening features; but, yet it was stoutly opposed. The most alarming convulsions ensued. He was opposed by Marcus Octavius, his colleague in the tribune-ship, who, as he had a legal right, put his veto on the law; but Tiberius appealed to the tribes, and Octavius was expelled from his office. Tiberius found great difficulty in carrying this law into effect, after it was passed. The time for another election came round again before the law could go into operation, from the difficulty of ascertaining *what were public and what were private lands*; and in the *tumults of this election*, Tiberius, and three hundred of his *faithful adherents*, were slain. The aristocrats, by bribery and

corruption, carried the day, and gave another stab to the liberties of Rome. The Sempronian or agrarian law was still in force; that is, it was not repealed; and there was a state of confusion for ten years, when Caius Gracchus obtained the tribuneship, in the year of Rome 630. He was a man of more talents than his brother, and had lived more with his great mother. His eloquence was of a high order for a popular assembly. His voice was loud, his articulation clear, and his knowledge of Roman history and Roman politics, all from the instruction of his mother, and from his own sagacity. He began his course as tribune by striking a blow at his brother's enemies, exiling some of the most influential senators. He revived his brother's law, and united to it some of the most popular decrees, viz.: that monthly distributions of corn should be made to the poor in Rome, and ensured his soldiers pay and clothing: they had previously fought only for fame. He was idolized by the people, and his enemies greatly weakened. By his exertions, the equestrian order became the administrators of justice, and the senate was confined to their political and executive power. This noble feature in government has been retained to the present day in all nations who boast of freedom. In these struggles for the liberties of his country, enemies arose, who, with larger promises, but with no patriotism, gained the hearts of the fickle populace. In the third struggle for the tribuneship, Caius lost his election; and in a commotion, which arose from a proposition to repeal a part of the Sempronian law, was slain with several thousand of his followers. The agrarian law was not long repealed; but the senate had, by his power, and eloquence, and measures, received a vital stab. They never again secured their power, or regained the reverence which for ages they had received from the people. Cornelia survived her son Caius, and gloried in the struggles he had made for liberty. When some one offered her the usual condolence on the death of her son, she replied, "Can the mother of the Gracchii want consolation?" It is not too much to say, that the enlightened mind of Sempronia Cornelia gave to government the division of the judicial from the legislative power, which is the strength and beauty of all liberty.

ELEANOR DAVIS. The character of man is not only domestic, but, is in a greater or less degree, at all times, connected with the public. He is constantly in some way before the eyes of his fellow citizens, and they are the judges of his understanding, his disposition, his acquirements, his talents and his virtues. But this is not the case, in general, with woman; she may possess virtues and talents, known only to a few of her kindred and friends, and may pass on through life without attracting the notice, or securing the homage her virtues deserve. But notwithstanding her course may be silent and unobtrusive, yet her influence is felt in the education of her children, and in the happiness of those around her. There is hardly a distinguished name amongst men, the direction of whose course, and the first impress of whose character, could not be traced to a virtuous and an intellectual mother; and some of the finest effusions of genius in the literature of all countries, are found in the acknowledgement of this debt of gratitude to those who rocked the cradle of infancy, taught the new-born limbs their uses, the tongue its first accents, and watched the first rays of mental light to kindle them into thought, and, as it were, to assist the beneficent Creator in forming man after his own image. The philosopher, the philanthropist, and even the common observer, know and appreciate these silent and constant virtues of woman; but the biographer, from various causes, seizes upon the splendid, the beautiful, or the extremely unfortunate, for his page, as easier to draw and finish, and more attractive in exhibition, than solid worth; but were we to sit down with patience, and mark the lineaments of a quiet, delicate, and refined woman, in her retirement, the labor would be more valued than the details of a battle field, or the wonders of a traveller in a distant land. The sacred writings are sweetly interspersed with sketches of female excellence. Women are described as holding high places in the walks of poetry, prophecy, government, and religion. The songs of Miriam and Deborah, the fervent piety of Hannah, the lofty courage and commanding talents of Judith, the faith of Anna, and the devotion of Mary, are naturally and charmingly interwoven with the history of the Jews and the progress of religion.

Every age of civilization has left some permanent record of their influence upon the destinies of man. There was not a district in Greece which did not produce distinguished females, whose names have come down to us as models of virtue; and where Lucretia bled, and the mother of the Gracchii brought up her sons, the proudest orators have breathed the noblest strains of their eloquence over departed females—the illustrious matrons of Rome. On the revival of letters in the fourteenth century, the female mind was richly cultivated, and took a higher rank in the scale of mental dignity, than the dark ages had suffered it to assume. Women, perhaps, are more generally enlightened at the present day, than in any period of history; but modesty is now considered the choicest jewel in the casket of female worth, and a shrinking delicacy has prevented many, of the first grade of eminence, from suffering themselves to be mentioned to the public while they were living, and their friends, infected with the same feelings, have foreborne to write their epitaphs. If this sentiment had always been indulged, "*Sidney's sister and Pembroke's mother*" would never have been held up as an example of *goodness, wisdom and purity*. The good sense of the age, however, is struggling with this overstrained modesty, and is bringing forward the merits of the living and the dead; and the biographer and the historian are preparing ample annals of female worth.

The subject of this memoir, Mrs. Eleanor Davis, was the daughter of William Downs Cheever, Esq., a distinguished merchant of Boston, in which city he was born in the year 1720. He was a grandson of Richard Cheever, of the city of Canterbury, in England, who emigrated to this country when only a child, in 1668. The second son of Richard was Daniel, the father of William D. Cheever; he was born in Boston, in 1696. The father of Mrs. Davis was a merchant in extensive business, previous to the revolution, and was considered an intelligent, active and upright man.* He died in 1778, much lamented by

* In the year 1637, there came over from Canterbury, in England, a certain Bartholomew Cheever, aged then about thirty years, who settled here in Boston. With what he brought, by his frugality and industry, he saved a hand-

that good people of the commonwealth. Blest with considerable property, he gave his children every advantage the country afforded in their education, which they improved to the satisfaction of a fond, indulgent father. Eleanor Cheever, his daughter, was born in 1750. This was an age when inquiry had commenced, and many of the prejudices against female education were passing away. A daughter was taught something more than simply to write her name, if occasion should require it, to a bond or deed: and household affairs, though well attended, were not supposed to comprise the whole duties of woman. On early associations, depends, in a great degree, the future cast of character. In these associations, Mr. Cheever's family were indeed fortunate, for amongst his most intimate friends, was the great Dr. Mayhew, pastor of the west church in Boston. These gentlemen were of the same age, and of kindred tastes. The Doctor was an ardent controversialist, and incessantly engaged in the great work of advancing the march of civil and religious liberty. With deep erudition for the age in which he lived, with expanded views of man and his duties, of nature and her laws, of God and his protecting care, he fear-

some estate for the then times. He having no children of his own, in 1667, sent to Canterbury, to his brother Daniel, for one of his sons; the two first refused coming; his third and youngest son, Richard, then seven years old, accepted, and in 1668 came over to his uncle, and brought over with him this bible; when leaving Canterbury, it was given him by his father's sister, Mary Fuller. His uncle educated and brought him up. In 1680, this Richard married, and had many children, sons and daughters. His eldest son he called Bartholomew, after his uncle who sent for and educated him. In the year 1693, Bartholomew Cheever made his will, and died, aged eighty-six years. He left many legacies to his brother Daniel's children and others. One full third of his estate, with the improvement of the remainder, he left to his wife Lydia, during her natural life; and after her death, then to his cousin Richard, during his natural life; and after said Richard's decease, then to said Richard's eldest son Bartholomew. Richard Cheever died in France, taken sick on his way home to England, about the year 1704. Bartholomew Cheever, having possession of the estate left him by his great uncle and father, improved the same many years, and in April 18th, 1772, he died aged eighty-eight years. He having no children, and having buried two wives, after giving several legacies, left the use and residue of his estate to me, his brother Daniel's eldest son, who had then been sixteen years in partnership with him in the sugar baking business.—From the family bible of W. D. Cheever.

lessly went forth to the conflicts which the enlightened are doomed to wage with bigots in religion and politics, conscious of his strength, and well skilled in his weapons, truth, argument, and satire. His great hopes of success seemed to rest, not on his contemporaries, but on the rising generations, who, in his mind, were to have opportunities for knowledge far superior to those which their fathers had enjoyed. He seized all occasions to give them instruction, and to direct their intellectual pursuits. At the fireside of his friend and parishioner, Mr. Cheever, Dr. Mayhew freely discussed the great objects of his exertions, and gave his reasons for believing that his sentiments would ultimately prevail. Mrs. Davis was at that time of sufficient age to profit by these conversations, and there can be no doubt of their influence on her opinions and feelings through life. Such impressions, so engraven, can never feel the benumbing influence of years, particularly, when they were so soon consecrated by the death of their author. Dr. Mayhew died in 1766, in the forty-sixth year of his age. His death was felt as the extinguishment of a great light in the intellectual world. The lovers of civil and religious liberty mourned his loss as the loss of one who *was lovely and pleasant in his life*, and of one also, who, in all his contests, when he went for the ark of God, came back victorious; one *whose bow turned not back*, and *whose sword returned not empty*, when he assailed the Philistines who had attacked the camp of Israel.

Eleanor Cheever was married to Caleb Davis in 1787. She had lived a single life to a period when it may be supposed that she consulted her judgment in the choice of a husband. At the time of this marriage, Mr. Davis was a widower, with several children; but he was distinguished for talents, sweetness of disposition, correct morals, and a religious life and conversation, and was then in office, both in church and state. He was a deacon of Hollis Street Church—had been speaker of the house of representatives—was then a member of the senate of the commonwealth, for Suffolk, and afterwards closed his public services as a member of the convention which adopted the federal constitution. He filled all the offices he was called to

accept, with ability and integrity, but in the convention he was peculiarly useful, from his extensive acquaintance with the members from the country, by the way of business, and as a member of the general court. This gave him an opportunity to meet his old friends, and to communicate with them freely on the necessity of establishing some form of government for the United States. All the talents of the ablest politicians of that day, were put in requisition to wrestle with the prejudices of those who feared to part with power, which might never be regained, and to close in, and grapple with the demagogue, whose chance of distinction in a great measure depended upon the agitations of society.

This connexion proved a happy one. They had two children, a daughter and a son; but still it was a union which tried her virtues, the constancy of her attachment, and the strength of her understanding; for the latter part of her husband's days was to him only a nominal existence. The powers of his mind and body were instantly prostrated by a paralysis. There is nothing in this world of sorrow more painful to a feeling heart, than to see "a mighty mind o'erthrown," and a once graceful form wasting with a lingering and incurable disease. For many years, while her husband was in that state, Mrs. Davis performed the duties of a nurse to him, and gave up all society to attend him; and it will never be forgotten by his kindred and friends, that her patience was never exhausted, nor her kindness towards him ever impaired. She kept, for years, a constant vigil over the sufferer, and with connubial solicitude and medical skill marked each successive tremor, and met with increased affection each new-born weakness, until exhausted nature sunk to the grave; and then she was not relieved, as one might have expected her to have been, after such uncommon exertions, but she mourned his loss as though he had died in the possession of his faculties, and in the midst of his usefulness. This is friendship which is something *more than a name, or a shade which follows wealth and fame.* This is love which is not an *empty sound*, but is as pure as that which warms the nestling, and is as imperishable as the soul on which it is engrafted. At

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this bereavement she found consolation in the attentions and conversation of her friend and pastor, the Rev. Dr. West, of the Hollis Street Church, with which she became connected on her marriage with Mr. Davis. She was again singularly happy in this acquaintance, for the doctor united the kindest elements of our nature with the refinements of taste, the charms of knowledge, and the graces of religion. If her first mental and spiritual guide bore a resemblance to him who was the harbinger of revelation, and who *cried in the wilderness to prepare the way*, the second had no small share of those evangelical virtues which distinguished him whom his master loved, and suffered to repose on his bosom. Such men are born to soothe the widow in her grief, and to bless the lonely orphan.

At the death of her husband, Mrs. Davis found, from his protracted sickness, that his affairs were in no small confusion; but this did not dismay her. She commenced a system for retrieving them, which at once showed her capability and aptitude for business. Her agents were judiciously selected, but however confidential they might be, she never relied entirely upon them, but constantly supervised their doings; and by this steady exactness, this caution and perseverance, one difficulty after another vanished, and order and stability ensued. But when this was effected, she did not, as most women would have done, retire from business, and live on the income of her property. She had found that her business had been profitable, and her agent worthy of all confidence, and in her mind the course was plain; and her exertions, though confined to a succinct course, ceased only with her life.

In all our concerns, from the highest to the humblest station, much depends upon those we seek for counsel and advice. There are many times, on the journey of life, where the pathway is doubtful, from diverging roads and equivocal aspects. Then the honest and way-wise traveller is of incalculable advantage to us. In arranging her affairs after the death of her husband, Mrs. Davis found in her brother in law, John Derby, Esq., *such a counsellor and friend*. He had been abroad, and *was well acquainted with business*, and always kept the interests

of his friends near his heart. He entered fully into the welfare of Mrs. Davis and her family, and such was his attention and substantial friendship to them, that it seemed heaven had written him childless, that her children might find in him a father, when their father was no more.

As a mother, Mrs. Davis was fond and indulgent, but her affection seldom overcame her prudence. Her son was sent to Harvard University for his education, and while he was about commencing the study of the law, he was taken sick of a fever, which, in a few days, terminated his existence. This was to his mother a severe dispensation of Providence, for the youth was amiable, virtuous, well talented, and mature and grave beyond his years. This calamity was deep and lasting. There is a tie between a mother and a son, which is one of the noblest and purest in nature; it reaches every fold of the mind, and lives in every pulsation of the heart; it is generally kept more perfect than other bonds of unity; natural affection, satisfaction, pride and fond anticipation, guarding it on one side, and retrospection, gratitude and love, on the other. But deep and incurable as this misfortune was, it did not disturb the serenity of her soul, nor interrupt the tenor of her way. This is fortitude, such as depends not on a momentary excitement of energy or pride, but that which springs from fixed principles, and a firm belief that the hand of God is in the chastenings of his children.

Some years since, when the Boston Female Asylum was proposed to the ladies of that city, Mrs. Davis saw at once the utility as well as the benevolence of this plan. At the present day, this might be supposed as a matter of course to one who had sufficient means to indulge a charitable disposition; but it was not so then; there were a great many prejudices against such an institution. The political economists thought that the way to prevent misery was never to relieve the distressed; and talked a world of nonsense about *the table of nature's bounty being full*, and that there were no places left; that suffering was the only means of preventing pauperism. But the intelligent dames of an enlightened and charitable community, shrinking from such cold-blooded and unrighteous doctrine, and reasoning from

safer and better principles, those nearer the heart, set about establishing the institution, and have proved by its success the wisdom of the plan. Not only the matrons of that charitable city were engaged in the work, but the sympathies of the young and lovely were enlisted; and its interests are now so closely connected with the feelings of every female heart, that its permanency is certain. Whatever is cherished from such a source, must flourish in perennial beauty. Mrs. Davis spared no pains to facilitate the undertaking; and when Mrs. Perkins, the respected and venerable mother of the eminent merchants of that name in Boston, resigned the office of treasurer of this institution, a highly responsible situation, Mrs. Davis was chosen to supply the vacancy, in which office she continued until her death. Her last testament bore substantial proofs how near the asylum was to her heart. This institution is managed solely by ladies, and it may be confidently asked, without fear of the response, what institution in our country has been better conducted than this?

In the year 1811, Mrs. Davis gave her daughter in marriage to Dr. George C. Shattuck, a young gentleman of promise in his profession. This daughter was then Mrs. Davis's only child; but in this connexion she still pursued her safe course of judicious calculation. She had seen many young men in professional life, injured by a too liberal feeling of connexions in the commencement of their career. She thought and reasoned correctly, that in a country like ours, in which every thing depends on personal exertions, that industry and prudence were the best patrons of talents. From these motives she permitted her son in law to make his own way in the world, and felt an honest pride in seeing him rise in his profession by his own merits, to competency and distinction. His success has justified her policy. Perhaps this course would not do in every case. It was her course, and has been successful.

Mrs. Davis died on the twenty-eight of January, 1825, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. She left this world satisfied with *its imperfect enjoyments*, and in full Christian hopes of another *and a better beyond the grave*.

MARY DWIGHT, the mother of president Timothy Dwight, of Yale College; was the daughter of the far-famed scholar, and metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards; whose works have been read, studied, circulated, and admired in both hemispheres. She was born in 1731, while her father was a clergyman at Northampton. The daughters of this profound scholar had every advantage of education, that could be obtained at that time. They were early taught to think, and this gave them mental vigor, if they had not opportunities of obtaining so many accomplishments as the daughters of distinguished persons in our day possess. A clergyman's house in the country, was a caravansary for all traveling ministers, and such society was of great importance to the daughters of a family. The traveler, in order to be social and agreeable, brushes himself up for conversation on such visits, and the very pains taken by the hostess and her daughters to entertain their friends, makes them active and social.

Mrs. Dwight was married at eighteen years of age, to Timothy Dwight, Esq., a man of classical education, and great enterprise. Mrs. Dwight's peculiar talent for directing the infant mind, was fully developed in the education of her children. Her oldest son, arose from the cradle a prodigy. She had begun his instruction as soon as he could speak. She anticipated, in a measure, the system of Pestalozzi, in making letters for her children to read, in the sand which was then used as an ornament for the floor, instead of a carpet. In his fourth year, her eldest son could read in the bible, with accuracy and fluency. At six years old, he began his Latin grammar, and would have been prepared for college when only eight, if the school had not been broken up, or if his friends had not been apprehensive of injury to his health and growth, from incessant study at so tender an age. She directed his mind to moral dignity and religious purity, as well as to mental attainments, and he was as pious as precocious. Mrs. Dwight had several children, and all had the same nursery discipline; each one was directed to such a course as was suited to his capacity. Mrs. Dwight lost her husband in 1777, and although her farm

large one, yet such was the pressure of the times, during the revolutionary war, that she had to struggle to bring up her family, but this was effected by the strictest economy; not an acre of the farm was sold. She lived to an old age, respected by all classes in the community, and loved by her children, who were grateful to her for the provision she had given them.

ANNAH DUSTON. This woman should be ranked among the heroines of antiquity. She was the wife of Thomas Duston, a settler in Haverhill in Massachusetts; born in the year 1659, and died 1677. She had, altogether, thirteen children. When the Indians, who dwelt at the sources of the Merrimac River, and in the region round about, after a great freshet on the fifteenth of July, 1697, came down the river and attacked Haverhill, she was confined to her bed with an infant only a week old. Her husband, on catching the alarm from the field fled to the house, and exhorted his wife on the course he should pursue. She calmly refused to leave her and her infant to their fate, and to make her escape, if possible, with her other children. He sent seven of his children on a path through the woods, on the way to the garrison, and mounting his horse he followed in the rear; with a musket he kept the pursuing Indians at bay, until he found a large cove in a place of safety at the garrison. Before Mr. Duston reached the garrison, the Indians returned and captured his sick wife and Mary Neif, her nurse. They with their captives took up their march, by order of the savages, for the north. After they had traveled a few miles, the Indians found the infant troublesome, and they took the child from the mother and dashed its brains out against a tree. Mrs. Duston was feeble and wretched, but this outrage nerved her soul for a desperate enterprise. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; her grief of nature drank the tear-drop ere it fell. She looked heavenward with a silent prayer for succor and vengeance, and endured the infernal group without a word of complaint. At that instant, the high resolve was formed in her mind, and in every pulse of her heart. They traveled on some dis-

tance: as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles, but perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the upper falls, on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in this river, the Indians had a wigwam, and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest, they slept soundly. Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse, and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design; but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They moved not; they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets and dispatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman, who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death-wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared; for the avenger of blood was a woman and a mother, and could not deal a death-blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire, which she stirred up after the deed was done; and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness, when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned, and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed, and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and they found her as modest as brave.

ANNE DACIER, was wife of Andrew Dacier, and daughter of Tanguy Le Fevre, professor of Greek, at Samur in France, and was born in that city about the end of the year 1651. She was about eleven years old, when her father resolved to give her a learned education; and the occasion of his taking such a resolution, was this: while he was teaching one of his sons the rudiments of grammar, in the same room where Mademoiselle Le Fevre was employed with her needle, she, as a person wholly unconcerned, occasionally supplied her brother with answers to questions which puzzled him. Her father thus discovering her talents, from thence gave her a regular course of instruction, and brought her up a scholar. In 1672, her father died, and the year following, she went to Paris, whither her fame had already preceded her. She was then preparing an edition of "Callimachus," which she published in 1674. Having shown some sheets of it to Mr. Huet, preceptor to the dauphin, and to several other men of learning at the court, the work was so highly admired, that the duke of Montausier made a proposal to her of publishing several Latin authors, for the use of the dauphin, which, though she rejected at first, she at last undertook, and published an edition of "Florus."

Her reputation being now spread all over Europe, Christina, queen of Sweden, ordered her ambassador at the court of France, to make her a compliment in her name, upon which Mademoiselle Le Fevre, sent the queen a Latin letter, with her edition of "Florus," to which her majesty wrote an obliging answer, and not long after sent her another letter, persuading her to abandon the protestant religion, and making her considerable offers to settle at her court. This, however, she declined, and proceeded in the task she had undertaken, of preparing authors for the use of the dauphin, in which she proceeded with so great activity and perseverance, that, previous to the end of the year 1684, she had published no less than twelve volumes, several of which have been repeatedly printed in England, as well as in France.

But, in the midst of all these various publications, she, in the year 1683, found time to marry M. Dacier, with whom she had

been brought up in her father's house, from her earliest years. Soon after this, she declared to her friends, the duke of Montausier, and the bishop of Meaux, a design of reconciling herself to the church of Rome; but, as M. Dacier was not yet convinced of the propriety of such a change, they thought proper to retire to Castres in 1684, in order to examine the points of controversy between the protestants and the Roman catholics. They, at last, determined in favor of the latter, and made their public abjurations accordingly, in 1685, after which the king bestowed considerable marks of his favor, both upon the husband and wife. She still continued to favor the world with numerous publications, the most remarkable of which, is "The Iliad of Homer, translated into French, with notes, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1711;" she also published a translation of the "Odyssey," executed in the same manner, in 1716; and this, so far as we can find, was the last thing she published. She had two daughters and a son, to whose education she paid the greatest attention; but the son died in the year 1694, and one of her daughters became a nun; the other, who is said to have united in her, all the virtues and accomplishments of her sex, died at eighteen years of age. Her mother has immortalized her memory in the preface to her translation of the Iliad. Madame Dacier was in a very infirm state of health the two last years of her life; and died after a very painful sickness, August 27th, 1720, aged sixty-nine.

Madame Dacier was a lady of great virtue as well as learning, and remarkable for firmness, generosity, equality of temper and piety. Like most persons possessed of superior talents, she was, likewise, a woman of remarkable modesty, so that she could seldom be prevailed on to speak upon subjects of literature. The character of such an one puts to silence a thousand tongues of those slanderers of literary women, who represent those prominent for talents and acquirements as destitute of the ordinary feelings of mothers, and negligent of every domestic duty. Such *libels* are readily received and repeated, when not believed, by those who are anxious to hide their own ignorance in their ravings against the enlightened.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. This beautiful and accomplished lady, of whom, on her demise, the prince of Wales is said to have exclaimed, "then have we lost the most amiable and best bred woman in England," was at once a Cavendish and a Spencer; consequently both descended from, and united to, two of the greatest whig families in England. Her grace, on the one hand, was great-grand-daughter of the famous duke of Marlborough, who vindicated England against monarchical France, in the celebrated battles of Ramilies and Blenheim; and on the other, the wife and mother of two lineal descendants of that highly meritorious nobleman, William, the fourth earl of Devonshire, who was principally instrumental in bringing about the revolution of 1688.

Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire, was the eldest daughter of the late John, Earl Spencer, by Georgiana Caroline, daughter of John Carteret, Earl Granville. She was born on the ninth of June, 1757, and educated under the immediate care of her venerable mother, the then countess dowager Spencer. From her cradle she displayed the most promising symptoms of worth, and loveliness; and, while yet in the bud, anticipated the beauty and fragrance of the future rose. Even before the period of her presentation at court, the fame of lady Georgiana's charms had been universally spread; and all were equally inquisitive to learn for whom fate had destined so lovely, so fascinating a partner. This happy lot was in store for the young duke of Devonshire, to whom lady Georgiana was united on the sixth of June, 1774, three days before she had completed her seventeenth year. The world of fashion was now destined to undergo a complete revolution. At the first drawing-room to which the young duchess repaired after her marriage, she was accompanied by all the distinguished females of the two great families whence she was descended, and perhaps a more brilliant day was never witnessed at St. James's.

"The bloom of opening flowers, unsullied beauty,
Softness and sweetest innocence she wore,
And looked like nature in the world's first spring."

These beautiful lines of Rowe may perhaps be thought but ill-applied to a modern woman of fashion, in a court dress, and bending beneath a load of jewellery ; yet there was such a sweet simplicity, such a native grace, such an almost angelic loveliness in her appearance, as fully to justify their quotation. The duchess of Devonshire was, on that day, "the observed of all observers." One little anecdote, connected with this day of splendor, deserves to be mentioned, as forming a contrast to the taste of the present times : "the bride is said to have worn a pair of diamond buckles, of very large dimensions, which, either from their weight or pressure, produced a lameness, so that the emblazoned fair one was obliged to remain at home for several days after.

The duchess now became the leader of female fashions ; the apron, the gown, the cap, were all *Devonshire*, being closely copied from the clothes which were worn, or supposed to be worn, by her. In the present day, our *belles* of *ton* have their Nelson caps, and their Trafalgar pelices ; and, when the contest with America gave a military direction to public affairs, when men of the first rank and fortune in the kingdom were proud to emulate the life and habits of a soldier, the duchess of Devonshire was seen at Tiptree and Warley camps, dressed out in the regimentals of the Derby militia, of which her husband, the duke, was colonel. From that period, all the women both young and old, from the love-sick miss, just let loose from boarding school, to the great-grand-mamma of eighty, were seized with a kind of military furor, and appeared, even during the dog-days, decked out in scarlet broad-cloth. At the time here alluded to, the feminine attire and mode of dress were far different from those which now prevail. Instead of a transparent muslin dress, and a single thin calico petticoat, the bell-hoop, and the apparatus of whalebone, which had continued from the age of the Stuarts to that of George III., with three or four comfortable under garments of flannel, were in vogue ; while the waist, "small by degrees, and *beautifully* less," was contracted by art, so as to assume a shape, leaving scarcely sufficient room for the ordinary *functions* of the body. Some ladies contented themselves with

a waist the size of a pumpkin, and others reduced it to that of a melon, while the true Devonshire standard of taste and beauty is said to have been exactly "*an orange and a half!*" Within these few years the ladies have contrived to have "no waist at all;" but to produce such a wonderful effect, they resorted to more simple means than that of *straight-lacing*. Soon after the duchess of Devonshire's reign commenced, however, fashion began to make her rapid approaches towards simplicity; and, although nothing is so changeable as a lady's head-dress, yet since that period, the exuberances of ornament have been gradually curtailed, the masses of flour, of bear's grease, and of mutton fat, have been wholly disused, and our modern *tetes* have been made to affect all the simplicity of the ancient statues.

At the general election, in 1780, the duchess of Devonshire very strenuously exerted herself in favor of Mr. Fox, afterwards secretary of state. The story of the butcher selling his vote for a kiss from the lovely canvasser, is well known. Among a variety of other *jeux d'esprits* which appeared on this occasion, was the following complimentary epigram:—

"Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favor takes a zealous part:
But oh! where'er the *pilferer* comes—beware!
She *supplicates* a vote, and *steals* a heart."

A period of more than nine years had elapsed, after the nuptials of the duke and duchess of Devonshire, before the birth of their first child, lady Georgiana Cavendish, the afterwards viscountess Morpeth; after an interval of four years more, lady Elizabeth Henrietta was born; and, after another interval of four years, May 21st. 1790, her grace was safely delivered of a son and heir, William George Cavendish, marquis of Hartington, who was born at Autouil, near Paris.

A very amiable trait in the maternal character of the late duchess, is supposed to have been alluded to in the following lines, the composition of one of the most elegant poets of the present age:—

“ So when the mother, bending o'er his charms,
Clasps her fair nursing in delighted arms,
Throws the thin kerchief from her neck of snow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below ;
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
Her soft embraces and endearing tones,
Seeks the salubrious fount with opening lips,
Spreads his inquiring hands, and smiles, and sips.

“ Connubial fair ! whom no fond transport warms
To lull your infant in maternal arms ;
Who, blest in vain with tumid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear ;
The soothing kiss and milky rill deny
To the sweet pouting lip and glistening eye !

“ Ah ! what avails the cradle's damask'd roof,
The eider bolster, the embroidered woof !—
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitied plains,
And many a tear the tassel'd cushion stains !
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast.”

The duchess who had twice visited Paris, was now for some time confined by her maternal duties, to Picadilly, Chiswick, and Chatsworth. During the summer of 1792, however, induced to undertake the journey by the declining health of two near relations, her mother lady Spencer, and her sister lady Duncannon, countess of Besborough, she once more visited the continent. Lady Elizabeth Foster was also of the party. Having passed through France, and entered the *Pays de Vaud*, they reached Lausanne in the month of August, and resided for some time at *Le Petit Ouchy*, an elegant little retreat in that neighborhood. While there, the celebrated historian Gibbon was almost daily of their parties ; and, occasionally, that admired traveler had also the honor of entertaining the illustrious travelers. On his revisiting London in the next autumn, he renewed his acquaintance in Piccadilly, where, in his own words, he found “ the fine ladies making flannel waistcoats.”

Before our fair travellers quitted the retreat of *Le Petit Ouchy*, the season was considerably advanced ; and, as Mount *Cenis* had become impassable, they were obliged to penetrate into Italy by a long circuitous route, through the Tyrol.

After passing several months in the genial climate of Italy, the duchess, having most amiably performed the duties of a daughter and sister, deemed it proper to fulfil those of a mother also. Her grace accordingly left the ladies, Spencer, and Besborough, who intended to pass the winter in Naples, at the baths of Lucca; and, bidding farewell to the fertile plains of Lombardy, prepared to scale the St. Gothard in her return to Switzerland. Having embarked on the Lago Maggiore, at the little town of Sesto, where the confluence of the river Tessino with the lake takes place, this accomplished woman navigated its glassy surface, and beheld its shores interspersed with villages and a rich scenery, which served to amuse the eye until it finally reposed on the distant Alps. Her grace landed at Magadino, one of the three Cisalpine Balliages belonging to Switzerland, and, with her suite, ascended the tremendous St. Gothard by a road which nearly follows the course of the Tessino. At the top of the mountain they were entertained by the Capuchin monks, after which they descended into the valley of Ursera, crossing the Devil's Bridge, below which they beheld the Reuss, swelled by this time to a torrent. On re-entering Switzerland, the spires of Altorf recalled the memory of that celebrated and bloodless revolution, which gave liberty to a nation; while the chapel of William Tell excited, in the patriotic bosom of her grace, the most delightful sensations. These sensations are admirably depicted, in the following beautiful stanzas, extracted from her celebrated poem, entitled "The passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard." After describing the scenes already past, the fair poet proceeds:—

"But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
My fancy long its image shall retain—
The flock returning to its welcome home—
And the wild carol of the cow-herd's strain.

"Lucerna's lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst nature's varied beauties deck its side:
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where Tell directed the avenging dart;
With well-strung arm, at first preserved his child,
Then winged the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

"Across the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel stands,
Where three Swiss heroes lawless force withstood,
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

"Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no slaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By social order formed, by law restrain'd,

"We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With nature's charms combin'd, adorn the way;
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,
And simple manners still maintain their sway.

"Farewell Helvetia—from whose lofty breast
Proud Alps arise, and copious rivers flow;
Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
And peaceful science gilds the plains below.

"Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek—
There, nature's hand her boldest work displays
Here, bliss domestic beams on every cheek.

"Hope of my life! dear children of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants, each pleasure to impart,
And more—O transport!—reach its home and you."

This exquisite poem has been translated into French, by the celebrated Abbe de Lille, the best versifier who ever wrote in that language.

The duchess was long a pattern of conjugal and maternal virtue; and, during the late war, she endeared herself to the country, by the anxious interest which she took in the health of our protecting armies. We have already mentioned, that the celebrated Gibbon found her in the humble but meritorious employment of making flannel waistcoats for the soldiers. In this employment she long persevered; and, by her example, contributed much to the comfort of our military heroes.

Of late years, her grace did not appear so much in the gay world as formerly; yet she sometimes enlivened the higher circles with her presence, and, in 1801, when the Pic Nic society was formed, she stood forth at the head of that institution.

In the late war, the duchess had the honor of being reckoned among the British lady patronesses of the volunteers. In the month of October, 1803, she presented the colors to the St. Mary-le-bonne corps, commanded by her relation, Lord Duncannon. Dressed, *en militaire*, in a purple velvet bonnet, with a gold star button, and a plume of ostrich feathers, she went in procession, accompanied by a suite of noble relatives, and surrounded by a guard of honor to Lord's Cricket Ground, Mary-le-bonne, where the ceremony was performed.

Her grace, to whom a lengthened number of days was denied, departed this life on the morning of Sunday, March the 30th, 1806, in the forty-ninth year of her age. Her disorder, which terminated so fatally, is understood to have been an abscess of the liver, the first attack of which was perceived about three months before her death, while she sat at the table of the marquis of Stafford. From that period, its feverish progress so increased, as eventually to resist all the efforts of the first medical skill. Her grace's remains were taken, in funeral procession, from Picadilly, on the Sunday after her death; and, on the Wednesday following, they were interred, with great pomp and solemnity, in the family vault, in St. Stephen's church, Derby. The hearse was met three miles from Derby, by the whole of the country nobility, and the duke's tenantry residing there, who conducted the remains to the place of interment.

The duchess of Devonshire possessed a highly cultivated taste for poetry and the fine arts; was a liberal encourager of them in others; and, above all, she had the exalted merit, of never failing to advocate and relieve the cause of misfortune.

" Her kindly melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself, when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow !
E'en for the kid or lamb, that poured its life

Beneath the bloody knife.
 Her gentle tears would fall;
 Tears, from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all!"

In the continuing words of lord Lyttleton, she was—

“Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind;
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On fortune's smile or frown;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or interest or ambition's highest prize;
 That, injured or offended, never tried
 Its dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone; nor ever past
 The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.”

MARTHA DERBY, was the daughter of Doctor Coffin, of Portland, in the state of Maine, and was born about 1783. She received a good education at the schools in her own native town, and probably closed it with a metropolitan finish. At the age of leaving school, she was considered the beauty of New England. There was style without hauteur in her manners, and the features of her face were, to almost every one, faultless. The sweetness of her disposition had kept her female admirers from being envious of her charms, and she was so prudent in lavishing her smiles, that no one could draw an inference of partiality. At this age she was addressed by Mr. Richard Derby, a young gentleman of good personal appearance, and splendid fortune, with the air and manners of a man of fashion.

and on whose morals there was no stain; and she was led to the altar by him, with the consent of her friends. With him she took the tour of Europe, and was in all places admired for her elegance, grace, and beauty. She received marks of attention in England, that no American woman before her ever did. In France, when Napoleon Bonaparte was rising into the gaze of the world, he saw and admired Mrs. Derby. In the tour of the continent, she was every where received with extraordinary honors, and even in the "eternal city," they compared her form and face to the productions of the chisels of ancient masters. Painters and sculptors flocked to get her semblance or bust, but she would not consent to sit for the gaze of any artist, however eminent. Half the European world then, for this was more than thirty years since, expected to see an aboriginal in an American woman, and were astonished when they saw as much grace and beauty, as they had ever imagined combined in one person. Mrs. Derby returned to her native land, improved in person, mind, and manners, and with no small knowledge of the true philosophy of dress. She was still a favorite at home, and if she did not aspire to give a tone to fashion, she most certainly influenced the public taste more than any other woman. She had no children, and Mr. and Mrs. Derby spent a season at the south or north, or in Europe, as pleased their taste, or inclination. She was truly an accomplished woman, but every accomplishment she possessed was so well commingled with others, as to never suffer any of them to appear prominent. Foreigners, if there was any difference among her admirers, were more charmed with Mrs. Derby than her own countrymen. They thought her the finest woman they had ever seen on this side the water; and if they were never led into a greater error than in this case, they might have been more readily pardoned than they now can be, for other opinions which they have as freely promulgated, of this country and the people. A writer in the Boston Monthly Magazine, in 1826, in a playful article, entitled "Figures in Dominos," alludes in the following manner to Mrs. Derby, while she yet had health and beauty. She was then, perhaps it might be

said, in the wane of her beauty; bordering on forty, a period of life when time will not be cheated of those marks, which he sets on all things, and on none with more distinctness and determination, than on *the human face divine*, the more beautiful the greater his ravages. This writer, whose only object was to shadow forth the peculiarities of some of the principal personages in Boston, imagines the poet Goethe in a saloon of his patron, the emperor of Germany, giving an account to an English friend, of the characters passing in masquerade before them. General Roxburghen is in conversation with lady Ophelia Guildenstern, (Mrs. Derby,) the poet describes her with as much accuracy as enthusiasm. "She was celebrated as the first belle of our country twenty years ago. I then wrote sonnets '*to the heaven of her eyes;*' and those eyes are as bright and beautiful now as then. She was thrown a child into the whirl of fashionable life, but she was always so circumspect, discriminating, and modest, that the enchantments of the Circean cup, so often swallowed to the dregs by the fashionable world, never poisoned her mind. If she ever put it to her lips, the virtues of her heart and the strength of her understanding were the antidote to the bane. After passing through half the splendid circles of the globe, on this continent and in the new world, and the admiration of all, she is still as gentle, modest, bland, and conciliatory as when she made one of the laughing loves of the nursery. Year after year I have expected to see marks of time upon her lovely face, remembering how fugitive all poets have made the beauty of the objects of their admiration. Anacreon calls these beauties '*the rose leaves of spring blown away on the summer gale;*' and one of your English poets has sung—

'Flowers anew returning seasons bring,
'But faded beauty has no second spring.'

Still, however, she is yet as lovely as ever; the style of her beauty is changed, but the effect is not destroyed. The *sylph-like grace* of that period of life, when she was culling the violet and chasing the golden-winged insect from one bed of flowers to another, is gone, but that rich maturity of charms, when all

that is desirable in person and dignified in thought and manners, are in full perfection. These are the mature charms, which, on the banks of the Nile, won the mighty Roman's heart, and made him throw away the world for love. Had I been Paris, and set in judgment on Ida, Juno should have had the apple."

Mrs. Derby was for several years a valitudinarian, but gave up society only a few months before her death. One bred among the gaities of life, leaves them with great reluctance, but she moved in the crowd that she might not alarm her friends in regard to her health; she felt that with her "the silver cords of life would soon be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken," yet she wished not to disturb the enjoyment of others. Society had been her element, and had become natural to her, yet when she felt the sands of life ebbing, she breathed no sigh that she was called to depart so soon, but thankful for the share she had had of life, was ready to relinquish it, when Heaven should so decree.

DORCAS. Seven of the most celebrated cities of antiquity, Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens, are said to have disputed the glory of having given birth to Homer; and it must be admitted that places and families acquire an importance from their connexion with names which appear conspicuous on the page of history, and have been praised by the united voices of successive generations. We cannot hear, without an instinctive glow, of the cities of Rome, Athens, Sparta, Syracuse, and others which respectively produced a Cæsar, a Demosthenes, a Lycurgus, and an Archimedes; of the islands of Samos and Ægina, whence emanated the resplendent genius of a Pythagoras and a Plato; of the villages of Alopece and Andes, immortalized as having produced a Socrates and a Virgil.

But let not the enchanting annals of Roman literature or Grecian wisdom detach our minds from the nobler records of inspiration, or diminish the conviction which religion must ever inspire, that the birthplace of benevolence and piety is more illustrious than the birthplace of genius and philosophy. On this principle we look with admiration upon the town of Joppa.

which, if it cannot boast a prodigy of valor, talent, or learning, is nevertheless conspicuous as the residence of one "of whom the world was not worthy." She was not, indeed, rich in wealth, but in good works. She was not a conqueror of nations or a distributor of crowns, but a giver of alms. She had no name on earth beyond the limits of a small Christian church, but her record was on high, and her memorial has not perished with her.

Joppa was the nearest seaport to Jerusalem on the Mediterranean. It was situated in the tribe of Dan, in a fine plain, and has acquired the modern name of Jaffa. This place is frequently mentioned in scripture. The materials for the construction of Solomon's temple were sent thither in floats, by Hiram the king of Tyre, whence they were easily conveyed by land to Jerusalem. Jonah, in his flight from the presence of the Lord, embarked at this port, and gave occasion to the mythological fable of Andromeda. Here the apostle Peter enjoyed that remarkable vision in which he saw heaven opened, and a great sheet descending to the earth, which seemed to contain every variety of beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air; intimating to him the abolition of the Mosaic law, and the removal of those distinctions which had so long separated the Jews and the Gentiles. It is probable Philip preached the gospel here in his progress through various cities to Cesarea; but the history of Dorcas, or, as she was originally called in the Syriac dialect, Tabitha, has given it peculiar prominence in the sacred page.

The memorials of this excellent woman is short, but replete with instruction. Her character is sketched at a stroke, and by the introduction of an incident as full of significance and interest as can well be imagined. Dropping those minute details and accidental circumstances which are not necessary to character, and which the New Testament so seldom mentions, the most instructive part of her story is preserved and set in the most brilliant point of light.

She is simply announced in the first place, as "a certain disciple," or one that embraced the faith of Christ, and professed it by baptism and a public union with his church. Whatever might

ing her situation in other respects, was of little consequence; this was her best, her most substantial distinction. It invested her with a real glory, which however overlooked by those who are chiefly attracted by exterior splendor, surpassed every vain and glittering honor of the world. It raised her to the dignity of a name in the volume of inspiration, and the unfading distinction of a place in the annals of eternity.

How poor and perishable is human fame; and yet with what eagerness it is universally sought! What is it but a bubble, excited by some accidental cause, to sparkle for a moment on the stream of passing ages, and then to disappear forever! And yet the love of fame has been called, and perhaps with propriety, the ruling passion; for so much does it blend itself with human motives, that there are comparatively few of our actions, at least such as are visible to the public eye, which may not be traced to this feeling, or which do not receive a tone from its influence.

The inspired testimony is as follows: "This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds, which she did." Amongst other acts of beneficence, she was accustomed to make "coats and garments" for "the widows." Her own circumstances are not specified. If she were *poor*, as the mass of Christian converts in the apostolic times appears to have been, her readiness in furnishing these was admirable indeed. As Paul testified of the Macedonian believers, she contributed to the utmost, yea, and beyond her power: nor are these solitary instances of persons willingly impoverishing themselves in obedience to the fine impulse of a pious sympathy. While others have calculated they have acted, incapable of a cold arithmetic and a measured benevolence. If Dorcas were *rich*, she is perhaps entitled to a still higher commendation. So many are the obstructions which "great possessions" cast in the way of charity, so many temptations to a lavish expenditure, beset the opulent, and to support this, on the other hand, to a parsimonious, *saving* habit; so easy is it to frame excuses, and by trifling precautions to escape importunity, or at once to silence it; that it may well excite both wonder and delight to find charity associated with splendor. It is surprising, however, and no less deplorable than surprising, that

persons of this class will not consider for a moment, how easily, with how few sacrifices even of time or money, they might be extensively useful. A single drop of supply from their replenished cup of worldly prosperity, would often make "the widow's heart to sing for joy," and prove a healing cordial to the sufferings of perishing humanity. A slight taxation upon even acknowledged superfluity, would, in some cases, produce an ample revenue for many indigent families, although religion claims, on their behalf, more than a scanty and unwilling pittance; for "he which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully. Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, *so let him give*; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON. Nature, that generally produces every thing in classes, now and then transcends her ordinary laws and brings forth a prodigy; either some flower of exquisite beauty, or an animal of fine proportions, that place him above his species; and sometimes in the human family we find lovely proportions of form united to mental superiority. These excite the attention of the philosophical few, and the admiration of all. These prodigies of mind and person are often mentioned as a tale, and then pass away, and those who come after, set the whole down as a creature of the imagination. The biographical sketches of Heinecken, of the admirable Crichton, as he was called, are hardly ranked among matters of fact; nor would one half the world have believed in the extraordinary genius of Chatterton, or Henry Kirke White, had not their writings been preserved to prove that all that was said of them was just and true to the letter. Sometimes these minute details of extraordinary precocity grew out of mistaken pride, or parental blindness, and not unfrequently from the grief at the loss of promising children. It frequently happens that those who, by constitution, are destined to an early grave, are more solemn and thoughtful than other children, and mixing reflection with *presentiment*, make remarks that are remembered by the fond

mother after they sleep in the grave. And who will deny that sometimes divine influence are shed upon those who die prematurely. In nature, the violet crushed in its infancy, has a sweeter perfume than those that stand the long gaze of summer suns.

Among those authenticated instances of precocity, in which were displayed intellect, refinement, delicacy, affection, and purity, Miss Davidson held the first rank. This extraordinary young lady was born, September 27th, 1808, at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain. She was the daughter of Oliver Davidson, and Margaretta his wife. Her father was a physician in that place, and, like many professional men, found himself in straitened circumstances as his young family increased. Lucretia had not any extraordinary advantages of education, and in fact, but little more instruction than her mother could spare to give her in her hours of relaxation from domestic affairs, but the little girl was caught writing poetry at a very early age; but in her excitement at the discovery, she burnt her productions. The earliest piece of poetry from her pen, which is now to be found, was written when she was only nine years old. It is an epitaph on a robin, and is very pretty. The subject is a common one for a young rhymer. The innocence and beauty of the bird, so often domesticated, united to the sentimental story of the orphan children, exposed by an unfeeling uncle, to starvation in the woods, in which little robin red-breast makes a conspicuous figure in the sepulchral rites, and funeral dirge. This epic of the nursery is often said or sung to the child in the cradle, and as often fills the infant eye with the sympathetic tear. Most of us have had robins in our childhood, and have lost them; and can easily judge of the natural sentiments of this little effusion.

The feelings of Miss Davidson were as exquisite as her understanding was precocious, for on receiving a present as a mark of esteem from a friend, in order that she might purchase books to aid her in her education, she insisted that her mother should take it, as it might be wanted in the family. This of course was refused; and at one time, understanding that her neighbors and friends thought that she should work more and read less,

she gave up her books altogether. This mimosa shrunk in every leaf, but by the advice of a judicious mother, she resumed her studies by degrees, and mingled household cares with her literary pursuits. She soon acquainted herself with the best of the English poets and essayists, and at once became mistress of their contents.

In 1824, a patron and friend of the family insisted that she should be sent to Mrs. Willard's school at Troy, and her parents consented. She was an obedient, excellent scholar, in all the regular studies; but such a mind as hers could not be confined to the routine of school lessons. She read nature as well as books, and it was seen that her body could not bear the intense activity of her mind. She felt then all the agitations and inspirations which the bard of Avon so exquisitely describes, when he presents the poet to our view.

So delicate a mind as Miss Davidson possessed, should have been diverted from the emulation which arises in public schools, and which is necessary to bring forth common children, even of good capacities, and have received her education in private. She left Mrs. Willard's school and returned to Plattsburgh, but her desire for knowledge was so ardent, that she could not be contented at home, and was soon afterwards sent to Albany, and put under the care of Miss Gilbert, but she was soon ill again. A consumption was known by her friends to be hurrying her to the grave; but for a while, and even until almost the last, she entertained hopes of recovery; and had her books, those she was most fond of, in sight, that she might indulge in the contemplation of the time when she should be allowed to open them again, to cull from the pages the sweets of knowledge; but alas! this was never for her to do. She lingered until the twenty-seventh of August, 1825, and then sunk to rest. Her memory was fine, and her judgment and taste far above those of her age. Her affections were all pure and her sentiments lofty. She was beautiful in person, and this often throws a charm over sentiment. Complexion, feature, expression, and intellectual physiognomy, such as she possessed, added, no doubt, to the admiration her friends felt for her genius; but abating much for all this, the

coldest and severest critic, cannot refrain applying the epithet, angelic to her character and compositions. Among her writings, some are most pleased with "Amir Khan," but we think some other writings from her pen show as much genius as that poem. The critics across the water, who seldom arrive at a kind and just feeling of us and of our wonders, spoke of her talents with enthusiastic praises. It is understood that a second edition of her works, with the addition of several unpublished pieces and her letters, are soon to be given to the public. We should love to see all the productions of so gifted a mind and so pure a heart. We turn to them again and again unwilling to give up the look, and hang enamored over such proofs of celestial light as her pages contain.

THE FAMILY TIME-PIECE.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Friend of my heart, thou monitor of youth,
Well do I love thee, dearest child of truth;
Though many a lonely hour thy whisperings low
Have made sad chorus to the notes of wo.

Or 'mid the happy hour which joyful flew,
Thou still wert faithful, still unchanged, still true;
Or when the task employed my infant mind,
Oft have I sighed to see the lag behind;

And watched thy finger with a youthful glee,
When it had pointed silently, "be free;"
Thou wert my mentor through each passing year;
'Mid pain or pleasure, thou wert ever near.

And when the wings of time unnoticed flew,
I paused, reflected, wondered, turned to you;
Paused in my heedless round, to mark thy hand,
Pointing to conscience, like a magic wand;

To watch thee stealing on thy silent way,
Silent, but sure, time's pinions cannot stay;
How many hours of pleasure, hours of pain,
When smiles were brightning round affliction's train?

*How many hours of poverty and wo,
Which taught cold drops of agony to flow?*

How many hours of war, of blood, of death,
Which added laurels to the victor's wreath?

How many deep-drawn sighs thy hand hath told
And dimmed the smile, and dried the tear which rolled?
When the loud cannon spoke the voice of war,
And death and bloodshed whirled their crimson ear?

When the proud banner, waving in the breeze,
Had welcomed war, and bade adieu to peace,
Thy faithful finger traced the wing of time,
Pointed to earth, and then to heaven sublime.

Unmoved amid the carnage of the world,
When thousands to eternity were hurled,
Thy head was reared aloft, truth's chosen child,
Beaming serenely through the troubled wild.

Friend of my youth, e're from its mould'ring clay
My joyful spirit wings to heaven its way;
O mayst thou watch beside my aching head,
And tell how fast time flits with feathered tread.

TO A STAR.

[WRITTEN IN HER FIFTEENTH YEAR.]

Thou brightly-glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven,
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee.

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine!
Sure the fair world which thou mayst boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights;
There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure Heaven,
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free.

FRANCES D'ARBLAY, the subject of this biographical sketch, was the daughter of Doctor Burney, the eminent professor and historian of music. This gentleman was not more admired on account of his abilities in a science, which universally engages enthusiastic attention, than he was esteemed a faithful friend, a prudent counsellor, and an amiable companion.

All the children of this worthy and accomplished man, have reflected honor on their parent; but the lady whose intellectual plan of life we are now going to unfold, was justly the most admired; and if the compliment be thought very high, which tells a woman that she is "fairest where all his fair," the declaration of the merit of Miss Burney is not *faint praise*, which names her "most admirable, where all have been admired."

Doctor Burney sought, by every inducement in his power, to lead all his children towards those studious pursuits which were consonant with the strain of his own mind; but he found that no stress was necessary to turn the attention and labors of his daughter Frances into that track: "*Song* was her favorite, and her first *desire*;" and while the employment of her life was a search after wisdom,

"Whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offered to *her* view,
 She scann'd with curious, and romantic eye,
 Whate'er of lore, tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Rous'd *her*, still keen, to listen and to pry.

Her infancy, though adorned with the usual ornaments of female education, a dexterity in managing the needle and the pencil, was devoted, like that of the young Edwin of Beattie, to the acquirements of the nobler decorations of science and philosophy. As the doctor, who directed her studies, saw the wide field in which she had to move, he did not attempt to circumscribe the excursions of his pupil's mind. He allowed her to range at large through the momentous defiles and tremendous heights of history. He did not restrain her, when her adventurous spirit sought the more daring and trackless regions of romance.

She possessed a solid understanding, as well as an excursive fancy; and when the bird flew abroad in the wilderness of fable, her careful guardian knew that she remembered where the olive grew, and that she would return, to again sip with him from the fountain of truth.

Notwithstanding the general approbation which followed her novel of "Evelina," she did not betray any signs of being inflated with consciousness of worth; no vanity seemed to whisper to her, that she was superior to others, and that there would be delight in displaying her triumph. On the contrary, she rather avoided than sought society, which would have hailed her with eagerness, and loaded her with applause. The timidity of her nature shrank from crowds; and even small circles, unless formed of intimate acquaintances, were too oppressive, and demanded from her a greater exertion of spirits than her retired habits would allow her to summon for the occasion. Her home and her library, were central attractions which bound her to themselves. She had read enough of the world to persuade her to relinquish all desire of seeing it; and she thought that a modern fine lady, and even a modern beau, whether titled or of "humbler note," were poor exchanges, to be accepted in lieu of the worthies of Greece, and Rome, and Old England.

She was herself almost an Evelina in actual acquaintance with mankind, when, for a private reason, which reflects the highest honor on her heart and domestic affection, she produced that justly admired novel. It was written and published unknown to her father; who, having occasion to visit the metropolis, soon after its issue from the press, heard nothing else spoken of. Indeed, the applause was so general, that his curiosity was excited to see what all the world praised; and resolving to treat his family with so fashionable a feast, he made a purchase of the book.

When the business which carried him to town was completed, he returned to Chessington, (a any old mansion, then inhabited by Mr. Crisp,) where his children were upon a visit. With them and their worthy host, he proposed reading the far famed adventures of "Evelina."

It was in the rural precincts of Chessington Hall, that the early genius of Miss Burney first tried its strength. It was there that the seducing form of romance, that lovely daughter of imagination, rose to the sight of the youthful enchantress. The vision passed in ethereal beauty before her eyes; and myrtles, and roses, and overshadowing eglantines, formed the theatre on which the magic scene was performed.

The acclamations which followed the closing of the last volume, ratified the approbation of the public. The amiable author looked from side to side, and overcame by the delicious feelings which rushed upon her heart, she burst into tears, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, avowed herself to be the writer of "Evelina." The astonishment and pleasure of Doctor Burney were nearly equal, and he could scarcely credit his senses. Intelligent as he knew his daughter to be, he had formed no conception that such maturity of observation, fancy, judgment, and style, could have been displayed by a girl of seventeen; by one who appeared to the outward eye, a mere infant in artlessness and inexperience; and whose deep seclusion from the world had shut her out from all visual knowledge of its ways. But the proof showed a different conclusion. Though bred a simple country girl, and apparently little beyond a child in discernment, yet nature had taught her own scholar, and gave to her morning of life a proficiency in the art of composition, which few attain at the noon, or at the close.

So great was the success of "Evelina," that it went through four editions in one year, and brought the author into such repute, that her acquaintance was sought by some of the most illustrious characters in England. Doctor Samuel Johnson was one of her first, and it may be presumed, one of her most beneficial friends. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is called the "Father of the British School of Painting," was one of the earliest to single her out as an object of distinguished esteem; while Edmund Burke, who was himself not only the analyzer of the sublime and beautiful, but, like Longinus, could show in his own writing the finest models of that "sublimity and beauty which he drew," proved one of Miss Burney's most intimate acquaintance.

It was in such society that she learned to make those observations, which led her to write the novel of "Cecilia," which is generally regarded as the best of her works, with such precision of character, discernment into human nature, and power over the sympathies of her readers. The last and longest of her novels was "Camilla," which was favored with one of the largest subscriptions that ever preceded the title page of any book, and brought a golden wreath to adorn the brow of its author.

Miss Burney married Monsieur d'Arblay, a French gentleman of family, who was obliged to leave his country during the horrors of the revolution.

After the publication of "Camilla," Madame d'Arblay and her husband remained for a considerable time to their cottage in Surry. Contented with her lot, and grateful to that providence which had cast it in the vale of life, where storms seldom rage, and envy will not deign to enter to disturb its calm, she enjoyed, with temperance and satisfaction, the endearing tenor of her days. Thus did month after month, and year after year, glide gently over her head. But Monsieur d'Arblay longed to revisit his country; his patriot spirit "yearned for his buried home;" and when peace was at last proclaimed between England and France, he proposed to his wife a journey to the continent. His wishes were commands to her, whose happiness was entirely comprised in his; and after a short time spent in the usual preparations, separations, condolences, and promises of return, they set out for France. Madame d'Arblay has within a few years past written a life of her father, Doctor Burney, but either the subject was one of so much interest to her that she could not do it justice, or she was not accustomed to write biography, and had not studied the rules of this species of composition, for these, or some other reasons, her work was not popular. She certainly had lost much of her taste for pure, good English. From living so many years with a husband who was a foreigner, of powerful mind and a finished education, and to whom she was *greatly attached*, it is more than probable that her genius, *lost that independence*, which it so happily discovered, when *its flights* were self-directed.

SARAH EDWARDS, the wife of the celebrated metaphysician and scholar, Jonathan Edwards, and daughter of the Rev. John Pierpoint, a descendant of the duke of Kingston, and of course a relation of the celebrated Lady Wartley Montague, was born at New Haven, on the ninth of January, 1710. Mrs. Edwards was a beauty and a scholar; she early became celebrated, and attracted the attention of the young men of that age; but she gave her hand to Mr. Edwards, who united a genteel person with rare attainments and exemplary piety. She had an excellent education, she was chivalrous in her acquirements and her virtues. In the sublime views Mr. Edwards had of religion, he was alive to all who had the cause of the church at heart, and was made acquainted with this extraordinary female, when she was a mere child. This acquaintance was kept up until she was eighteen years of age, when they were married, and removed to Northampton, at which place he had been previously settled over a congregation. He was some years older than his wife; but at the time of his marriage, was a bright and shining light in the church. Owing to some difficulty arising out of his views of duty, in extending his discipline beyond the ordinarily received pastoral functions of a clergyman, he encountered, notwithstanding his talents and piety, a serious opposition, which destroyed his usefulness in that place. She was all the time his firm, affectionate friend and counsellor, and softened evils that would have otherwise been grievous indeed; she took care of all the household concerns, and left her husband free to pursue his studies, and he was a devoted student. Mrs. Edwards took special care of the education of her children, and they rewarded her for all her pains. The whole of her family that grew to maturity, became distinguished persons; many of them were conspicuous in early youth. The biographers of this excellent woman are never tired of speaking of her religious course, for it was as remarkable for consistency as fervor. Her son in law, Dr. Burr, president of Princeton College, died in 1757, and her husband was at once appointed to supply his place; *he did not long fill it, for he died in the spring of 1758 of the small-pox.* His wife had not then joined him at Prince-

ton. His death was communicated to her by a letter from Dr. Shippin. The letter reached Mrs. Edwards and was indeed a severe shock to her; but her feelings had been so disciplined, that she was in a manner prepared for every event that might happen. Mrs. Burr and her children were inoculated at the same time with President Edwards, and had recovered when he died, but she had a relapse, which carried her off very suddenly, on the seventh of April, 1758, in the twenty-seventh year of her age, leaving two children. Mrs. Edwards did not long survive her husband, she died on the second of October of the same year, aged forty-nine. Her remains were carried to Princeton, to repose with those of her husband, daughter, and son in law. In little more than a year these four persons went down to the grave; the three latter being in good health when President Burr died. The letters of Mrs. Edwards were mostly on pious subjects, and carry no extraordinary marks of genius; but contemporary history must be in the greatest error if her powers of mind were not of the highest order, and perhaps, of the most exalted kind. Such women were truly the mothers in Israel, whose descendants rise up and call them blessed.

ELIZABETH of Austria, was the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II., and wife of Charles IX., of France, to whom she was united at Mazieres, in 1471. The horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew was executed without her knowledge, and she never named it without the liveliest feelings of grief; yet she was a princess who did not interfere with the affairs of government, and cruel as Charles' disposition was, he felt towards her the tenderest regard. Upon his death bed he recommended her in the tenderest manner to Henry his successor, who always treated her with the greatest respect. She died in a convent of her own founding, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. This princess is not only allowed to have been an amiable, but an intelligent character, and she published two different works, one on the "Word of God and the Creation;" and the other "A Relation of the chief events in France." They are hardly now *to be found*.

ELPIS, a lady of the fifth century, descended from one of the most considerable families of Messina, was first wife of the celebrated Boethius. Like her husband she was devoted to science and shared with him his literary labors. She examined passages and transcribed quotations, and the same ardor eminently appeared in both. Far from withdrawing him from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he grew languid in them. In her, all the accomplishments of the head and heart were united. She had a fine taste in literature, particularly in poetry, and was a shining example of every virtue; so that she must have been a delightful companion to this eminent philosopher and statesman. Indeed, each are said to have thought their destinies equally enviable. She had the happiness of seeing her two sons, Patritius and Hypatius raised to the consular dignity, which their father had also several times enjoyed, but she died before any of his latter misfortunes had befallen him. After the death of this beloved wife, Boethius married again, and is said to have been equally fortunate in his second choice.

ELIZABETH, queen of England. If the question respecting the equality of the sexes was to be determined by an appeal to the characters of sovereign princes, the comparison is, in proportion manifestly in favor of woman, and that without having recourse to the trite and flippant observation, proved to have been ill-founded, of male and female influence. Elizabeth of England affords a glorious example in truth of this position.

Daughter of Henry VIII., a capricious tyrant, and of the imprudent and unfortunate Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth was born at Greenwich, on the banks of the Thames, September 7th, 1533. Her infancy was unfortunate through the unhappy fate of her mother, but she was, nevertheless educated with care and attention; in her yet infant faculties her father had the discernment to perceive uncommon strength and promise. Lady Champervun, an accomplished and excellent woman, was appointed by Henry, governess to the young princess. It appears to have been the custom of the times to instruct young women in the learned languages; an admirable substitute for fashionable and

frivolous acquisitions; habits of real study and application have a tendency to strengthen the faculties and discipline the imagination. Mr. William Grindal was Elizabeth's first classical tutor; with him she made a rapid progress; from other masters she received the rudiments of modern languages; at eleven years of age, she translated out of French verse into English prose, "The Mirror of the Sinful Soul," which she dedicated to Catherine Parr, sixth wife to Henry VIII. At twelve years of age, she translated from the English into Latin, French, and Italian, prayers and meditations, &c., collected from different authors, by Catherine, queen of England. These she dedicated to her father, December 30th, 1545, MS. in the royal library at Westminster. She also, about the same period, translated from the French, "The Meditations of Margaret, queen of Navarre, &c.," published by Bale, 1548.

Mr. Ascham thus speaks of Elizabeth, in a letter to Sir John Cheke: "It can scarcely be credited to what degree of skill in the Latin and Greek she might arrive, if she should proceed in that course of study wherein she hath begun by the guidance of Grindal." In 1548, she had the misfortune to lose her tutor, who died of the plague. At this time, it is observed by Camden, that she was versed in the Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian tongues, had some knowledge of the Greek, was well skilled in music, and both sung and played with art and sweetness.

After the death of her father, her brother king Edward, who tenderly loved her, encouraged her in her studies and literary pursuits, while, without imposition or restraint, he left her to choose her own principles and preceptors. To supply the loss of her tutor, she addressed herself to the celebrated Roger Ascham, who, at her solicitation, left Cambridge, and consented to become her instructor. Under him, she read the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes' "De Corona," in Greek, and understood at first sight, not only the force and propriety of the language and the meaning of the orator, but the whole scheme of the laws, customs, and manners of the Athenians. By Doctor Grindal, professor of theology, she was initiated into the subtle

ties of polemic divinity, to which she gave assiduous application. Such, during the short reign of her brother, was the laudable and tranquil time of her life, and by these occupations and pursuits, she was prepared for the great part she was to act on the theatre of Europe.

In July, 1553, Mary, after the death of Edward, succeeded to the throne; and having received from her sister many favors and testimonies of esteem, she treated her at first with a form of regard; but Elizabeth was afterwards imprisoned, and harshly treated, even to the hazard of her life. Her sufferings were however mitigated by the interposition of Philip, the husband of Mary, for which she was ever grateful.

The reign, the bigotry, and the butchery of Mary, who, *to do God service*, amused herself by burning and torturing her people, lasted five years and four months. She died, fortunately for the nation, November 17th, 1558. A parliament had been assembled a few days previous to her death, to which the chancellor notified the event. "God save Queen Elizabeth," resounded in joyful acclamations through both houses, while by the people a transport still more general and fervent was expressed.

The commencement of her reign was not less auspicious, than its duration was prosperous to the country, and glorious to herself. It is observed by Bayle, that to say only that no woman reigned with more glory, would be saying little. "It must be added, that there have been but few great kings whose reigns are comparable to hers, it being the most beautiful period of English history."

Elizabeth when informed of the death of her sister, was at Hatfield, whence, after a few days, she proceeded to London, through crowds of people, who contended with each other in testimonies of joy and attachment. On entering the Tower, she was affected with the comparison of her past and present situation; once a captive, exposed to the bigotry and malignity of her enemies, now a sovereign, triumphant over her adversaries, and the hope and joy of the nation. Falling on her knees, she expressed her gratitude to heaven, for the deliverance she

had experienced from her persecutors, a deliverance, she declared, not less miraculous than that of Daniel from the den of lions. With a magnanimity that did her honor, and a prudence that evinced her judgment, she threw a veil over every offence that had been committed against her, and received graciously and with affability the most virulent of her enemies.

On the death of her sister, Elizabeth had, by her ambassador, signified her accession to the pope, whose precipitate temper, insolent reflections and extravagant demands, determined her to persevere in the plan she had already secretly embraced. While, to conciliate the catholics she retained in her cabinet eleven of her sister's counsellors, she took care to ballance their power by adding to their number eight partisans of the protestant faith; among whom were Sir Nicholas Bacon, whom she created lord keeper, and Sir William Cecil, made secretary of state.

Cecil assured her, that the greater part of the nation, since the reign of her father, inclined to the reformation, though constrained to conceal their principles by the cruelties practised under the late reign. These arguments, to which other considerations and reasonings were added, founded on policy, and on a knowledge of mankind, had their just weight with Elizabeth, and determined her to adopt the party which education and political wisdom equally inclined to her favor. Yet she wisely resolved to proceed gradually, by safe and progressive steps. As symptoms of her future intentions, and with a view of encouraging the protestants, whom persecution had discouraged and depressed, she recalled all the exiles, and gave liberty to those who had, on account of their religion; been confined in prison. She also altered the religious service, and gave orders, that the Lord's prayer, the litany, the creed and the gospels, should be read in the church in the vulgar tongue; and she forbade the elevation of the host in her presence.

The bishops, foreseeing in these measures the impending change, refused to officiate at her coronation; and it was not *without difficulty* that the bishop of Carlisle was at length prevailed upon to perform the ceremony. Amidst the joyful acclamations of her subjects, as she was conducted through London,

a boy, personating Truth, let down from a triumphal arch, presented to her a copy of the bible. She received the present graciously, placed it near her heart, and declared, that of all the costly testimonies of attachment given to her that day by the city, this was the most precious and acceptable. Elizabeth insinuated herself into the affections of the people by the most laudable art; frank in her address, and, on all public occasions, affable, conciliating and easy of access, she appeared, delighted with the concourse that crowded around her; entered, without forgetting her dignity, into the pleasures and amusements of her subjects; and acquired a popularity unknown to her predecessors. Her youth, her graces, her prudence, her fortitude, and her talents, attracted the admiration of one sex, and afforded to the other a subject of pride and triumph. Individuals were captivated by her complacency, the public won by her services, while her authority, chastened by religion and law, appeared to be derived from its legitimate source, the choice and affections of the people.

The commons entreated her with all humility, that she would make choice of a husband, to share with her the weight of government; a request which they hoped, from her sex and age, would not be displeasing or offensive. To this Elizabeth replied, that as their application was expressed in general terms, merely recommending marriage, without pretending to direct her choice, she could not be offended, or regard their wishes otherwise than as a new instance of their attachment towards her; but that any farther interposition respecting this subject, on their part, it would ill become them as subjects to make, or her, as an independent princess to endure. England was the husband which she had betrothed to her; Englishmen were her children; while employed in rearing and governing such a family, she could not deem herself sterile, or her life useless. She desired, for her own part, no higher character, nor fairer remembrance of her to be transmitted to posterity, than to have this inscription, when she should pay the debt of nature, engraven on her tomb: "*Her lies Queen Elizabeth, who lived and died a maiden queen.*"

Misfortune threw the queen of Scots in the power of Elizabeth, and she was denied those services, to which the unfortunate are entitled. Elizabeth viewed her with jealousy as heir to the crown, and she was fearful that her beauty and influence, might supplant her popularity. She was kept in prison eighteen years and then executed on the scaffold. This transaction, will ever remain a foul blot on the character of Elizabeth.

Neither the cares of government, nor the infirmities of approaching age, weaned her from the love of letters, which, at every interval of leisure, were her great delight. When nearly sixty years of age, in 1592, she made a second visit to Oxford, where, having been entertained with orations, disputations, &c., she pronounced, on her departure, a Latin oration to the vice-chancellors and doctors, when she took her last farewell of the university. In the ensuing year, she translated from Latin into English, Boethius' "De Consolatione Philosophæ." In 1598, when the disturbances in Ireland occupied a considerable share of her attention, she translated Sallust's "De bello Jugurthino." Also, the greater part of Horace's "De Arte Poetica," and Plutarch's book, "De Curiositate," all of which were written in her own hand.

But Elizabeth no longer took an interest in public concerns; her sun was sitting, overshadowed by a dark cloud. Prosperity and glory palled upon her sense; an incurable melancholy had fixed itself on her heart. The anxiety of her mind made swift ravages upon her feeble frame; the period of her life visibly approached. The archbishop of Canterbury advised her to fix her thoughts on God. She did so, she replied, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice and her senses soon after failing, she fell into a lethargic slumber, which having continued some hours, she expired gently, without a struggle, March 24th, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign.

The character of Elizabeth appears to have been exalted by her friends, and depreciated by her enemies, in nearly equal proportions. As a monarch, her activity and force of mind, her *magnanimity*, *sagacity*, *prudence*, *vigilance*, and *address*, have

scarcely been surpassed in royal annals, and are worthy of the highest admiration. Pope Sixtus V. spoke of her on all occasions as "a woman with a strong head," and gave her a place among the three persons, who, in his opinion, only deserved to reign; the remaining two were himself and Henry IV., of France. "Your queen," said he, once to an Englishman, "is born fortunate, she governs her kingdom with great happiness; she wants only to be married to me, to give the world a second Alexander."

Her temper and her talents equally fitted her for government. Capable of self-command, and of controlling her own passions, she acquired an unlimited ascendancy over those of her people. She possessed courage without temerity; spirit, resource, and activity in war, with the love of peace and tranquillity. Her frugality was exempt from avarice, it was the result rather of her love of independence, than a passion for accumulation. She never amassed any treasures. Her friendships were uniform and steady, yet she was never governed by her favorites, a criterion of a strong mind. Her choice in her ministers gave proof of her sagacity, as her constancy in supporting them did of her firmness. If a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, and more indulgent, would have thrown greater lustre over her character, let it be remembered, that some good qualities appear to be incompatible with others; nor let the seductive and corrupting nature of power be left out in the account. Her insincerity was perhaps the greatest blot in her character, and the fruitful source of all the vexatious incidents of her reign. Though unacquainted with philosophical toleration, the only method of disarming the turbulence of religious factions, she yet preserved her people, by her prudence and good sense, from those theological disputes which desolated the neighboring nations.

Beset with enemies, both at home and abroad, among the most powerful princes in Europe, the most enterprising and the least scrupulous, the vigor of her administration enabled her to defeat all their purposes, to annoy and plunder them in their own dominions, and to preserve her own dignity untouched and unimpaired. Few monarchs have succeeded to a throne in more

difficult circumstances, nor have any ever reigned with more uniform success and prosperity.

If, as a woman, cut off by the peculiarities of her situation from the sympathies of nature, and the charm of equal affections, Elizabeth, at times, suffered under these privations, which even gave to her sensibility additional force and acuteness, the strength of her reason still triumphed over her passions, and the struggle which her victories cost her, served but to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her mind.

The praises which have by some been bestowed upon Elizabeth, for her regard for the constitution and tender concern for the liberties of the people, are wholly without foundation. Few princes have exerted with more arbitrary power the regal prerogatives, which had been transmitted to her by her immediate predecessors; yet no censure belongs to her for this conduct, in the principles of which she had been trained, and of the justice of which she was persuaded. What potentate, what man, has voluntarily resigned the power in which those beneath him quietly acquiesced? Compared with the reigns of her father and sister, that of Elizabeth might be termed a golden age.

In the article of her dress, only, Elizabeth affected an expensive magnificence. Her opinion of her beauty, and her passion for admiration, led her to study variety and richness in her apparel. She appeared almost daily in different habits, and tried every mode of varying their form. Nor would she ever part with her clothes. At her death, three thousand different dresses were found in her wardrobe. Next to her desire of personal admiration, was her vanity of authorship. Learning was the fashion of the times; the ladies of the court, in imitation of the queen, valued themselves on their erudition. Yet Elizabeth was by no means a patroness of letters; Spenser, the finest English writer of the age, was long neglected, and at the death of his patron, Sir Philip Sidney, was suffered to perish almost for want. Shakspeare was almost her only favorite. *His elegant compliment to the "maiden queen" in "The Midsummer's Night's Dream," won her heart, and her regard for him was substantial and unvarying.*

ELIZABETH FERGUSON was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Græme, by Anne, the daughter of Sir William Keith, then governor of Pennsylvania. Her father was a native of Scotland, and a graduate in medicine. For nearly half a century he maintained the first rank in his profession in the city of Philadelphia. He held, during a great part of this time, the office of collector of the port. Her mother possessed a masculine mind, with all those female charms and accomplishments which render a woman alike agreeable to both sexes. They had one son and three daughters, all of whom attained to the age of maturity. The subject of this memoir was the youngest of them. She discovered, in early life, signs of uncommon talents and virtues, both of which were cultivated with great care, and chiefly by her mother. Her person was slender, and her health delicate. The latter was partly the effect of native weakness, being feeble from her birth, and partly acquired by too great application to books. She passed her youth in the lap of parental affection. A pleasant and highly improved retreat, known by the name of Græme Park, in Montgomery county, twenty miles from Philadelphia, in which her parents spent their summers, afforded her the most delightful opportunities for study, meditation, rural walks, and pleasures, and, above all, for cultivating a talent for poetry. This retreat was, moreover, consecrated to society and friendship. A plentiful table was spread daily for visitors, and two or three young ladies from Philadelphia generally partook with Miss Græme of the enjoyments which her situation in the country furnished. About her seventeenth year she was addressed by a citizen of Philadelphia of respectable connexions and character. She gave him her heart, with the promise of her hand upon his return from London, whither he went to complete his education in the law. From causes which it is not necessary to detail, the contract of marriage, at a future day, was broken, but not without much suffering on the part of Miss Græme. To relieve and divert her mind from the effects of this event, she translated the whole of *Telemachus* into English verse; but this, instead of saving, perhaps aided the distress of her disappointment in impairing

her health, and that, to such a degree as to induce her father, in conjunction with two other physicians, to advise a voyage to England for its recovery. Her mother concurred in this advice, but for another reason besides that of restoring her daughter's health. This venerable and excellent woman had long labored under a disease which, she believed, would have a fatal issue. She anticipated the near approach of death; and that it might be less terrible to her, she wished her daughter to be removed beyond the sphere of the counter attractions of her affections from the world of spirits, which her presence near her deathbed would excite. This feeling is not a solitary or casual one, in the human mind. Archbishop Lightfoot wished to die from home, that he might dissolve more easily his ties to his family. A lady in Philadelphia, some years ago, in her last moments said to her daughter, who sat weeping at her bedside, "Leave me, my child; I cannot die while you are in the room." Many instances of similar conflicts between religion and nature have occurred in domestic history which have escaped general observation.

Mrs. Græme died, according to her expectations and wishes, during her daughter's absence, leaving behind her two farewell letters, to be delivered to her on her return; one upon the choice of a husband, and the other upon the management of a family. These letters contain many original ideas, and the most ardent expressions of maternal affection. The tenor of these expressions may easily be conceived by the following sentence extracted from the introduction to one of them: "I have rested for some time with my pen in my hand, from being at a loss to find out an epithet to address you with, that shall fully express my affection for you. After a good deal of deliberation I can find nothing that pleases me better than 'my own dear Betsey.'"^{*}

^{*} Mrs. Græme left letters to several of her friends, to be delivered to them after her death. The following is an extract from one of them to Mrs. Redman, the wife of the late Dr. John Redman:

"I have been waiting with a pleasing expectation of my dissolution a great while, and I believe the same portion of grace which has been afforded me hitherto, will not be withdrawn at that trying hour. My trust is in my heavenly Father's mercies, procured and promised for the all-sufficient merits of

Miss Græme spent a year in England, where she was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters of Philadelphia, a gentleman of highly polished manners, and whose rank enabled him to introduce her to the most respectable circles of company. She sought, and was sought for, by the most celebrated literary gentleman who flourished in England at the time of the accession of George III. to the throne. She was introduced to this monarch, and particularly noticed by him. The celebrated Dr. Fothergill, whom she consulted as a physician, became her friend and correspondent as long as he lived. An accident attached the sentimental and then-popular author of *Tristram Shandy* to her. She took a seat upon the same stage with him at the York races. While bets were making upon different horses, she selected a small horse that was in the rear of the coursers as the subject of a trifling wager. Upon being asked the reason for doing so, she said that "the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Mr. Sterne, who stood near to her, was struck with this reply, and, turning hastily towards her, begged for the honor of her acquaintance. They soon became sociable, and a good deal of pleasant conversation took place between them, to the great entertainment of the surrounding company.

Upon her return to Philadelphia, she was visited by a numerous circle of friends, as well to condole with her upon the death of her mother, as to welcome her arrival to her native shores. She soon discovered, by the streams of information she poured upon her friends, that she had been "all eye, all ear, and all grasp," during her visit to Great Britain. The Journal she kept of her travels, was a feast to all who read it. Manners and characters in an old and highly civilized country, contrasted with those to which she had been accustomed in our own, accompanied with many curious facts and anecdotes, were the

my blessed Saviour, so that whatever time it may be before you see this, or whatever weakness I may be under on my deathbed, be assured this is my faith; *this is my hope from my youth up until now.* And thus, my dear, take my final leave of you. Adieu, forever.

Sept. 22, 1762.

ANNE GRÆME."

component parts of this interesting manuscript. Her modesty alone prevented its being made public, and thereby affording a specimen to the world, and to posterity, of her happy talents for observation, reflection, and composition.

In her father's family, she now occupied the place of his mother. She kept his house, and presided at his table and fireside in entertaining all his company. Such was the character of Dr Græme's family for hospitality and refinement of manners, that all strangers of note who visited Philadelphia were introduced to it. Saturday evenings were appropriated for many years, during Miss Græme's winter residence in the city, for the entertainment, not only of strangers, but of such of her friends of both sexes as were considered the most suitable company for them. These evenings were, properly speaking, of the attic kind. The genius of Miss Græme evolved the heat and light that animated them. One while she instructed by the stores of knowledge contained in the historians, philosophers, and poets of ancient and modern nations, which she called forth at her pleasure; and again she charmed by a profusion of original ideas, collected by her vivid and widely expanded imagination, and combined with exquisite taste and judgment into an endless variety of elegant and delightful forms. Upon these occasions her body seemed to vanish, and she appeared to be all mind. The writer of this memoir would have hesitated in giving this description of the luminous displays of Miss Græme's knowledge and eloquence at these intellectual banquets, did he not know there are several ladies and gentlemen now living in Philadelphia, who can testify that it is not exaggerated.

It was at one of these evening parties she first saw Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a handsome and accomplished young gentleman who had lately arrived in this country from Scotland. They were suddenly pleased with each other. Private interviews soon took place between them, and in the course of a few months they were married. The inequality of their ages, (for he was ten years younger than Miss Græme,) was opposed, in a calculation of their conjugal happiness, by the sameness of their *attachment to books, retirement, and literary society.* They

settled upon the estate in Montgomery county, which Mrs. Ferguson's father, who died at an advanced age, soon after her marriage, bequeathed to her. But before the question of their happiness could be decided by the test of experiment, the dispute between Great Britain and America took place, in which it became necessary for Mr. Ferguson to take part. He joined the former in the year 1775, and from that time a perpetual separation took place between him and Mrs. Ferguson. Other causes contributed to prevent their reunion after the peace of 1783; but the recital of them would be uninteresting as well as foreign to the design of this publication. Mrs. Ferguson passed the interval between the year 1775 and the time of her death, chiefly in the country upon her farm, in reading, and in the different branches of domestic industry. A female friend who had been the companion of her youth, and whose mind was congenial to her own, united her destiny with hers, and soothed her various distresses by all the kind and affectionate offices which friendship and sympathy could dictate. In her retirement she was eminently useful. The doors of the cottages that were in her neighborhood bore the marks of her footsteps, which were always accompanied or followed with clothing, provisions, or medicines, to relieve the nakedness, hunger, or sickness of their inhabitants. During the time general Howe had possession of Philadelphia, she sent a quantity of linen into the city, spun with her own hands, and directed it to be made into shirts for the benefit of the American prisoners that were taken at the battle of Germantown.

Upon hearing, in one of her visits to Philadelphia, that a merchant, once affluent in his circumstances, was suddenly thrown into gaol by his creditors, and was suffering from the want of many of the usual comforts of his life, she sent him a bed, and afterwards procured admission into his apartment, and put twenty dollars into his hands. He asked for the name of his benefactor. She refused to make herself known to him, and suddenly left him. This humane and charitable act would not have been made known, had not the gentleman's description of her person and dress discovered it. At this time her annual

income was reduced to the small sum of one hundred and sixty dollars a year, which had been saved by the friendship of the late Mr. George Meade, out of the wreck of her estate. Many such secret acts of charity, exercised at the expense of her personal and habitual comforts might be mentioned. They will all be made known elsewhere. In these acts she obeyed the gospel commandment of loving her neighbors *better* than herself. Her sympathy was not only active, but passive in a high degree. In the extent of this species of sensibility, she seemed to be all nerve. She partook of the minutest sorrows of her friends, and even a newspaper that contained a detail of public or private wo, did not pass through her hands without being bedewed with a tear. Nor did her sympathy with misery end here. The sufferings of the brute creation often drew sighs from her bosom, and led her to express a hope that reparation would be made to them for those sufferings in a future state of existence.

I have said that Mrs. Ferguson possessed a talent for poetry. Some of her verses have been published, and many of them are in the hands of her friends. They discover a vigorous poetical imagination, but the want of a poetical ear. This will not surprise those who know there may be poetry without metre, and metre without poetry.

The prose writings of Mrs. Ferguson indicate strong marks of genius, taste, and knowledge. Nothing that came from her pen was common. Even her hasty notes to her friends placed the most trivial subjects in such a new and agreeable light, as not only secured them from destruction, but gave them a durable place among the most precious fragments of fancy and sentiment.

Mrs. Ferguson was a stranger to the feelings of a mother, for she had no children, but she knew, and faithfully performed all the duties of that relation to the son and daughter of one of her sisters, who committed them to her care upon her deathbed. They both possessed hereditary talents and virtues. Her nephew, John Young, became under her direction, an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He died a lieutenant in the British army, leaving behind him a record of his industry and knowledge, in an elegant translation of d'Argent's Ancient Geography.

into the English language. A copy of this valuable work is to be seen in the Philadelphia Library, with a tribute to the memory of the translator, by Mrs. Ferguson.* The mind of her niece, Ann Young, was an elegant impression of her own; she married Dr. William Smith, of Philadelphia, and lived but a few years afterwards. She left a son and daughter; the latter followed her mother prematurely to the grave, in the year 1808, in the thirtieth year of her age, after exhibiting to a numerous and affectionate circle of acquaintances, a rare instance of splendid talents and virtues, descending unimpaired through four successive generations.

The virtues which have been ascribed to Mrs. Ferguson, were not altogether the effects of education, nor of a happy moral texture of mind. They were improved, invigorated, and directed in their exercises by the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. To impress the contents of the bible more deeply upon her mind, she transcribed every chapter and verse in it, and hence arose the facility and success with which she frequently selected its finest historical and moral passages to illustrate or adorn the subjects of her writings and conversation.

She was well read in polemical divinity, and a firm believer in what are considered the mysteries of revelation. Although educated in the forms, and devoted to the doctrines of the church of England, she worshipped devoutly with other sects, when she resided among them, by all of whom she was, with a singular unanimity, believed to be a sincere and pious Christian.

There was a peculiarity in her disposition, which would seem, at first sight, to cast a shade over the religious part of her character. After the reduction of her income, she constantly refused to accept of the least pecuniary assistance, and even of

* A singular incident laid the foundation for the literary acquirements of this young gentleman. Before his twelfth year he was an idle boy; about that time, his aunt locked him in her father's library, for four and twenty hours, as a punishment for some offence. In this situation, he picked up a book to relieve himself from the uneasiness of his solitude. This book arrested and fixed his attention. He read it through, and from that time he became devoted to books and study.

a present, from any of her friends. Let those persons who are disposed to ascribe this conduct to unchristian pride, recollect, there is a great difference between that sense of poverty, which is induced by adverse dispensations of providence, and that which is brought on by voluntary misconduct. Mrs. Ferguson conformed, in the place and manner of her living, to the narrowness of her resources. She knew no want that could make a wise or good woman unhappy, and she was a stranger to the "real evil" of debt. Her charities, moreover, would not have been her own, had they been replaced by the charities of her friends.

The afflictions of this excellent woman, from all the causes that have been mentioned, did not fill up the measure of her sufferings. Her passage out of life was accompanied with great and protracted pain. This welcome event took place February 23d, 1801, in the sixty-second year of her age, at the house of Seneca Lukins, a member of the society of Friends, near Græme Park. Her body was interred, agreeably to her request, by the side of her parents in the enclosure of Christ Church, in Philadelphia.

Should this attempt to rescue the name and character of this illustrious woman from oblivion, fall into the hands of any of those who have been accustomed to feel an elevation of soul in contemplating the honor which Madame Dacier, Madame Sevigne, Lady Rachael Russel, and Mrs. Rowe, have conferred upon their respective countries; let them exult not less in reflecting, that a similar honor has been conferred upon the United States, by the singular attainments and virtues of Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson.

CATHARINE FISHER. The biographers of this lady, appear to have been ignorant of her origin, though they all agree in allowing that she possessed great comprehension of mind, and allowed that she was one of the most perfect linguists that adorned the sixteenth century. About the year 1559, she married Gualtherus Gruter, a burgomaster of Antwerp, by whom she had one son, the celebrated James Gruter, whose philosophi-

ed works have been so universally admired. In the early part of his life he had no other instructor than his mother, who was perfect mistress both of Latin and Greek; and to her has been ascribed his fondness for study, as it is during childhood that a bias is given to the mind. At what age she died has not been specified, but the year her biographers believe to have been 1579; the time when her son left the university at Cambridge, to study at Leyden; but this circumstance is not positively ascertained.

ELIZABETH FANE, author of several pious meditations and proverbs in the English language, which were printed by Robert Crowland, with this title, "The Lady Elizabeth Fane's Twenty-one Psalms, and One Hundred and Two Proverbs; London, 1550." Who this lady was it is not easy to ascertain; by the title one would suppose her to be an earl's daughter, but it does not appear from Dugdale, Collins, or any other, who have given the peerage of the Fane family, that there was, or indeed, could be, any such lady in it, near the time she is supposed to have lived. She was, therefore, very probably, either the wife of Richard Fane, who married Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of Stidolph, living in the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII., or of Sir Thomas Fane, who was engaged in Wyatt's rebellion, in the first year of Queen Mary.

SARAH FIELDING, the third sister of Henry Fielding, the celebrated English novelist, was born in 1714, lived unmarried, and died at Bath, where she had long resided, in April, 1768. She was a woman of literary taste, and had no small share of her brother's talents and turn for works of the imagination. Her novels made some noise in their day, but her last work was the most celebrated; this was "Xenophon's Memoirs of Socrates, with the defence of Socrates before his Judges," translated from the original Greek, 1762, 8vo. This translation is executed with taste and fidelity; a learned friend, Mr. Harris, added some excellent notes to the work. A monument was erected to her memory, by Dr. John Hoadly, with a good epitaph, complimentary to her virtues and talents.

MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES, a woman equally distinguished for her talents and for her misfortunes, was the daughter of Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleeker, mentioned in this volume, was born 1771. She spent the first years of her life in the village of Tombanick, about eighteen miles from Albany. Her mother was her school-mistress, and of course, the instruction she received was of the first order. She began to versify almost in her cradle, for every thing was romantic in this Vacluse which they inhabited. Her first sorrow was in her fifth year, when her mother fled with her in her arms from the dread of the approach of Burgoyne's army. She lost this good mother when she was only twelve years old. But she still continued her studies, and became distinguished in the fashionable circles as, a well educated woman, when she first came into society in the city of New York, a few years after the war. The wealth of her father, and the literary fame of her mother, and her own personal charms, made her a belle of the first order, in the circles of taste and fashion. Among other admirers, Doctor Peter Faugeres, a physician, paid his addresses to her, and was most favored by Margareta. He was more fashionable than some others, but his principles had been formed by the school of French philosophers, and he had an air of high benevolence and of disinterestedness; but her father saw through his character, and remonstrated against the union of such a man and his daughter. Opposition probably strengthened her attachment, and she married Faugeres. He became dissipated and profligate, and squandered her fortune, which was considerable. Her father died in 1795; after which, she led a miserable life with the author of her misfortunes; and in this case, as it often happens, the wretch who had made a woman miserable, attempted to smother a recollection of his bad conduct in vituperations and blasphemies. But he was not long suffered to torture the innocent, or to degrade the fallen; for he fell a victim, in 1798, to the yellow fever. Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Faugeres assisted in a female academy, at New Brunswick, an office for which she was singularly fitted. Her affectionate disposition, her high attainments, her sense of duty; *most nobly* qualified her for such a station; but here she was

not destined to be in peace. Her misfortunes and mortifications had penetrated her heart; and, after a few struggles, she found it breaking, and then composed herself to die. Religion came to her comfort, and she cast a sickly look upon the world, and died in visions of happiness, in the twenty-ninth year of her age. Parents are often blameably severe, but children are more often governed by passion and false reasoning, and live to bewail their errors, when repentance is vain, and hope has departed. Mrs. Faugeres published the works of her mother, Mrs. Bleeker, and with them memoirs of her own life, with several essays from her own pen. In 1796, she published "Bellisarius," a tragedy, which is spoken of by those who have read it, as containing some fine writing. The realities of life exceed the dreams of fancy, or the creations of fiction. A list of those who disobeyed parental authority in forming matrimonial connections, might be read as a wholesome lesson to cure female pertinacity; and, perhaps, on the other hand, ambitious and short-sighted parents, might find something to reflect upon, in driving their daughters to the arms of wealthy dulness, or avaricious moroseness. Reason, forbearance, kindness, yielding, and a knowledge of the human heart, are all necessary to make judicious selections of husbands or wives. The following lines are subjoined as a specimen of her poetical talents.

THE HUDSON.

NILE's beauteous waves, and Tiber's swelling tide
 Have been recorded by the hand of Fame,
 And various floods, which through earth's channels glide
 From some enraptured bard have gain'd a name;
 E'en Thames and Wye have been the poet's theme,
 And to their charms hath many a harp been strung,
 Whilst, Oh! hoar genius of old Hudson's stream,
 Thy mighty river never hath been sung:
 Say, shall a female string her trembling lyre,
 And to thy praise devote the adventurous song?
 Fired with the theme, her genius shall aspire,
 And the notes sweeten as they float along.
 Where rough Ontario's restless waters roar,
 And hoarsely rave around the rocky shore;
 Where their abode tremendous north-winds make,
 And reign the tyrants of the surging lake;

There, as the shell-crown'd genii of its caves
 Toward proud Lawrence urged their noisy waves,
 A form majestic from the flood arose ;
 A coral bandage sparkled o'er his brows,
 A purple mantle o'er his limbs was spread,
 And sportive breezes in his dark locks played :
 Toward the east shore his anxious eyes he cast,
 And from his ruby lips these accents pass'd :
 "O favor'd land ! indulgent nature yields
 Her choicest sweets to deck thy boundless fields ;
 Where in thy verdant glooms the fleet deer play,
 And the hale tenants of the desert stray.
 While the tall evergreens that edge the dale
 In silent majesty nod to each gale :
 Thy riches shall no more remain unknown,
 Thy wide campaign do I pronounce my own ;
 And while the strong arm'd genii of this lake
 Their tributary streams to Lawrence take,
 Back from its source my current will I turn,
 And o'er thy meadows pour my copious urn."

He said, and, waving high his dripping hand ;
 Bade his clear waters roll toward the land.
 Glad they obey'd, and struggling to the shore,
 Dash'd on its broken rocks with thundering roar
 The rocks in vain oppose their furious course ;
 From each repulse they rise with tenfold force ;
 And gathering all their angry powers again,
 Gushed o'er the banks, and fled across the plain.
 Soon as the waves had pressed the level mead,

Full many a pearly-footed Naiad fair,
 With hasty steps, her limped fountain led,
 To swell the tide, and hail it welcome there :
 Their busy hands collect a thousand flowers,
 And scatter them along the grassy shores.
 There, bending low, the water-lilies bloom,
 And the blue crocus shed their moist perfume ;
 There the tall velvet scarlet lark-spur laves
 Her pale green stem in the pellucid waves ;
 There nods the fragile columbine, so fair,
 And the mild dewy wild-rose scents the air ;
 While round the trunk of some majestic pine,
 The blushing honeysuckle's branches twine :
 There too Pomona's richest gifts are found,
 Her golden melons press the fruitful ground ;
 The glossy crimson plums there swell their rinds,
 And purple grapes dance to autumnal winds ;
 While all beneath the mandrake's fragrant shade
 The strawberry's delicious sweets are laid.

* * * * *

Through many a "blooming wild," and woodland green,
 The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray;
 Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,
 And now through arching willows steal away:
 Then bursting on the enamor'd sight once more,
 Gladden some happy peasant's rude retreat;
 And passing youthful Troy's commercial shore,
 With the hoarse Mohawk's roaring surges meet.
 Oh, beauteous Mohawk! 'wildered with thy charms
 The chilliest heart sinks into rapturous glows:
 While the stern warrior, used to loud alarms,
 Starts at the thunderings of thy dread Cohoes.
 Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,
 Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,
 And many a stately dome, in ancient pride,
 And hoary grandeur there exalts its head.
 There trace the marks of culture's sunburnt hand,
 The honeyed buck-wheat's clustering blossoms view,
 Dripping rich odors, mark the beard-grain bland,
 The loaded orchard, and the flax field blue.
 Albania's gothic spires now greet the eye;
 Time's hand hath wiped their burnished tints away,
 And the rich fanes which sparkled to the sky,
 'Reft of their splendors, mourn in cheerless gray.
 There many an ancient structure tottering stands;
 Round the damp chambers mouldy vapors creep,
 And feathery-footed Silence folds her hands,
 While the pale genii of the mansion sleep.
 Yet thither Trade's full freighted vessels come;
 Thither the shepherds mercantile resort:
 There Architecture late hath raised her dome,
 And Agriculture's products fill her port.
 The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,
 The copse of hazle, and the tufted bank,
 The long green valley, where the white flocks rove;
 The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank;
 The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,
 Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam;
 The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,
 The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow.
 * * * * *
 Low sunk between the Alleganian hills,
 For many a league the sullen waters glide,
 And the deep murmur of the crowded tide,
 With pleasing awe the wandering voyager fills.
 On the green summit of yon lofty cliff
 A peaceful runnel gurgles clear and slow,
 Then down the craggy steep-side dashing swift,
 Tremendous falls in the white surge below.

Here spreads a clovery lawn its verdure far,
 Around it mountains vast their forests rear,
 And long ere day hath left his burnish'd car,
 The dews of night have shed their odors there.
 There hangs a lowering rock across the deep;
 Hoarse roar the waves its broken base around;
 Through its dark caverns noisy whirlwinds sweep,
 While Horror startles at the fearful sound.
 The shivering sails that cut the fluttering breeze,
 Glide through these winding rocks with airy sweep;
 Beneath the cooling glooms of waving trees,
 And sloping pastures speck'd with fleecy sheep.

MODERATO FONTE, a Venetian lady, born in 1555. Though placed in a monastery, she married, and after twenty years of conjugal happiness, died in 1592. Her memory was so retentive, that she could repeat, verbatim, a discourse when only once heard. She wrote a poem called "Il Floridore," and another on "The Passion and Resurrection of Christ," besides, "De meriti de le Donne," in which she maintains that the female sex is not inferior in understanding to the male.

CICILIA FLERON, the third daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, was born in the year 1510, and, with the rest of her sisters, received an education calculated to invigorate the powers of the mind. In the annals of celebrated females, her perfect knowledge of the Latin language is mentioned. She corresponded in Latin with the celebrated Erasmus.

ELIZA FROTHINGHAM, was born in Newburyport, a seaport of Massachusetts, in 1792. She was a young lady of talents, and in that quiet and delightful town, received a good, solid education, with a share of ornamental acquirements. She was desirous of gaining knowledge, and made no ordinary efforts to obtain it. Her father died in 1807, just as she was leaving school, and left his family in easy circumstances. On quitting school, as was the fashion then, when a girl was well grown, she pursued a course of rigid self-instruction, in the higher branches of learning. In the town of her nativity were probably established the first primary and infant schools that can be

found in the annals of instruction. This was nearly half a century since. These schools were under the direction of the school committee, and were kept by females. The Hon. Jonathan Jackson, and the Rev. John Murray, were instrumental in getting the town to establish these schools. No mention was made in their report, of the existence of any such infant schools in Germany or elsewhere.* The institutions were, of course,

* It has often been said that Germany had the honor of first establishing primary schools; but soon after the peace of 1763 there were four schools established in Newburyport, and others added as they were required. There is no account of any such schools in Germany or France until a much later period. The writer of this note was a member of the school committee in that town for several years, and is well acquainted with the records of that body. The claim of Louise Scheppler to the honor of having been the originator of these schools and for which the French Academy awarded her five thousand francs is so well told in the life of Cuvier that we cannot refrain from inserting it here. She is an ornament to her sex and deserves her fame.

"Louise Scheppler, has, perhaps, carried this industrious beneficence still farther, for it is not one family, it is an entire country which enjoys the fruits of her benevolence; a whole country which has been vivified by the charity of a poor servant. In the rudest part of the chain of the Vosges mountains is a valley, almost separated from the rest of the world. Sixty years back it afforded but scanty nourishment to a half-civilized population, consisting of only eighty families, distributed in five villages. Their ignorance and their poverty were equally great; they neither understood German nor French; a patois, unintelligible to any but themselves, was their sole language; and, what is scarcely credible, their misery had not softened their manners. These peasants, like the lords of the middle ages, governed by force, hereditary feuds divided families, and more than once gave rise to acts of criminal violence. A pious pastor, named John Frederick Oberlin, who has since become so celebrated, undertook to civilize them; and for this purpose, like one who knew mankind, he first attacked their poverty. With his own hands he set the example for all useful labors, and, armed with a pickaxe, he directed them in the construction of a good road, digging and laboring with them; he taught them to cultivate the potatoe; he made them acquainted with good vegetables and fruits; showed them how to ingraft, and gave them excellent breeds of cattle and poultry. Their agriculture once perfected, he introduced manufactures among them, in order to employ superfluous hands; he gave them a saving bank, and put them in communication with the commercial houses of the neighboring towns. As their confidence increased with their improvement, he, by degrees, gave them instruction of a higher nature. He himself was their schoolmaster, till he could form one capable of seconding his endeavors. Having once learned to love reading, every thing became easier; chosen works were brought to them to aid the conversation and example of the pastor; religious feelings, and, with them, mutual benevolence, insinuated themselves into their hearts; quarrels, crimes, and lawsuits

confined to the town, the limits of which were narrow; and on its borders, there were children who could not share the advantages of the labors of these female instructors. Seeing this, a few pious and spirited young ladies opened schools for them in several places, and became voluntary teachers, without the slightest reward, except the consciousness of doing good. Miss Frothingham was among the most diligent of these teachers.

disappeared: and, if by chance, some dispute arose, they, with one accord, came to Oberlin, and begged him to put an end to it. In short, when this venerable man was nearly at the end of his career, he was able to say, that in this province, once so poor and thinly populated, he left three hundred families, regular in their habits, pious and enlightened in their sentiments, enjoying remarkable ease of circumstances, and provided with the means of perpetuating these blessings. A young female peasant, from one of these villages, named Louise Scheppler, though scarcely fifteen years of age, was so forcibly impressed with the virtues of this man of God, that, although she enjoyed a small patrimony, she begged to enter into his service, and take a part in his charitable labors. From that time she never accepted any wages; she never quitted him; she became his help, his messenger, and the guardian angel of the rudest huts. She afforded the inhabitants every species of consolation; and in no instance can we find a finer example of the power of feeling to exalt the intelligence. This simple village girl entered into the elevated views of her master, even astonishing him by her happy suggestions, which he unhesitatingly adopted in his general plan of operation. She it was who remarked the difficulty that the laborers in the fields experienced, in combining their agricultural employments with the care of their younger children, and who thought of collecting together, even infants of the earliest age in spacious halls, where, during the absence of their parents, some intelligent instructresses should take care of, amuse, teach them their letters, and exercise them in employments adapted to their ages. From this institution of Louise Scheppler arose the infant schools of England and France, where the children of the working classes, who would otherwise be exposed to accidents and vicious examples, are watched over, instructed, and protected. The honor of an idea which has produced such beautiful results, is solely due to this poor peasant of Ban de la Roche: to this she consecrated all her worldly means, and, what are of more value, her youth and her health. Even now, though advanced in years, she, without receiving the smallest compensation, assembles a hundred children round her, from three to seven years of age, and instructs them according to their capacities. The adults, thanks to M. Oberlin, have no further moral wants; but there are yet some, who in sickness or old age, have need of physical aid. Louise Scheppler watches over them, carries them broth, medicine, in short, every thing, not forgetting pecuniary succor. She has founded and regulated a sort of Mont de Piété, of a peculiar kind, which would be an admirable institution elsewhere, if it could be multiplied like the infant schools; for it is among the very small number of those which merit the name given to them,

The task of instruction was not all; these young ladies took great pains in dressing their children in decent apparel, generally made from garments partly worn, that had been given them for that purpose. Before she was twenty years of age, she became devoted to the cause of religion, and seemed to take but little interest in the affairs of the world. She gave up all amusements, but never discovered the slightest marks of severity towards others. Those whom she strove in vain to allure from the vanities of the world, had her entreaties and her prayers, but never her frowns. She looked on the world as passing away, and not worth much anxiety. She was the friend of the poor at all times, and truly, *her pity gave, 'ere charity began*. There was no parade in her benevolence; she gave so delicately, that every thing from her hand received a new value, from the manner of bestowing. She entered the house of want and sickness, with some confidential friend, when the world were not

for money is there lent without interest and without securities. When M. Oberlin died, he, by will, left Louise Scheppler to his children; the simple words of a dying master may be heard with interest, and will be more eloquent than any thing we can add:—'I leave my faithful nurse to you, my dear children, she who has reared you, the indefatigable Louise Scheppler; to you also she has been a careful nurse, to you a faithful mother and instructor; in short, every thing; her zeal has extended still farther; for, like a true apostle of the Lord, she has gone to the villages where I have sent her, to gather the children round her, to instruct them in the will of God, to sing hymns, to show them the works of their all-powerful and paternal Maker, to pray with them, to communicate to them all the instructions she had received from me and your own excellent mother. The innumerable difficulties she met with in these holy occupations would have discouraged a thousand others; the surly tempers of the children, their patois language, bad roads, inclement weather, rocks, water, heavy rain, freezing winds, hail, deep snow, nothing has daunted her. She has sacrificed her time and her person to the service of God, Judge, my dear children, of the debt you have contracted to her for my sake. Once more, I bequeath her to you; let her see, by your cares, the respect you feel towards the last will of a father—I am sure you will fulfil my wishes, you will in your turn, be to her altogether, and each individually, that which she has been to you.' Messieurs and Mesdemoiselles Oberlin, faithful to the wishes of their father, were desirous of bestowing on Louise the inheritance of a daughter: but nothing could induce this generous woman to lessen the small patrimony left by her master; and all she asked was, permission to add the name of Oberlin to her own. Those who claim this honorable appellation as a birthright, think themselves still further honored by her sharing the title.'

gazing, and literally did good by stealth. When she found herself approaching another world, her serenity was not disturbed; all was calm about her heart. She would sit and gaze on the evening star, as though onward, that way, she was soon to take flight. At such times, even firm-nerved philosophy wished to catch a glow of this amiable enthusiast, but could not. She left the world without a sigh. One who knew her well, the author of "Sketches among the Tombs," thus speaks of this estimable young woman :

"I passed from this grave across a narrow road, to a field, which had, more recently than the other, been consecrated for the burial of the dead. I remembered the spot when only a few bodies had been deposited in it. The grave digger's spade had vexed the bosom of the earth only in a few places, when I was there before, and it had then nothing of that sanctity which the full congregation of the dead give to the ground in which they sleep. It was now thickly peopled, and sod touched sod, and numerous monuments were clustered together in melancholy closeness. Affection had been busy in tracing the sentiments of regret and love on the marble; but strange as it may seem, there are but few epitaphs, which do not offend taste, as yet to be found in our cemeteries. In this cluster, one stone of snowy whiteness struck my sight. It was erected to the memory of one I had been acquainted with in former days. She had come to this abode spotless as unshined snows. It was a fresh grave; the sods had not as yet become so connected with the earth beneath them, as to give life to the vegetation on their surface; the grass was dry—it had withered when she died. I had seen some notice of the decease of this young lady in the papers of the day, but after paying her memory the tribute of a passing sigh, I had forgotten the event, with other occurrences of the time. Now a chill ran through my frame, and her death come upon me as something I had just heard of. I had seen her when she was just rising on the horizon of life, fresh from the nursery and the school-room, in the loveliness of fifteen. She had taste, genius, ambition, and industry, and was anxious to be accomplished in the most valuable acquirements of literature. I had

taken no little pleasure in directing such a delicate mind in a course of reading. I had seen her too, when that mind was more matured, and she was diffusing that delight in every circle in which she moved, which always flows from frankness, intelligence, and refinement. Soon, however, a religious impression of a severe and gloomy cast, came over her, and she saw folly, if not sin, in the common amusements of society; but still she could never lose her magnanimity and forgiving disposition. Plunged into the active scenes of life, I had, for several years, lost sight of this young lady and her pursuits. Such are the blossoms of early friendship. The flowers which spring from that most prolific of all soils, the heart, while it is yet unacquainted with the world, are as transitory as the summer cloud, and the tints of the morning rainbow. The cares of a few years in the world, are as deadly to those plants which come up suddenly in the youthful bosom, as the mighty hand of the mountain-frost, when he descends upon the luxuriant growth of the vale. In one respect, however, the simile does not hold good, for the natural flower becomes loathsome after it is chilled to death, while those of sentiment, when resuscitated, like the accidental rose leaves which fall into our hands from a favorite page of some choice volume, which has for a long time remained unopened, retain all their beauty of color and sweetness of perfume. I gazed upon the grave until a thousand pleasing images flitted across my mind, and there was not a spectre amongst them all; nothing less pure than the sainted shade of her whose narrow bed I was now contemplating. The twilight had now come on; the moon was rising in beauty and majesty, and the stars, one after another, were making their appearance. The dead of all times, in this lonely hour, seemed to gather round me, and converse with me, as if I had passed the verge of time, and was treading on the confines of eternity. There came a voice on the soft breeze, which said, or seemed to say, "Proud moralist, what avails your philosophy at such an hour as this? Come learn how to die in this assembly of the dead; the dissolution of nature is not so dreadful as your imagination paints it; the bosom of our mother earth is not so cold as you

think it; the fork of the poor worm is not so sharp as it appears; nor do the chilly clods which so trouble you, press half so heavily on the breasts of those who rest in faith as they seem to you to press. God is in the grave as well as on the earth. He walks here as he did in the cool of the day in the garden he first created; he is as familiar with the chambers of death, as with the palaces of the living; all are in his hands." The reverie passed away. There is a sympathy between the living and the dead, which, at times, more than all the reasoning in the world, convinces us of the immortality of our souls. It is impossible, that an all wise and all powerful God should have created this sympathy between kindred spirits, on this and the other side of the grave, and yet mock us by destroying all these "immortal longings within us," by annihilation. Who can believe, that at the tomb, even the sceptic and the pretended infidel can question the doctrines of revelation? I recovered from this state of mind, in a degree, and left this silent colony of death, to teach others as well as myself, who dare to read the lectures of the grave, how short, how uncertain, is human life; what a vapor is mortal existence, and how easily it is blown away. To leave the dead without a memorial, is want of affection; not to read that memorial, as a *memento mori*, is stupidity; and to read it to no salutary purpose, is that blindness and folly which lead down to the chambers of darkness and despair. Every tomb stone has a tongue, which repeats in more than mortal accents to the living, the words of the shade of the prophet to the monarch of Israel—"to-morrow thou shalt be with me."

ELIZABETH GRAY, wife of a distinguished merchant, William Gray, was the daughter of John Chipman, a lawyer of eminence, in Marblehead, in the county of Essex, and commonwealth of Massachusetts. She was born in May, 1756, and was married to William Gray, in 1782, then doing business in Salem, in the same county. Mrs. Gray's father died suddenly, while arguing a cause in court at Portland. She was a woman of fine personal appearance, and had received a good solid education; and it was acknowledged on all hands, that she was a woman

of most excellent powers of understanding. She was a very domestic woman, and while her husband was considered the wealthiest merchant in New England, she managed her household affairs with great economy and regularity. She was quietly and silently doing good to the poor, in the way which was most agreeable to her disposition. She impressed upon her children the habits and principles of economy, and never forgot those principles in the possession of immense wealth. She was for many years a member of Dr. Prince's church in Salem, but when the family moved to Boston, she became attached to the Rev. Mr. Wisner's church, where she was an exemplary member. There was nothing gloomy in her religion, it was one of cheerfulness and hope, among many who were severe and melancholy. She divided her time between reading, household affairs, and duties to society, in such a manner, as never for a moment to be in a hurry. She had a fine constitution, and seldom suffered much from indisposition. She reared five sons and one daughter with exemplary maternal tenderness and constancy. She died, after a few days illness, on the twenty-fourth of September, 1823. Her husband was then living. The virtues of Mrs. Gray, were known to all her friends, and she was often consulted on important matters; but the most remarkable trait in her character, was, always acting in her important situation in such a way, that no evil precedents of expense could arise from her example. Her carriage was plain, and her servants were well dressed, decent men, without any extraordinary show about them. Her talents would have commanded respect in the common walks of life, but of course, had a much wider influence in the high sphere in which she moved.

ISABELLA GRAHAM was born in Scotland, on the twenty-ninth of July, 1742; her maiden name was Marshall. She married Doctor John Graham, an army surgeon, in 1765, and who came with his regiment to this country, previous to the revolutionary war, and from the continent went to Antigua, where he died in 1774. His widow came to New York in 1789, about the time the federal constitution went into operation. Here

she opened a school for young ladies, and for a long time she had hardly a rival in her profession. She was popular for her intelligence and for her piety. She was an active, enterprising woman, and successfully devised many liberal things; such as a widows' society, an orphans' society, and a society for the promotion of industry. She was a woman of a strong mind, and had a clear view of religion and its utility, as it regarded the society in which she was placed. The celebrated Doctor Mason published a memoir of her life; for he considered her a mother in Israel, who had lived to a good old age, and was blessed to the third and fourth generation in her life time. Such founders and patrons of benevolent institutions deserve to be held in remembrance, not for themselves alone, but for the examples they afford to society. The account of her moral and religious discipline will have an effect on our community for ages to come; and thousands, from the associations which she founded, will call her blessed in all future times. The only way mortals can make themselves immortal, is by doing some permanent good to mankind. The splendid things of the day have only the perfume of an hour, and even the monuments of art in time decay, but such charities stay long to bless us, and when by some chance they are no longer useful, their very name and praise reproduce their kind. The praise of "The Man of Ross," has stimulated thousands to deeds of charity, and will, as long as poetry has a place in the minds of men. A habit may have its influence, but a deed is never forgotten. We see our institutions of benevolence flourishing around us, without reflecting how much expenditure of good feeling and charitable means they have cost. Political and civil institutions are the growth of time and necessity; while those of philanthropy are matters of more than ordinary exertions of individuals. Heaven has wisely planted a disposition in the human mind to regard the interests of those who may come after us, as well as to reverence those who have preceded us. The descendants of Mrs. Graham are among the most respectable people of the state. The mantle of Mrs. Graham has fallen on her daughter, Mrs. Bethune, who has worn it with the same active spirit, the same untiring

sense of duty, and the same pure religious feeling. She has been as much known as her mother, and may she find among her friends, when she shall be no more, as splendid and zealous a eulogist, as good Mrs. Graham did, in the learned and impassioned Mason. I should have been more minute in the sketch of this character, had I not known that many have written her life, and spread it far, and almost, I might say, throughout Christendom.

GRACE GETHIN, an English lady of excellent talents, was the daughter of Sir George Norton, of Abbots-Leigh, in Somersetshire, and born in 1676. She had all the advantages of a liberal education, and became the wife of Sir Richard Gethin, of Gethin-Grott, in Ireland. She was mistress of great accomplishments, natural and acquired, but did not live long enough to display them to the world, for she died in her twenty-first year, October 11th, 1697. She was not buried in Westminster-Abbey, but a beautiful monument was erected to her memory in that cemetery of the mighty dead, with an elegant inscription commemorating her virtues and talents. Provision was made for a sermon to be preached in the Abbey yearly, on Ash-Wednesday forever. The remains of her literary labors were collected and printed. She was meek, candid, pious, and lovely. Some of the sermons on her memory contain some excellent observations on the female character, as well as encomiums on herself.

ELEANORA GALLIGAI, the wife of Concini, Marshal d'Ancre, was daughter of a joiner and washer-woman, in Italy. She was foster sister to Mary of Medicis, who loved her, and to this was owing her greatness and misfortunes. She came to France, and although her features were plain, and even disgusting, she married Concini, but did not show that moderation which her great powers of mind seemed to promise. Haughty and imperious, her conduct soon gave offence to Louis XIII., the son of her partial mistress, who caused her husband to be assassinated, and herself to be brought to trial, though no crime but that of being a favorite could be brought against her. She was charged with

sorcery; and when questioned by what magic she had so fascinated her mistress, she made this well known answer, "By that power which strong minds naturally possess over the weak." She was condemned in 1617, and executed.

LADY JANE GRAY, eldest daughter of Henry Gray, marquis of Dorset, and duke of Suffolk, was not more distinguished for her illustrious descent, than for her endowments, her virtues, and unhappy destiny. On the side of her mother she was allied to the royal house of Tudor.

Jane, lovely in her person, gentle, modest, and amiable in her temper, endowed with a superior capacity, and powers of application uncommon for her sex and age, was educated with the young king, Edward VI., whom she emulated, and even surpassed, in every liberal attainment. She had at a very early age applied herself to the acquisition of the Greek, the Roman, the Arabic, the Chaldee, with the French and Italian languages, and was conversant both with ancient and modern literature. She devoted herself more peculiarly to the study of philosophy, of which she became enamored; nor was she unacquainted with the sciences and arts. She wrote a fine hand, was mistress of music, and excelled in the customary avocations of her sex. The theological controversies of the times also, peculiarly engaged her attention. She possessed great sensibility of temper, with a devotional turn of mind, and had, on investigation, imbibed the principles of the reformation.

The predilection of the lady Jane for learning and philosophy, is attested by Roger Ascham, tutor to the princess Elizabeth, who, calling at Brodegate, in Leicestershire, previous to his quitting England, to take leave of the family of the duke of Suffolk, found Jane, while her parents with their household were hunting in the park, deeply engaged in the perusal of Plato's "Phædon;" in which she appeared to take peculiar delight. Mr. Ascham inquired why she lost, in studies so grave, the *pastime* going forward in the park. She answered, smilingly, *because she found in reading Plato a pleasure of more exquisite nature than hunting could have afforded to her.*

Her talents and sweetness of manners endeared her to the young king, and induced him to yield with the greater facility to the projects of her father, and of the duke of Northumberland, whose fourth son, Lord Guilford Dudley, espoused the Lady Jane in May, 1553, two months previous to the decease of Edward. Northumberland represented to the young monarch, who, weakened by the infirm state of his health, was susceptible to every impression, that his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, had both been declared illegitimate by parliament, and that though Henry by his will had restored them to the succession, their birth yet rendered them obnoxious to the people; that they were but his half sisters, and, even if legitimate, could not possess the crown as his heirs. He added, that the queen of Scots was excluded by the will of the late king, that she was also an alien by law, not to mention that being betrothed to the dauphin of France, the kingdom would, by her succession, become a French province. That the abolition of the protestant religion, to which Edward was zealously attached, the repeal of the laws in its favor, and the re-establishment of the Roman superstition, would necessarily follow either the reign of the queen of Scots, or of the princess Mary his sister; that both justice and interest required their exclusion, in which case, the succession devolved on the duchess of Suffolk, whose heir, the lady Jane, was fitted to adorn a throne, and to establish the happiness of the nation.

These reasonings, could not fail to move a young prince in the situation of Edward, whose predilection for the protestants, made him tremble at the idea of devolving the crown to Mary, a bigoted catholic; while his tender affection for Elizabeth yielded to the persuasion, that to exclude one sister and admit the claims of another, would be considered as unkind and unjust.

Edward, having given his consent to the projected settlement, it was in vain that the chief justice, the judges, and the great officers started difficulties and multiplied objections; threats, persuasions, and intrigues, overruled their resistance. Mary and Elizabeth being thus set aside, the crown was settled on the heirs of the duchess of Suffolk, who was content to resign her rights in favor of her daughter. On the sixth of July, 1553.

Edward expired at Greenwich, in the sixteenth year of his age, and seventh of his reign.

Jane, humble and unambitious, absorbed in her studies, her mind devoted to elegant literature, and her heart full of tenderness toward her husband, whose merit justified her affection, received from her father in law the tidings of her advancement with equal astonishment, terror, and grief. Rejecting the splendid destiny which courted her acceptance, she pleaded the preferable right of the princesses, while she declared that her principles would not suffer her to avail herself of the honors proffered to her. Having reminded her friends of the danger of public eminence, and the instability of human affairs, she concluded with an earnest expression of her preference to the safety and freedom of a private station. But vain was her opposition to the ambition of the duchess. Her mother, her husband, whose persuasions the sensibility of her heart rendered too efficacious, joined to importune her; overpowered by their solicitude, and their united influence and authority, which she had been unaccustomed to resist, she at length yielded a reluctant consent, and sacrificed to her family her inclinations and her judgment.

Jane having been conveyed by Northumberland to the tower where it was customary for the sovereigns of England to pass the first days of their accession, orders were given to the council to proclaim throughout the kingdom the daughter of the duchess of Suffolk. These commands were, however, executed but in London and its environs, where the proclamation was received with coldness, silence, and concern, and even in some instances with contempt and scorn. The protestant preachers exerted without success their eloquence in favor of the young queen; no effect was produced on the audience. The people, prejudiced in favor of hereditary succession, flocked to Mary, the rightful heir, who, by courteous assurance and fair promises, allayed their apprehension for the protestants religion.

Northumberland, perceiving his army too weak to encounter *that of Mary*, importuned the council for a reinforcement; who, *availing themselves* of the pretence, left the tower, as if to execute his demands. Having deliberated on the paths they

should pursue, they quickly persuaded themselves, that one method only remained for atoning for the conduct into which they had been betrayed, a prompt return to the rightful heir. The people expressed their approbation by shouts of applause; even Suffolk, who commanded in the tower, finding resistance vain, opened the gates, and declared for Mary. Jane resigned with cheerfulness the pageantry with which she had been invested, declaring at the same time, that she returned to a private station with far greater pleasure than she had quitted it; she was convinced, she added, that she had been guilty of a fault in resigning her principles to authority, but that, in her present resignation, her inclinations and judgment perfectly accorded.

Northumberland, deserted by his followers, and despairing of success, joined in the general voice in favor of Mary, with those external marks of satisfaction, which courtiers, when their interests are at stake, so well know how to assume. His duplicity, however, availed him little, he was taken into custody by orders from the queen; when, not less abject in distress than arrogant in prosperity, he fell on his knees, and supplicated for his life. He was afterwards executed, and on the scaffold, professed the catholic religion. His sons, and several other noblemen, were also seized, and secured; while the duke of Suffolk, his daughter, the Lady Jane, with her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, were, as prisoners, committed to the tower.

Though sentence had been passed against the Lady Jane and Lord Guilford, who had neither attained their seventeenth year, no intention appeared of putting it in execution, so powerfully did their youth plead in their behalf. But the imprudence of Suffolk, not long after, precipitated theirs and his own fate. A rebellion, originating in the religious discontents of the nation, who were exposed to persecution from the bigotry of the queen, having broken out, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Suffolk with a view of recovering the crown for his family, joined the insurgents. His guilt and ingratitude were imputed to his children, whom the queen, with a narrow mind, incapable of distinguishing, or of real generosity, determined to sacrifice to her vengeance and her fears.

Warning was accordingly given to the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom, which the innocence of her life, and the misfortunes to which it was exposed, rendered but little formidable to her pious and reflecting mind. The queen, under an absurd pretence of care for the salvation of her victims, harrassed the remnant of their lives, with tiresome disputations. Priests, the most celebrated for their learning and acuteness, were commissioned to exhort the Lady Jane to a change in her faith. For this important purpose, even three days reprieve were graciously allowed. Neither arguments, flatteries, threats, nor promises, were spared to shake the firmness of the youthful heroine, whose courage baffled the attacks of persecutors. Having defended her opinions with ability and resolution, she addressed a letter to her sister, in the Greek language, accompanied by a copy of the scriptures, and an exhortation to maintain, in every trial, that fortitude and perseverance of which she trusted to give her the example. In the bloom and spring of life, she contemplated the approach of death with a true philosophical equanimity.

Her execution was announced to her by Feckenham, the queen's chaplain, who was commissioned to offer to her at the same time, a reconciliation with the church of Rome. To the first part of his mission she listened without emotion, in reply to the latter, she told him she had no leisure for further controversy, but should devote the short remainder of her time to a preparation for her fate. On being informed by him, that three days respite had been granted to her, for the purpose of endeavoring to procure her conversion, she answered, "that her meaning had been misunderstood, that she desired not her life to be protracted, neither had she wished the queen to be solicited for such a purpose." The chaplain proceeding to press her on religious difference, she discussed with him her objections to the doctrine and authority of the Romish church. The part which Jane sustained in this conference is highly commended by *Bishop Burnet*, and other ecclesiastical historians.

She wrote several letters during her captivity, among which was one more particularly mentioned by historians, addressed

to Doctor Hardington her father's chaplain, who had apostatized from his religion; and whom she exhorted, in an earnest and pathetic strain, citing from the scriptures and from church history, many passages in support of her purpose, to prefer his conscience to his safety. Bishop Burnet mentions having in his possession two Latin letters of the Lady Jane, written in a chaste and simple style, and addressed to Bullinger, with whom she was entering on the study of the Hebrew, and for whom, in a strain of modesty and piety, she expresses great respect and deference. These letters, with two other Latin epistles, were printed; one of them is addressed to Bullinger, the other to her sister, the Lady Katherine Gray; they abound in pious exhortations and affectionate expressions, and were written the night before her execution, on some blank leaves of her Greek testament, which she had been previously perusing. She also composed for her own use a long prayer, full of ardent expressions of devotion.

- The evening before her death, she was again persecuted by bishops and priests, with arguments and persuasions to die in obedience to the true church; but finding all their importunities fruitless, they at length quitted her, as a lost and forsaken member.

Her husband, on the day of their execution, entreated to be allowed a last interview with his wife; this she declined, alledging as her motive, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and incapacitate their minds for the constancy and courage demanded by their approaching fate. Their separation, she added, was but for a moment, when they should re-unite never more to part, in scenes where neither disappointment, misfortune, nor death would disturb their felicity. It had been intended to execute them both on the same scaffold, but the council were justly apprehensive of the impression which this spectacle might make on the people; the youth, the beauty, the birth, the innocence of the victims, could not fail of moving every heart. Jane was therefore ordered to be beheaded *within the Tower*, and Lord Guilford on the hill.

Jane beheld from her window her husband led to execution;

when, having given him some token of her remembrance, she awaited her own fate with tranquil firmness. On her way to the scaffold she was met by the lifeless body of Lord Guilford; this affecting spectacle forced from her some tears, which the report of his constancy and courage quickly dried, while it inspired her with new fortitude. She attested at the scaffold her innocence of intentional wrong, but without breathing the shadow of a complaint against the severity by which she suffered. Her crime, she said, had not been ambition, but the want of constancy to resist with sufficient firmness the instances of those whom she had been accustomed to revere and obey. She declared, that she submitted cheerfully to death, as the only reparation in her power to make to the injured laws. That if her infringement of those laws had been constrained, her voluntary submission to their sentence, would, she hoped, be accepted as an atonement for the error into which filial piety only could have betrayed her. As the instrument of the ambitious projects of others, she confessed her punishment to be just; and trusted that her history would prove useful in demonstrating to all, that personal innocence is no excuse for actions which tend to the disturbance of the community. She concluded her remarks by a solid profession of her faith, and devoutly repeated a psalm in English.

Rejecting the proffered assistance of the executioner, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women. The executioner, kneeling, implored her forgiveness, which she readily accorded to him, adding, "I pray you dispatch me quickly." Then kneeling, and saying, "Lord into thy hands I commit my spirit!" she meekly submitted to her fate. This tragedy took place on the twelfth of February, 1554, when the admirable and heroic victim had scarcely completed her seventeenth year.

She is described by Doctor Fuller as possessing the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of maturity, and the gravity of age. Her birth was that of a princess; and with the learning of a scholar she led the life of a saint; and yet, for the offences of others, she was constrained to suffer the death of a malefactor.

Her father, the duke of Suffolk, paid the forfeit of his crimes. He was, soon after the death of his daughter, tried, condemned, and executed.

On the walls of the room on which the lady Jane was imprisoned in the Tower, she wrote with a pin the following lines:

"Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drink to day,
To-morrow may be drunk by thee.

"Harmless all malice if our God is nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day."

GALERIA, wife of Vitellius, emperor of Rome, distinguished herself in a vicious age, by exemplary wisdom and modesty. After the tragical death of her husband she passed her days in mourning and retirement.

CATHERINE MACAULAY GRAHAM. This lady, who, by her writings, and the powers of her mind, has reflected so much credit on her sex and country, was born in the year 1733, at her father's seat at Ollantigh, near Ashford, on Kent. Her mother died while she was an infant, and her father, Mr. Sawbridge, so severely felt the loss, that he almost secluded himself from society, though possessed of a fortune of 3000*l.* a year. He paid no attention to the education of his two daughters, who were left at the family seat, at Ollantigh, to the charge of an antiquated, well recommended, but ignorant governess, ill qualified for the task she undertook.

Under the superintendence of this woman, they grew together, while their minds and characters, as directed by other circumstances, took a different turn. The eldest daughter, whose temper was placid and amiable, derived amusement from her baby hours, and from the customary avocations of her sex and age. The younger, Catherine, found nothing to interest her.

attention in her sister's pursuits; active and curious, she thirsted for knowledge, and her dolls could give her no information. The books which were put into her hands entertained her for a time, while they interested her imagination, and gratified her taste for novelty; but at length she became satiated with fairy tales and romances, which afforded not aliment sufficiently substantial to satisfy the cravings of her inquiring mind. Having found her way into her father's well furnished library, she became her own purveyor, and rioted in intellectual luxury. Every hour in the day, which no longer hung heavy on her hands, was now occupied and improved. She first made choice of the periodical writers, the Spectator, Guardian, &c., who, in treating of morals and manners, led her to reflection, while they opened and strengthened her mind. As she advanced in age, her studies took a wider range; she grew attached to history, and dwelt with delight and ardor on the annals of the Greek and Roman republics. Their laws and manners interested her understanding, the spirit of patriotism seized her, and she became an enthusiast in the cause of freedom. The heroic character and actions with which the period of history is intermingled and enlivened, seldom fail to captivate the affection of a youthful and uncorrupted heart. All other books were thrown aside, history became her darling passion, and liberty the idol of her imagination. Rollin's Ancient History, and his account of the Roman republic, first lighted up that spark in her mind, which afterwards blazed with so much fervor and splendor, and which gave the tone to her sentiments and character through the subsequent periods of her life. From the world of frivolity, flattery, and dissipation, she shrunk back to a more improving world of her own. In the course of her historical studies, the pictures of vice and turpitude, which occasionally presented themselves, while they roused her indignation, excited the astonishment of her inexperienced heart, the feelings of which were called forth, exercised, and exalted. The history of the despotism and tyranny of a few individuals, and the slavish subjection of uncounted millions, their passive acquiescence, their sufferings, and their wrongs, appeared to her a moral problem, which she had

no instruments to solve. She had yet to learn the force of prescription, of habit, and of association, the imitative and progressive nature of the human mind, and the complicated springs by which it is set in motion. She deeply reflected on the subject of government, with its influence on the happiness and virtue of mankind; she became anxious that the distance should be diminished that separates man from man; and to see extended over the whole human race those enlightened sentiments, equal laws, and equitable decisions, that might restore to its due proportion a balance so ill adjusted, and combine with the refinement of a more advanced age the simplicity and virtue of the earlier periods. Fraught with these ideas, and with a heart glowing with good will towards her species, she took up her pen, and gave to the most interesting portion of the history of her country a new spirit and interest.

In her friendships, Mrs. Macaulay was fervent, disinterested, and sincere; zealous for the prosperity, and for the moral improvement of those whom she distinguished and loved. She was earnest, constant, and eloquent in her efforts for rectifying the principles, and enlarging the minds, of her friends and connections. It was her favorite maxim that universal benevolence, and a liberal way of thinking, were not only essential to the freedom and welfare of society, but to individual virtue, enjoyment and happiness. There was no arrogance in her exhortations and counsels; her accents were not less mild and persuasive, than her reason was energetic and forcible.

Towards the latter end of the year 1777, she was ordered by her physicians to the south of France, for the benefit of her health. A low nervous fever, to which she was subject, had debilitated her frame, without deducting either from the force or activity of her mind. Nothing, during this excursion, escaped her observation; her conversation and remarks were at once acute and profound. During the six weeks that she remained at Paris, her apartments were crowded with visitors. Among the Americans, who were at that time numerous at Paris, those who were eminent for their learning or talents seized every opportunity of observing the fair historian, and mingling in

the societies she was accustomed to frequent. Apprehensive, from these circumstances, that her conduct might be misconstrued, she concluded to bid adieu to the hospitable societies at Paris, and return once more to her native land. In a letter to Doctor Franklin, who was then at Paris, before her departure, she informed him of the motives by which she had been induced to waive the satisfaction of seeing him and his American friends at her hotel. The circumstances of the times, and her known republican principles, rendered her liable to suspicions; and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in England to consequences, which, in the delicate state of her health, could not but prove fatal. "The whole tenor of my conduct must have convinced you, sir," says she, towards the conclusion of her letter, "that I should with pleasure sacrifice my life, could it have been of any *real service* to the cause of public freedom. I am now nursing my constitution, to enable me to treat at large, in the history in which I am engaged, on our fatal civil war. I am, sir, with profound respect for your great qualities, as a statesman, patriot, and philosopher, yours, &c. &c."

Having been personally acquainted with the greater number of the celebrated Americans who visited England, and in the habit of corresponding with those who had distinguished themselves on the other side of the Atlantic, Mrs. Macauley was very desirous of making a visit to the transatlantic republic; a design which she executed in 1785. She visited nine of the thirteen United States, where she was received with kindness and hospitality. She terminated her journey to the south by paying her respects to General Washington, at his seat at Mount Vernon. Under the roof of this illustrious man she remained three weeks, and continued to correspond with him during the remainder of her life.

It seemed to have been her intention, after her return to England, to have composed a history of the American contest; for which purpose she had been furnished by General Washington *many materials*, but the infirm state of her health prevented *she resided*, during the greater part of the remainder of *at Binfield* in Berkshire, where, after a tedious illness;

attended by much suffering, which she supported with exemplary patience and fortitude, she expired, June 22d, 1791.

She was twice married; the first time to Doctor George Ma-caulay, a physician of some eminence in London; and, after his death, to Mr. William Graham, who had also been educated to the profession of physic, but who afterwards entered into the church.

MARY JANE GROSVENOR, was the only daughter of the late Alexander C. Hanson, Esq., chancellor of Maryland. During her very infancy, he began to form her mind on the purest model, to enrich it with various literature, and to plant deeply and durably therein the seeds of virtue and morality. In this endearing work, he was powerfully assisted by her mother, a woman of rare excellence. To those who knew the late chancellor and his lady, his diversified talents and excellent principles, her virtuous mind, and sound judgment, it is not necessary to say, that a mind like that of Mrs. Grosvenor, docile, brilliant, and strong, under their skillful culture, was reared rapidly to maturity. And happy for her was this early and rapid progress in every mental endowment, for at the age of fifteen began the real sorrows of life; she lost her father. In the ensuing year her mother, on whom now rested all her remaining hopes of earthly happiness, broken hearted, followed her husband to the tomb.

Of the state of Mrs. Grosvenor's mind, up to this period, of her views of religion, of her particular studies, and indeed, of her general pursuits, little is known. Certainly, she had read extensively and advantageously, and under the direction of her father, had attempted branches of literature not frequently cultivated or deemed appropriate to her sex. Certainly her life must have been correct, and her disposition affectionate, for she was esteemed and loved until her death, by the friends of her early years.

Now at the age of sixteen, she was left in the city of Baltimore, a new and strange abode, without friends or guides of her own sex, without property, without even common acquaintance, a young, refined, and artless girl, to the sole care of her two

brothers. Neither of them had attained the age of twenty-one years. Baltimore was the focus of pleasure and of fashion. They were young and gay, engaged in the bustle of life, fond of its pleasures, immersed in its business, and intent on building up their own fortunes, which they were left to perform with their own hands; however kindly disposed, and most kindly disposed they were, however affectionately they loved her, and most affectionately they did love her, and however willing to cherish and console her, it cannot be conceived that thus situated, and engaged in such constant scenes, they could become either judicious counsellors, or appropriate guides to her young mind, through the mazes of this wicked world. For a long time she had few, if any female associates of her own age, with whom her soul could hold friendly communion. Perhaps it was fortunate for her that she was doomed for a season to solitary affliction. Perhaps it was the kindness of her God, which compelled her thus early to serious reflection, to resort to her own mind for support; to fly to Him for succor and consolation. We may indulge the belief, that in this solitary and sorrowful period, were sown those seeds of grace, which though buried for a season, sprouted forth, and in after years flourished like the green bay tree, and finally produced the richest fruits of humanity, charity, and vital piety.

The tenor of her life for the five or six succeeding years, is not particularly known. She certainly was disposed to solemn contemplation; she was constant in the public worship of God, according to the forms of the church to which she belonged. She continued to reside with the one or the other of her brothers in Baltimore. At length she mingled in the society of her sex, and no doubt was immersed in those pleasures which eminently pertains to that society in the place of her residence.

At the age of twenty-two, her mind became more seriously impressed by the great truths of religion, and she began solemnly to enquire, what she should do to be saved. This change *was not* evidenced by any particularly grave deportment; nor by *any* apparent gloom or despondency; nor by abandoning the cheerful pleasures of society; nor yet by withdrawing from

those public amusements, which are thought by the world to be appropriate to her age and sex; but her leisure hours were devoted to serious studies. From her infancy, she had never failed to approach the throne of grace, both morning and evening. But now, she wrestled with her God more earnestly; explored the original corruptions of her own heart more vigilantly, searched the book of life more frequently, and became daily more importunate with her God, to guide her steps in the right way.

In March, 1816, she was married to the Honorable Thomas P. Grosvenor, a distinguished representative in congress, from the state of New York. She was a wife but nine months, five of which were passed in sickness and in suffering.

In June, she was affected by a severe cold, accompanied by coughing, wandering pains, and the expectoration of a very little blood. In July, an hæmoptysis ensued, and she discharged from her lungs a large quantity of blood. A bilious fever succeeded, which for twenty-one days raged with a fury beyond the control of medicine. At length it subsided, and her disorder assumed the defined shape of a consumption. From the first, she had been unable to stand or move from her bed, but in the arms of another. For five months, pains the most acute and tormenting, were her constant attendants. At length, her life, after quivering long in the socket, was suddenly extinguished; and that soul, which had been long familiar with death, and had long rested on faith, took its flight from a world of suffering, to mingle with congenial spirits in the New Jerusalem above. By frequent conversations on her death bed, she taught, as from the grave, the great lesson, that all reliance for salvation, is in the rich, unmerited mercy of the Redeemer.

She lived and died a member of the protestant episcopal church, under the guidance and sanction of the Right Reverend Bishop Kemp, of Baltimore. She seized the last moment allowed her, and with a look and tone, which evinced hope, confidence, and holy triumph, which proved that her earnest prayers for support in her dying hours, were heard and answered, she exclaimed, "God bless you all. Give him thanks that he has enabled me to set you this example."

These were her last words. Not one struggle, scarcely one convulsive spasm was visible. A smile of triumph lingered on her face. It was the beam of a sun that had set. The saint had entered into rest.

Such was the end of this young and lovely woman. It was a happy and glorious death. It was a triumphant appeal to all, whether our blessed faith brings not comfort unspeakable; but how strong, how suitable, how glorious its consolations are, no one can ever know, until, like her, he is bereft of all others, and, like her, finds them sufficient, when all others fail.

Many were the wretches, steeped in poverty and in suffering, who invoked the blessings of heaven upon her small, but kind and discriminating charities; not for her charities only, but for her frequent visits to their desolate abodes, for the timely assistance which her own hand had rendered, and the religious consolations which her soothing admonitions have administered. How many pillows of sickness and agony has her own hand smoothed? Over how many beds of death has she watched, relieving sorrow by her sympathy, alluring to heaven by her persuasions, assuaging even the agonies of death by her kindness and consolation?

"Playful and artless, on the summer wave
Sporting with buoyant wing, the fairy scene
With fairest grace adorning; but in woe,
In poverty, in soul subduing griefs,
In patient tending on the sick man's bed,
In ministrings of love, in bitterest pangs
Faithful and firm; in scenes where former hearts
Have cracked, still cheerful, and still kind."

SUSAN HUNTINGTON, the wife of Joshua Huntington, a distinguished clergyman in Boston, was the daughter of Achilles Mansfield, a clergyman of Killingworth, Connecticut; she was born January 27th 1791. She was a descendant, on the maternal side from the "*Indian Apostle*," John Eliot. Jared Eliot, her maternal grandfather, was grandson of the great translator of the bible into the Indian language. Jared Eliot was a man of talents and acquirements, as in fact, have been his descendants.

He introduced the white mulberry into Connecticut, and made some successful attempts to cultivate the silkworm for the purpose of making silk, but although Franklin approved of his exertions, his neighbors did not believe that this could be done to advantage, and his efforts were not followed up. His knowledge of botany, of agriculture and manufactures was in advance of his age. He was also a chemist and good physician, and had a high reputation for his treatment of maniacal patients. In this he anticipated the great improvement of modern times, in using a moral as well as medical treatment. He preached for forty years on Sunday without omitting a single day. He had "*a sane mind in sound body*," and must also have been favored by heaven to have done this. Mr. Eliot was twenty-one years older than Franklin, but he used to say, when the philosopher had spent a night with him, as it is said he frequently did: "I have had in my house the oldest man in America." The agricultural essays from his pen may be read with profit at this day, although they were written more than three quarters of a century ago.

Miss Mansfield was married to Joshua Huntington in 1809, He died in 1819. She survived him four years. She was an excellent woman, of highly cultivated mind, and gentle and amiable manners. She wrote several tracts of merit, and was capable of higher efforts; an anecdote will show her disposition. While a widow she was robbed by a female of several valuable articles of jewelry. This was made known to the officers, and the thief and the articles were found. She was called on in the municipal court to identify them. This was readily done. She was asked their value, but at once saw the bearing of the question and seemed reluctant to answer; and for a moment evaded it by saying that she was not a good judge of jewelry, as she never used much of it. A person was called to give a value of the articles. She requested him to consider that they were old fashioned, had been worn many years ago, and showed no little address to get them appraised at a low rate. Satisfied with this result, she suggested to the judge that she was perhaps innocently the cause of the crime, for she had taken these things

from a trunk where they had long been unscout, and by accident left them on the table, thus throwing temptations before the poor ignorant girl. She modestly and sweetly said that she did not wish to interfere with the duties of a judge, but as far as her feelings could be indulged, she wished for the least possible punishment for the unfortunate girl. She hoped and wished that she would repent, and stepped from the stand with a tear trembling in her eye. The judge was sensibly affected, and mentioned Mrs. Huntington's charitable feelings in his sentence of the culprit, and told her that the good woman she had been so base as to steal from, had saved her from severe punishment.

Mrs. Huntington died on the fourth of December, 1823, much lamented. Her memoirs have been written by the Rev. B. B. Wisner, the successor of her husband at the old south meeting house, in the city of Boston, and published, with her letters, a journal, and some fragments of poetry. This work was very acceptable to the public in this country, and was held in great estimation abroad. In Scotland the volume passed through five editions in a short time. It was accompanied by an essay and poem written by James Montgomery the poet. This was a high, but deserved tribute of respect from one great and good mind to another, whose persons oceans divided, but whose minds were in unison upon the great truths of religion. Hundreds of works have been republished in this country, written in other countries, not half so worthy of diffusion as the mental labors of Mrs. Huntington. And we are happy to find that a few of our own books are noticed beyond the waters. When religion, liberty, and letters are properly regarded, and assume their legitimate rank, there will be no boundary lines formed by prejudice, or kept up by political reasons, for the offspring of mind.

HYPATIA, a learned and beautiful lady, the daughter of Theon, a celebrated philosopher and mathematician, and president of the Alexandrian school, was born at Alexandria, about the end of the fourth century. Her father, encouraged by her *extraordinary* genius, had her not only educated in all the ordi-

nary qualifications of her sex, but instructed her in the most abstruse sciences. She made great progress in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, and the mathematics, so that she was esteemed the most learned person of her time. At length she was thought worthy to succeed her father in that distinguished and important employment, the government of the school of Alexandria, and to teach out of that chair, where Ammonius, Herocles, and many other great men had taught before; and this at a time when men of learning abounded in Alexandria, and in many other parts of the Roman empire. Her fame was so extensive, that she had a very crowded auditory. But, while Hypatia reigned the brightest ornament of Alexandria, a kind of civil war, which broke out between Orestes the governor, and Cyril the patriarch, proved fatal to this lady. In 415, about five hundred monks attacked the governor, dragged Hypatia from the chair, tore her to pieces, and burned her limbs.

ANN HUTCHINSON. It often happens, that persons live in an age too early to have their merits duly estimated. This was the case of Galileo and others, who have done much for mankind. It often takes whole ages to set history right upon matters of fact and opinion. No person, in our annals, has suffered more obloquy without cause, than Mrs. Hutchinson. She came with her husband from Lincolnshire to Boston, in 1636. Her husband was a man of note, being a representative of Boston, and in good repute. Mrs. Hutchinson was a well educated, shrewd woman; she was a great admirer of Mr. Cotton, then a popular preacher in Boston, with whom, it is probable, she was well acquainted in England, as they came from the same county. She was ambitious and active, and was delighted with metaphysical subtleties and nice distinctions. She had a ready pen, and a fine memory, and from the habit of taking notes in church, she possessed herself of all the points in Mr. Cotton's sermons, which she was fond of communicating to others of less retentive faculties. She held conference meetings at her own house, and commented on the great doctrines of salvation. She entertained several speculative opinions, that in the present state of

intelligence, would be considered as harmless as a poet's dreams, but which, at that time, "threw the whole colony into a flame." Every household was fevered by religious discussions upon covenants of faith and covenants of works, always the most bitter of all disputes. In all probability, the vanity of Mrs. Hutchinson was raised, to see that she could so easily disturb the religious and metaphysical world about her; and no doubt, but that the persecutions she suffered, made her more obstinate than she otherwise would have been. If they had let her alone, her doctrines would have passed away with a thousand other vagaries; but the clergy would not suffer this to be, notwithstanding they risked something in calling this popular woman to an account. She was considered wiser, and more learned in the scriptures than all her opponents. She had powerful friends. Sir Henry Vane the governor, a popular young man, of large wealth, was her friend, and Cotton and Wheelwright the ministers, were her warm supporters, and had a profound respect for her talents and virtues; but still the majority of the clergy was against her.

In 1637 a synod was called, the first in our history, which was held in conclave at Cambridge. It was composed of the governor, the deputy governor, the council of assistants, and the teachers and the elders of churches. They sat in conclave for fear of the people, particularly Mrs. Hutchinson's followers. Her friend, Sir Henry Vane, was no longer in the chair of state. In this body she was charged with heresy, and called upon to defend herself before these inquisitors. The charges and specifications were numerous, as is proved by the judgment of the court. Before the tribunal she stood for three weeks, defending herself against a body of inquisitors, who were at once the prosecutors, the witnesses, and the judges. The report of the trial is said to be from the minutes of Governor Winthrop, certainly not from her own brief. The charges from the governor, who presided, were vituperations and vague, consisting of *general matters*, rather than of special allegations; to all of *which she returned the most acute and pregnant answers, evincing a mind of the first order.* One after another of her judges

questioned and harangued her, but she never lost her self-possession. The only circumstance in the whole case that shows the sincerity of her judges, is the report they have made of her trial. Her judges were the first in the land, comprising every one in the colony, who had fallen under the suspicion of having been her friend. That intolerant old Dudley, the lieutenant governor, was the most inveterate of her enemies. Cotton, who was called as a witness, behaved well, and grave and holy as he was, was treated with great severity as a witness. On the whole they proved nothing against her, but that she had expressed her own opinions freely, and supported them manfully, by unanswerable texts of scripture. No defence ever recorded in profane history has ever been equal to this. Socrates before his judges did not meet his accusers with half the acuteness. Eugene Aram's defence had not the same directness and power, nor that of Maria Antoinette more high mindedness. St. Paul's alone, before the Areopagii can bear any comparison. He was charged of introducing a new God, which, by an Athenian law, was death, to prevent an increase of their catalogue of divinities. He escaped by declaring that he had not enlarged their number, but that he taught them who was the unknown God, whose temple he had seen among them, and whose name was inscribed on its walls.

Instead of raising a monument, as they should have done to this most acute metaphysician and eloquent defender of herself, they found her guilty of more than eighty heretical opinions; but fortunately for themselves, they did not venture to specify them in her sentence, but ordered her to recant and renounce them, under the penalty of excommunication and banishment. Mrs. Hutchinson was firm; she made a fair explanation, but would not renounce what she conscientiously believed to be right, and was accordingly banished. She went to Rhode Island, but did not long remain there. After the death of her husband, in 1642, she went to the Dutch country beyond New Haven, and was, with most of her large family, massacred by the Indians. *This, the superstitious considered as a judgment, "for many evils in her conversation, as well as for corrupt opinions;" and to this*

day she is called an artful woman, but not one of her accusers dare name one of those evils of conversation, and but two or three of those corrupt opinions. The writer feels ashamed of the land of his birth, in reading the whole course of this fanatical and unjust sentence, but would not have it erased from the records, as it is calculated to humble the pride of the inflexible bigot, and serves as a good lesson for modern times, in more than in one instance. That woman must have been of virtuous life, that such a band of inquisitors could not find cause to condemn, except as to opinions. The whole story is a lesson, for it shows, that men in a body may do that which but few of them separately, would dare to support. In that body were to be found the learned Phillips, the apostle Eliot, the honest Welde, with many other excellent men, who voted against the great female metaphysician of her time. Three only of the synod had the courage to dissent from the judgment. It seems, after all, that the sentence was more a matter of policy than of law, as may be drawn from the scantiness of the record on this head; for Winthrop was an acute lawyer, and if he had found any thing which he dared to put on record, in justification of this body, it would have been found there. That they should have erred, is not surprising; but that historians of a later age should have continued to justify them, is astonishing, and shows how little independence or original thinking there is among those who venture to call themselves historians.

HIPPARCHIA, a celebrated lady of Maronea in Thrace, in the time of Alexander the Great. Her attachment to learning and philosophy was so great, that having attended the lectures of Crates, the cynic, she fell in love with him, and resolved to marry him, though he was both old and ugly; and though she was courted by many handsome young men, distinguished by their rank and riches. Crates told her she could not be his wife, unless she resolved to live as he did. This she cheerfully agreed to, assumed the habit of the order, and accompanied him *everywhere* to public entertainments, &c., which was not customary with the Grecian ladies. She wrote several tragedies

philosophical hypotheses, and reasonings and questions, proposed to Theoderus the atheist, but none of her works are extant.

HORTENSIA, a Roman lady, was daughter of Hortensius the orator, of great wit and eloquence, as a speech preserved by Appian demonstrates; which for elegance of language, and justness of thought, would have done honor to Cicero or Demosthenes. What gave occasion to it was, that the triumvirs of Rome wasted a large sum of money for carrying on a war; and having met with difficulties in raising it, they drew up a list of fourteen hundred of the richest of the ladies, intending to tax them. Those ladies, after having in vain tried every method to evade so great an innovation, at last chose Hortensia for their speaker, and went along with her to the market place, where she addressed the triumvirs while they were administering justice. She concluded with these words: "Neither Marius, nor Cesar, nor Pompey, ever thought of obliging us to take part in the domestic troubles which their ambition had raised; nay, nor did even Sylla himself, who first set up tyranny in Rome; and yet you assume the glorious title of reformers of the state, a title, which will turn to your eternal infamy, if, without the least regard to the law of equity, you persist in your wicked resolution of plundering those of their lives and fortunes, who have given you no just cause of offence." The consequence was, that they reduced the list of those who should be taxed, to four hundred.

HECUBA, the second wife of Priam, and mother of Hector and Paris, was, according to Homer, the daughter of Dymas, or as Virgil, following Euripides, says, of Cisseis, king of Thrace, and sister of Theaia, the priestess of Apollo at Troy, during the war. After the capture of Troy, she attempted to revenge the death of her son Polydorus, and was stoned to death by the Greeks. Some say that she became a slave to Ulysses, and that this prince left the unfortunate princess in the hands of her enemies, who caused her to be stoned. It is probable, however, that Ulysses himself was the cause of her death;

because it is said, that upon his arrival in Sicily, he was so tormented with dreams, that he built a temple to Hecate, who presided over dreams, and a chapel to Hecuba.

MARCIA HALL, the daughter of William Hall, Esquire, was born in Vermont in the year 1807. She was well educated and remarkable for sedateness and deep reflection; and until she produced some verses of considerable merit, she was not suspected of having a taste for poetry. The cast of her mind was rather sentimental and touched with melancholy; a common case with those who find an early grave. The philosophy of this may not as yet be distinctly understood, but there are too many facts on record to doubt that such things are. Miss Hall was surrounded by partial friends, and had every comfort that a reasonable being could wish, and seemed contented with all about her; yet nothing could elevate her above an habitual touch of melancholy. She seemed not ambitious of literary distinction, but willingly yielded to the wishes of her friends in publishing what she wrote. She was so situated as to see in her short life, an extensive circle of female friends, for her father's house was a most hospitable mansion, and one where people of taste and information were often found. Her father was a gentleman of extensive acquirements, and his thirst for knowledge, and his admiration for genius, were not exceeded by any one in the country. He doated on this daughter, for in addition to her fine talents, her manners were gentle and affectionate, and all that knew her were her friends. Her poetical effusions were matters of amusement, and never seemed to fill her mind. She died in 1829, of consumption, that dragon that devours a thousand times as many of the virgins of the regions of frost, as ever were demanded by the monster from Athens in the days of fable. "Fell Phthisis" destroys more females of all ages than all the rest of the catalogue of diseases. She was prepared to meet death, and calmly too, in the lingering form it presented itself. While she wasted away, she still retained her good feelings for all the world; and if one might judge by the smile on her lip, and the lighting up of her eye, she was even

more cheerful than usual; she was gently descending to the grave. She talked of a change of world with a serenity which nothing but religion can give. Her compositions were, it is understood numerous; but I know not what pains there has been taken to preserve them. The following is a little gem from her pen, which the writer has preserved as a sort of keepsake, as a remembrancer of one who went down to the chambers of the dead, in the purity of virtue, the glow of genius, and the illuminations of religion.

SONG.

O take away that wreath of flowers,
Nor bind it on my brow;
For what was bright in former hours,
Is dark and cheerless now.

There is no light shed o'er my way;
E'en hope's pale beam has fled;
And those I lov'd are gone for aye
To the cold regions of the dead.

My life has been a chequered scene
Of grief and gladness, hopes and fears,
While joy's light steps, and pleasing mien,
Were rainbow glimpses, seen through tears.

Then take away that wreath of flowers,
Nor bind it on my brow;
For what was bright in former hours,
Is dark and cheerless now.

SARAH HULL, wife of General William Hull, was born at Newton, in Massachusetts, about the year 1755. She was the daughter of Judge Fuller, of that town, a man of note in his day. His daughter had all the advantages of education which Boston afforded, and they were superior to those of any other part of the country at that time. Mrs. Hull was distinguished for good sense, lady-like manners, and great energy of character. Her husband was a gallant young officer; he entered the army on the breaking out of the war, and gained laurels in every campaign. Mrs. Hull was with him in several; she was

one of those women who knew what they had to suffer in a camp, and made up her mind to meet all things with composure. It was the fashion then, more than at the present day, for the wives of officers to follow their husbands to the wars. There were an unusual number of ladies in Burgoyne's army; they had come out for amusement, to spend the winter in Albany and New York, after the junction between Burgoyne and Clinton should be formed. They were sadly deceived, and suffered much, notwithstanding, the Americans did every thing in their power to make them comfortable, after the surrender. Mrs. Schuyler, Knox, Brooks, Hull, and other American ladies were incessant in their attentions to Lady Harriet Acland, the Countess of Balcarras, Baroness Reidessel, and many others, who were voluntary prisoners with their husbands. It was contended in that day, that ladies were necessary in an army, to keep the officers from engaging in a round of dissipation, and to make them attentive to dress and moral discipline. It was then objected to, from an apprehension that men would not be so courageous when they knew that their wives would suffer from the effects of a disastrous fight; but there is no single instance on record, in our revolutionary annals, of the fears of a woman turning her husband from the fight, or of her persuading him not to go to battle; but many instances might be mentioned of their preparing the armor for the conflict, and of their girding on the sword of the officers with their own hands.

At the close of the war, Mrs. Hull returned with her family to her paternal inheritance, at Newton, where Major Hull soon became noticed in political life, and was returned a senator for the county of Middlesex, to the legislature of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, in which office he served for several terms. In this body he was urbane and assiduous, and it might be said, popular, notwithstanding he was in the minority. After the resignation of General John Brooks, in 1799, or 1800, General Hull was appointed by the legislature a major-general of the military division of his county. It was an excellent body of militia, in fine discipline, having been under that excellent officer, General Brooks. General Hull called out his whole

division twice, which were as fine military displays as have ever been seen in our country; the troops were mostly in neat and tasteful uniforms, and well equipped. Mrs. Hull did the honors of the general's marque, and the ease, dignity, and urbanity, with which she received her guests, mostly members of the legislature, and gentlemen and ladies of distinction, was the grand theme of conversation for a long time afterwards. She had with her two or three daughters full grown, who were elegant women, and attracted much attention among the visitors in this novel situation.

In the year 1805, General Hull was appointed governor of Michigan Territory, an office which he held until 1814, when he was succeeded by Lewis Cass, the present secretary of war. General Hull was a popular governor, and Mrs. Hull was admirably suited to her station. She gave a tone to society on the frontiers, and her family circle was admired and spoken of with pleasure, by every one who visited that region for pleasure or business. It was a wild region about them, although Detroit is an old settlement itself. At her hospitable head quarters, the traveler rested from his scientific tour, and the officers as they came from the farthest military posts, found a warm and generous welcome. At her table there was mind, taste, letters, and good manners.

At the commencement of the last war Governor Hull was appointed a major general in the United States' army, but on the express condition of retaining his office of governor of the territory of Michigan. When he took command of the army, war had not been declared, and his first knowledge of this fact was from the British. He was unfortunate in this campaign, and was obliged to surrender his forces to the army, under Proctor, which was much larger than his own. This subjected him to the greatest of all evils, except the loss of conscious rectitude, a suspicion of cowardice or treason. These disasters and his long protracted trial, we will leave to history, or to the general's biographer. The public have long since reversed its own decision upon the case, and before the general died he received the evidence of public favor, a public dinner, attended by the

first men in his state, among whom were many who were once ready to condemn him. After the agitation had in some measure passed away, General Hull wrote a defence of his conduct, which was unanswerable, and has been admired by all who have read it. If such misfortunes are sad to a man, they are still more excruciating to a woman; but Mrs. Hull bore up under all these evils like a philosopher and a Christian, believing that the day would come when all aspersions would be wiped from her husband's escutcheon. While the cloud hung upon her house, for what we have stated is not all, she lost a gallant son in battle, fighting for his country; she was serene and dignified, as if nothing had happened. Every family arrangement was strictly attended to, and her visitors were always received with a freedom and complacency that took away all restraint on their part. After having been restored to public confidence, and having embraced his old companion in arms, Lafayette, General Hull died in the fall of 1825. Mrs. Hull survived him less than a year, and died in August, 1826, in the house in which she was born. She had suffered much, but bore no traces of that suffering. She died as one who had seen enough of life, and was ready to depart in the Christian's faith of happiness beyond the grave.

SARAH HOFFMAN. Among the mothers in Israel who deserve, from continued exertions, in the cause of benevolence and religion, to be long remembered by mankind, is Mrs. Sarah Hoffman. She was the daughter of David Ogden, one of the judges of the superior court of New-Jersey, when that state was a province of Great Britain. She was born at Newark, in that state, September 8th, 1742. Her mother's name was Gertrude Gouverneur, a woman attentive to the education of her children. Sarah Ogden was married to Mr. Nicholas Hoffman, November 14th, 1762, by whom she had four children, two of whom, with twenty-four grand children, and nine great-grand children, were alive at the time of her death, July 30th, 1821. *In her early days she was provident, charitable, and religious, and took delight in doing all the good she could. During the*

revolution, she, in common with all her country-women, saw evil times. Her children were young, and her means impaired by the sanguinary conflict, and of course her charities were in a measure confined; but if her hand was less frequently open to relieve, than accorded with feelings, her heart was growing rich in benevolence, and she was suffered to live until she could sympathize and succor at the same time. She was a woman of sagacity, and saw that promiscuous charities, although they gave some relief for the moment, were not often judicious. She, with others with whom she communicated freely, among whom were Mrs. Graham, Maccomb, Bethune, Startin, Seton, Lowe, Howe, and others, in 1797, established *a society for the relief of poor widows with small children*. The institution flourished under the auspices of these pious, intelligent women, and was the means of saving much distress and suffering. At a stated meeting of the society, in April, 1803, it appeared by their report that "ninety-eight widows and two hundred and twenty-three children, had, by their means, been brought through the severity of the winter, with a considerable degree of comfort." The name of Mrs. Hoffman, in the act of incorporation, was associated with that Dorcas of charity, Mrs. Graham. This society was established on broad and tolerant principles. "It was," says the pious and liberal Stanford, whose delicate and feeling account of this lady has been in a good degree our guide, "a happy trait, in the formation of this society, and still continues, that objects of distress be relieved without the shadow of regard either to national distinction or to religious persuasion. It is presumed that this society was not only the first of the kind established in America, but the first in the world! Information of this establishment soon reached the city of London, and produced a dictate in the breasts of some ladies of distinction, to form a society in imitation of the one in New York; and which was supported under the patronage of the kind duchess of York. When one of the managers visited London, she was waited upon by several ladies, to enquire particularly into the manner of conducting this society, and received desirable information." *Good father Stanford is wrong in thinking that this was the*

first society for the relief of the widows and orphans in the world; more than half of the monasteries of the world were established for the self same purpose. It is often incorporated in the vow of pious nuns, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and to lead the blind. What Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Hoffman, and their associates did, during the ravages of the yellow fever, in 1798, had been done by many a pious nun before that time and since. Mrs. Hoffman and Graham, and their associates, perambulated the districts of disease and desolation, entered the abodes of misery, and brought consolation to wretchedness and despair. These good women were angels of mercy and saved thousands ready to perish. I have seen warriors arming for the battle field, philosophers who had made up their minds to die, and duelists in the crisis of honor, all of gallant bearing; but this courage is nothing to what I have seen from a timid female, who had made up her mind to go where duty led, where contagion and misery had taken possession of the dwellings of poverty. Talk of forlorn hopes of the Leonidean bands, of martyrs here and there, they had something to sustain them that came from the world, but these good women were like those at the tomb of Jesus of Nazareth, when even their hopes were lost. In this work of charity they did not stop to settle a creed, to discover who professed to be an episcopalian, or a presbyterian, a baptist, a methodist, or any other sect, their Savior led the way, and they followed.

Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Hoffman, hand in hand, went on together in the paths of charity, and turned off only for a moment to choose their own shaped altar, before which to kneel to say their prayers; and this worship performed, they would join again to travel highways and byways, in search of objects of charity from morn until night. They clambered up to danksome garrets to find the wretched; they descended into loathsome cellars to administer comfort to those dying in the dark vapors of a dungeon. They did not hesitate to take with them *medicine for the sick, food for the half-starved, and Christian consolation for the sick at soul, wretched beings, half doubting even the goodness of the God who made them.* There

is a sickness that comes over the heart in these abodes of poverty, closely allied to blasphemy. The great preacher understood this principle. The starving have seldom a thanksgiving on their dying lips; but as these angels of succor came, they taught these wretches, as they fed them, how to pray to their Father in heaven. If these good Samaritans had recorded their adventures, it would have made series of tales far surpassing the ingenuity of fiction. But their labors can never be fully known, except to Him who makes up the record of the book of life.

Mrs. Hoffman was not only a woman of feeling and firmness, but of a strong mind, which is fairly proved by her epistolary correspondence to Mrs. Startin and others. Those who visited her while she was on her death-bed, have borne witness to the fervor of her faith and to the strength of her intellect. May thousands emulate the beauties of her life.

SARAH HALL, was born at Philadelphia, on the 30th of October, 1761. She was daughter of John Ewing, D. D., who was for many years provost of Pennsylvania University, and pastor of a presbyterian church in that city. He was distinguished for his attainments as a scholar and a divine. Mrs. Hall was thoroughly educated in every household duty by her excellent mother. She was married young, and reared a large family, and made the most judicious use of all the means put into her hands. Her father had not given much attention to her education, no more than social instruction would go in his leisure hours, and this may be farther than is generally imagined. There is much to be gained in a family circle, when the members are intellectual, and devoted to cultivating their minds. Every thing is discussed with so much fairness in a well regulated family; thus even errors of opinion are made subservient to truth. Where good English is used, and conversation is free, the youthful mind is every hour gaining information, and improving that which has been gained. In this fireside circle she made herself mistress of the English grammar at a very early period of life, and tested her knowledge by all the best writers of the age. She was fond of the sciences, and availed

herself of all the advantages of her situation, to become familiar with the sublimest of them all, astronomy. Near a college these advantages are usually greater than at other places.

In 1782 she was married to James Hall, Esq., the son of a wealthy planter of Maryland, and removed with him to a farm in that state, and entered upon her duties, as the wife of an agriculturist, with great zeal. She not only looked carefully to all her expenditures, but at the same time was equally careful to improve her mind by miscellaneous and systematic reading. After five years of retirement, her family removed to Philadelphia, where her husband first had the appointment of secretary to the land office, and was afterwards made marshal of the United States for the district of Pennsylvania, the duties of which offices he discharged with fidelity and honor. In this city she had the pleasure of enjoying the acquaintance of a learned and social circle, which is always necessary to polish a superior mind. Philadelphia was then the Athens of the United States. When literature was considered only as a household, not a foreign commodity, she was sought for by all who valued letters, or who had a wish to see the progress of learning in our country.

In 1800, when Joseph Dennie established his periodical "The Port Folio," in that city, Mrs. Hall was solicited to be a contributor, for her acquirements in literature were well known to Dennie and his classical club. Dennie, with all his faults, was never charged with underrating genius, but he was too fastidious to admit any thing into his Port Folio, that had not taste and talent in it; perhaps in this he was too particular, for he thought more of taste than talent, more of the form than the matter. He was anxious to engage the sprightly pen of Mrs. Hall, for at that time a more buoyant spirit could not be found in the literary circles of our country. Her disposition was cheerful and she looked on the bright side of every thing. At her hospitable mansion, the feverish scholar found more charms to cure his misanthropy than could be found elsewhere. If Dennie had outlived her, he would, in the fitness of his soul, have borne testimony to all this; but heaven decreed that she should survive him many years. When the evil spirit came over him, as

he does over all beings who are regardless of themselves, he went, to use his own words, to the house of Mrs. Hall, to drive off all his blue devils. Her conversation abounded in classical recollections, in playful remarks, and in delicate satire, and, like the harp of David, gave new soul and life to the gloomy editor. After Dennie's death, the Port-Folio came into the hands of her son, John E. Hall, who conducted it for more than ten years. She, from affection and duty, then became a constant contributor to the work. He considered her as his main stay in all those articles which attract for their good humor, and secure the reader by the purity of their principles and the beauty of their style. This son was near and dear to her, he was her first born. She had taken great pains with his education from the cradle; and by all he was considered as a tasteful, honorable, intellectual scholar. His course, perhaps, had not entirely gratified her ambition: he was educated a lawyer, but entering into politics when young, he was seduced from his profession, while at Baltimore, by that galaxy of genius which then spanned the political horizon, Hanson, Grosvenor, and others; and he used his pen to assert national rights and political views, when he should have been, in justice to himself, drawing declarations, and arguing causes. This has been the fate of many a superior genius. No country on the globe has ever had so many sacrifices in this way as our own, in proportion to numbers. It is painful to look back on the catalogue of those who promised much in their professions, who have lost the world for politics and literature. The charms of general literature are seducing, but the remuneration of the editor is scanty, and the brightest genius sees himself poor and dependent, while some plodding creature is growing thrifty by cautious perseverance and timely exertions. Even if political distinction is the goal of the aspirant, he frequently finds some stupid being, that he would not have condescended to have put in comparison with himself for a moment, in the preliminary stages of his course, foistered into office by some burst of infernal smoke in politics, or by some accidental disagreement among his superiors. Mrs. Hall saw, to her great gratification, that her son never compromised a principle, or yielded a well

fixed sentiment, to gain wealth or fame. He was devoted to literature, and looked forward to the time, perhaps, when his country would do justice to the early martyrs in the cause.

Mrs. Hall experienced many of the vicissitudes of human life; she had enjoyed the pleasures of affluence, and had known the miseries of poverty. She had removed from place to place, accommodating herself to the fortunes of her husband, and every where had cherished him with kindness, and softened the asperities of his fate. She had felt the maternal pang, the loss of children; some had died in infancy, one when entering upon manhood, and another when he had commenced his course of professional celebrity. These are indeed trials to a mother's heart, which none but a mother can know. But she still supported that serenity of mind which is only the lot of the enlightened Christian. Her mind was constantly active; she wrote upon many interesting topics; upon "The Extent of Female Influence," and on the importance of exciting it in favor of Christianity;" on "The Defence of American Women." These were general topics on which she not only wrote, but conversed from day to day, when it might do any good. If our limits permitted, we might make many valuable extracts from her works, but must refer our readers to the writings of this excellent woman, which are a treasure to every female.

Her opinions came from one who knew all the pulses of a woman's heart, and who had noted the effect of every change of feeling, and every form of sentiment upon her character. From such a one, moral precepts are beyond all price.

Mrs. Hall died at Philadelphia on the fourth of April, 1830, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, respected by all who knew her. Since her death, a memoir of this excellent woman has been published, with some morsels of her writings; but to know the value of such a one, we should be able to trace all the sweet influences she has shed upon moral, intellectual, and religious society, from the morning of her life to its close. It is grievous to think, that while here and there one noble mother is mentioned, as it were on the margin of a leaf in history, thousands pass away without a memorial.

St. HILDA, princess of Scotland, was learned in scripture, and composed many religious works. She opposed strenuously the tonsure of the priests, supposing it, perhaps, a superstitious or a heathenish observance. She built the convent of Fare, of which she became abbess, and died therein 685.

HEOSWITTA, a nun of the abbey of Pandershiem, was born in Saxony, and flourished in the eleventh century under the reign of Otho II., who employed her to write the funeral oration of his father. She composed in Latin many religious books, which were collected in one folio volume, printed at Nuremburgh, in 1501.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE. This illustrious woman was the daughter of John II, king of Castile and Leon, and born in 1450, four years before the death of her father. King John, after a long, turbulent, and unhappy reign, died at Medina del Campo, leaving by his first wife, Maria of Arragon, a son, Don Henry, who succeeded him; and by his second wife, Isabella of Portugal, two children in their infancy, Alphonso and Isabella.

Alphonso died at the age of fifteen, and the party of nobles opposed to Henry, immediately resolved to place Isabella at their head. When their deputies waited upon her with the offer of a crown, she replied, that "it was not theirs to bestow; and that while her elder brother Henry existed, nothing should induce her to assume a title which was his by the laws of God and man;" at the same time she claimed her right of succession, and the title of princess of Asturias, which belonged to her as heiress to the throne. The chiefs were astonished and disconcerted at a reply which left them without an excuse for revolt. Having in vain endeavored to overcome her scruples, they concluded a treaty with Henry, the most humiliating, certainly, that ever was extorted from a father and a king. By this treaty, he acknowledged his reputed daughter Joanna, to be illegitimate; he consented to set aside her claims entirely, and declared Isabella his heiress and successor.

At such a price did this despicable monarch purchase, for a few years longer, the empty title of king, forfeiting, at the same

time, all kingly attributes, as love, obedience, honor, power; being a husband, he had branded his own name with ignominy; and being a father, had disgraced and disinherited his unoffending child.

The most important object of the malcontent party, was to select from among many aspirants, a fit consort for Isabella. The king of Portugal made overtures for himself; Louis II. asked her in marriage for his brother, the Duke de Guienne; Edward IV., of England, offered his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who was afterwards drowned in a butt of malmsey; and the king of Arragon asked her hand for his son Don Ferdinand. The latter was preferred by Isabella herself, as well as by all her party; but as it was the interest of her brother Henry to throw every possible impediment in the way of such a marriage, the archbishop of Toledo carried Isabella privately to Valladolid, where Ferdinand met her in disguise, and the articles being previously prepared, and on principles the most favorable to Isabella and her future kingdom, Ferdinand subscribed to them at once, and received from the archbishop the hand of the young princess.

Isabella, at the time of her marriage, had just entered her twentieth year, and Ferdinand was a few months younger than his bride. Within a few days after the nuptial ceremony, Ferdinand and Isabella were obliged to separate; the prince retired from Valladolid as privately as he had entered it, and during the next two or three years, it appears, from the course of events, that they met seldom, and at long intervals.

When Henry found that this dreaded marriage had been solemnized, without his knowledge or consent, he was struck at once with rage and terror; he revoked the treaty he had made in Isabella's favor, declared his daughter Joanna his only legal heir, and civil war again distracted and desolated the kingdom for more than three years. In 1474, Isabella proposed an interview with her brother, and they met at Segovia; she employed on this occasion all the eloquence, all the powers of persuasion *she possessed*, as a woman, and all the ascendancy which her *superior energy and spirit* gave her over the feeble, vacillating

mind of the king, to procure a reconciliation; when Henry appeared inclined to yield, and even went so far as to lead her palfrey, as she rode through the streets of Segovia. Isabella sent for her husband, as if merely to pay his dutiful respects to his brother in law. They appeared in public together, entertained each other with seeming cordiality, and thus, by her address Isabella led on her brother, apparently, to countenance those pretensions which he had himself denied. At the end of the same year, the death of Henry opened a surer road to peace; he died of a fever in December, 1474. His minister, Villena, had died a short time before; and Ferdinand and Isabella were immediately, and almost without opposition, proclaimed king and queen of Castile.

The archbishop of Toledo, who had been so instrumental in placing Isabella on the throne, and the chief negociator of her marriage, believed himself now at the summit of power, and expected every thing from the gratitude or the weakness of the young queen; he was very much surprised to find that the Cardinal Mondoza had at least an equal share of influence and favor; and that Isabella was not of a character to leave the government in the hands of another. He was heard to say tauntingly, "that he would soon make Isabella lay down her sceptre, and take up the distaff again." But it was not so easy, and the ambitious archbishop, quitting the court in a fit of jealousy and disgust, threw himself into the party of Joanna, whose pretensions were supported by the young marquis of Villena and other nobles. Alphonso, king of Portugal, also engaged in the cause of Joanna, upon condition that she should be contracted to him, although he was her uncle, and more than twice her age. He accordingly invaded Castile with a powerful army, and Joanna proclaimed queen at Placentia. But Ferdinand, who possessed consummate skill as a general, engaged the Portuguese at Toro, defeated them, and obliged Alphonso to retire to his own kingdom. The disaffected nobles submitted one after another to the power of Isabella, and Castile breathed at last from the horrors of civil war. As for the poor Princess Joanna, whose destiny it was to be disgraced and unfortunate, through the vices of her

parents, after being the affianced bride of several princes, who all, one after another, disclaimed her, when she could no longer bring a crown for her dowry, she at last sought refuge in a convent, where she took the veil at the age of twenty, and died a nun.

Thus Isabella remained without a competitor, and was acknowledged queen of Castile and Leon; and three years after the battle of Toro, the death of his father, raised Ferdinand to the throne of Arragon; the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon were thenceforward united indissolubly, though still independent of each other.

The first great event of the reign of the two sovereigns was the war of Granada. Hostility against the Moors seems to have been the hereditary appanage of the crown of Castile; and it was one of the principle articles in Isabella's marriage treaty, that Ferdinand should lead the armies of the queen against the infidels, as soon as the affairs of the kingdom allowed him to do so. The Spaniards fought for honor, dominion, and the interest of the church; the Moors fought for their homes and hearths, their faith, their country, and their very existence as a nation.

The kingdom of Granada extended along the south of Spain, for about one hundred and eighty miles, and between the mountains and the sea; its breadth was about seventy miles; yet this narrow space was filled with populous cities, enriched by agriculture and commerce, defended by strong fortresses, and inhabited by a wealthy, warlike, and industrious race of people. Nearly in the centre of the kingdom stood the royal city of Granada, on two lofty hills, the one crowned by the glorious palace of the Alhambra, within whose splendid courts, forty thousand persons might have been lodged and entertained; the other by the citadel of Alcazaba. The sides of these hills and the valleys between them, were occupied by houses and palaces to the number of seventy thousand, and Granada alone could send forth from her gates twenty thousand fighting men. Around *this noble city stretched the Vega, or Plain of Granada, which resembled one vast and beautiful garden, in the highest state of*

cultivation; there flourished the citron and the orange, the pomegranate and the fig-tree; the olive poured forth its oil, and the vine its purple juice. On one side, a range of snowy mountains seemed to fence it from hostile neighbors; on the other, the blue Mediterranean washed its shores, and poured into its harbors the treasures of Africa and the Levant. Nor were the inhabitants of this terrestrial Eden unmindful or unworthy of its glorious loveliness. They believed themselves peculiarly favored by heaven, in being placed on a spot of earth so enchanting, that they fancied the celestial paradise must be suspended immediately over it, and could alone exceed it in delight. Their patriotism had something in it romantic and tender, like the passion of a lover for his mistress; they clung to their beautiful country with a yearning affection; they poured their blood like water in its defence; they celebrated its charms, and lamented its desolation in those sweet and beautiful ballads which are yet extant, and which can yet draw tears from their Christian conquerors.

Long before the last invasion of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Moorish power had been on the decline. They had once possessed nearly the whole of the peninsula, from the strait of Gibraltar to the Pyrenees; but had, by degrees, been driven southward by the Christian powers, until they were circumscribed within the boundaries of Granada.

The Castilian sovereigns, great as were their resources and power, had to endure some signal reverses. In truth, the Moors made a glorious stand for their national honor and independence; and had it not been for their own internal divisions and distracted councils, which gave them over a prey to their conquerors, their subjection, which cost such a lavish expenditure of blood, and oil, and treasure, had been more dearly purchased; perhaps the issue had been altogether different. The war of Granada lasted ten years, and with the surrender of the capital, terminated the dominion of the Moors in Spain, which, dating from the defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, had endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years.

During the last few years of her life, Isabella was gradually

crushed to the earth by a series of domestic calamities, which no human wisdom could have averted, and for which no earthly prosperity could afford consolation.

In 1496, her mother, the queen dowager of Castile, died in her arms. The queen's most beloved daughter, the princess Isabella, lost her young husband, Alphonso of Portugal, who was killed by a fall from a horse, four months after their marriage, and her only son, Don Juan, died of a fever a few months after his union with Margaret of Austria. Several years after the death of Alphonso, the princess Isabella, bestowed her hand on Emanuel, who had ascended the throne of Portugal. This daughter, whom Isabella appears to have loved and trusted beyond every human being, died in childbirth at Toledo, bequeathing to her mother's care a beautiful but feeble infant, the heir to Castile, Arragon, and Granada, to Portugal, Navarre, Naples, Sicily, and to all the opening glories of the eastern and western world. As if crushed beneath the burden of such magnificent destinies, the child pined away and died. These successive losses followed so quick one upon another, that it seemed as if the hand of Heaven had doomed the house of Ferdinand and Isabella to desolation.

The princess Joanna, now her heiress, had married the archduke Phillip, of Austria, who was remarkable for his gay manners and captivating person; the marriage had been one of mere policy on his part. But the poor princess, who, unhappily for herself, to a plain person and infirm health, added strong passions and great sensibility, had centered all her affections in her husband, whom she regarded with a fond and exclusive idolatry, while he returned her attachment with the most negligent coolness. Though Isabella had the satisfaction of seeing Joanna a mother, though she pressed in her arms a grandson, (afterwards the Emperor Charles V.,) whose splendid destinies, if she could have beheld them through the long lapse of years, might in part have consoled her, yet the feeble health of this infant, and the sight of her daughter's misery, imbittered her days. At length, on the departure of Phillip for the low countries, the unhappy Joanna gave way to such transports of grief, that it ended in the

complete bereavement of her senses. To this terrible blow was added another; for about the same time, the news arrived that Catherine of Arragon had lost her young husband, Prince Arthur. Isabella's maternal heart, wounded in the early death or protracted sorrows of her children, had no hope, no consolation. She pined away, lovely in her grandeur, till the deep melancholy of her mind seized on her constitution, and threw her into a rapid decline. She expired at Medina del Campo, after a lingering illness of four months, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1505, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, having reigned thirty-one years.

ESTHER INGLIS, a lady eminent for her skill in calligraphy. In the beauty, exactness, and variety of her characters, she excelled all who had preceded her. A specimen of her delicate and beautiful writing was, in 1711, in possession of Mr. Samuel Hello, her great grandson. Others were deposited in the castle at Edinburgh. In the library of Christ church, Oxford, are the Psalms of David, written in French by Mrs. Inglis, who presented them in person to queen Elizabeth, by whom they were given to the library. Two manuscripts, written by Mrs. Inglis, were also preserved with care in the Bodleian library. The following address is in the second leaf, written in capital letters: "To the right worshipful, my very singular friend, Joseph Hall, doctor of divinity, and dean of Winchester, Esther Inglis wishes all increase of true happiness, June 21st, 1617." In the third leaf is pasted the head of the writer, painted upon a card. Every chapter of this curious performance is written in a different hand, as is also the dedication. The manuscript contains nearly forty different characters of writing. The beginnings and endings of the chapters are adorned with beautiful head and tail pieces, and the marquis, in imitation of the old manuscripts, curiously decorated with the pen. The book is dedicated to the earl of Essex. On one of the first pages are his arms, neatly drawn, with all their quarterings. In the fifth leaf, drawn with a pen, is a picture of Esther Inglis, in the habit of the times; her right hand holds a pen, the left rests upon an open book, on one of

the leaves in which is written, "De l'Eternel le bien de moi le mal ou rien." A music book lies open before her. Under the picture is a Latin epigram, by Andrew Melvin, and on the following page a second, by the same author, in praise of Mrs. Inglis. In the royal library are "Esther Inglis' Fifty Emblems," finely drawn and written. Mrs. Inglis appears to have lived unmarried until she was about forty years of age, when she became the wife of Bartholomew Kellow, a Scotchman.

ANN H. JUDSON. The pioneers in every great work, if it was only for their enterprise, should be held in remembrance; but when they are of importance, by weight of character or genius, as it often happens, they should be, in various ways, given as an example to the public. The first female in this country who made up her mind to become a missionary to the East Indies, was Mrs. Ann H. Judson. She was the daughter of John and Rebecca Hazeltine. She was born in Bradford, a lovely town on the right bank of the Merrimack, in Essex county, Massachusetts, on the twenty-second of December, 1789. She was a spirited, fine girl, and had the good fortune to live in a town, where attention was paid to the education of both sexes. When she was about twelve years of age, an academy, with a male and female department, was established in Bradford, and she was sent to it for her education, during the spring, summer, and fall months. In 1806, she became a professor of religion, and from a laughter loving girl, the joy of the social circle, and the pride of the ball room, she became abstracted from the pleasures of the world, and devoted her time to acquiring knowledge, and in improving her heart in religious exercises. In 1807, the writer of this narrative attended an examination of the scholars at Bradford Academy, when Miss Hazeltine was adjudged to be the best scholar in the school. She was then remarkably beautiful, and was among many well educated young ladies, of highly respectable families; but she bore her honors so meekly, *that she was the general favorite.* There seemed not to be a *spark of envy* towards her among them all. She often adjusted *those little disputes* which spring up in every seminary, and

sometimes, if not settled at once, produce lasting effects. For several years after leaving the academy at Bradford, Miss Hazeltine was engaged in school keeping, in some of the towns neighboring to that of her birth, and was held in repute as an instructress. Her fame was in all the churches, and of course had reached the ears of the young missionaries, then about to be sent to India, to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the Hindoos. Mr. Judson, one of those missionaries, sought her, and found she was all that fondest admirers had said of her. He wooed and won her, with a full knowledge of his intentions of going to India, and that she was to accompany him. The other missionaries had not then proposed themselves to the young ladies that they afterwards married, so that in fact, Miss Hazeltine was the first who made up her mind to engage in this enterprise, of carrying light to the dark regions of the east, from whence light once emanated. She was married to Mr. Judson, on the fifth of January 1812, and sailed on the nineteenth of the same month, from Salem for Calcutta. Mr. Judson had changed his sentiments on the subject of baptism, while on his voyage, and of course, he came under the direction and patronage of a different sect than the one that had sent him abroad.

The head quarters of the Baptist mission was at Rangoon, in the Burman empire, about seven hundred miles from Calcutta. Here Mr. and Mrs. Judson began to learn the language of the country and made rapid progress in their studies. But difficulties and dangers surrounded them, and for these they were prepared by moral discipline. They had the enthusiasm and high feeling of the ancient crusades, without any particle of the combat stirring spirit which animated the soul of St. Lewis. Mr. and Mrs. Judson wrote tracts in the Burman language, and made some excitement among the natives. In 1820, Mrs. Judson made an attempt to prevail upon the emperor to suffer her husband to preach and propagate the Christian religion in the empire, but without avail. In consequence of ill health, in 1821, Mrs. Judson left Rangoon and repaired to Calcutta, and from thence sailed to England, where she staid some time, and then sailed to New York. She then visited her native town for

short time. All were happy to see her, although she no longer wore the bloom of youth, nor moved with the elastic step of her days of health. Yet she was still interesting in person, and fascinating in her manners. The rose had given place to the lily, and that lily had become tinged with intolerable suns. She left Bradford, as the winter approached, and spent the cold months in Baltimore and Washington, and gained strength every day. During this winter she wrote the history of the Burman mission. This was a work of talent and faithfulness. Wherever she traveled she made friends, and was, without exception, the most enlightened advocate for missions that ever participated in missionary labors. In June, 1823, she sailed from this country for India, and arrived there in October, and shortly afterwards repaired to Rangoon which they soon left for the capital Ava. Just as they were getting under way in their missionary labors, the Burmese war broke out. The Bengal government invaded Burmah, in the spring of 1824. The war was a bloody one to the Burmese. Chief after chief was beaten, and the king, in his ignorance and wrath, suspected Mr. Judson to be a spy and agent for the British government, and forthwith sent him, with other missionaries, to prison. He was confined for a year and a half, sometimes in two pair of fetters, and a part of his time with five pair of irons. His sufferings were excruciating, and he would in all probability have sunk under them, if his wife had not made him daily visits, although she lived more than two miles from the prison. The food allowed to the prisoners was execrable, and all the Europeans would have perished if she had not brought food, dressed by her own hands, for their relief. She also made applications to the king for their release, but for a long time to no effect, but at last her eloquence and perseverance made an impression, on "*the monarch of golden breath*," and he began to think that she, and even her husband, might be honest, and listened with some complacency to the appeals she made to *him to negotiate* for peace with the British. These appeals, *written in elegant Burmese*, were given to the king when no *one of his officers* dared mention the subject to him. At length

he directed her to go to the English army, then marching on victoriously under general Archibald Campbell, and prepare the way for a treaty of peace. The king of Ava sent Mrs. Judson with all the honors of an ambassador, and the British commander in chief received her in this character.

The writer of this article had the pleasure of being introduced, some years since, to the gentleman, Captain Kerr, who was the officer of the day, when she arrived at the English camp, and was informed by him, that he never met a more intelligent, dignified woman, than Mrs. Judson. She was careful to have every point of etiquette regarded, not, as she said, for the wife of a missionary, but as the representative of the king of Ava. She came to every point in the business with great singleness of heart and clearness of understanding. She gave the English a better account of the court of the king of Ava, than they had ever had from any other source. The treaty was made through her influence, and even that proud monarch did not hesitate to acknowledge her merits. After this peace, Mr. Judson settled in a new town on the Salwen river; but she did not live long to enjoy the blessings of quiet, which she so ardently desired; and in the absence of her husband, she died there, on the twenty-fourth of October, 1826, of a fever. Her daughter, then an infant, survived her but a short time. Her son, her first child, had died at Rangoon and was buried there. Her grave, which is under a large tree, called the hopia, will be hereafter visited by Christian missionaries, as a place made sacred by the ashes of a woman of no ordinary character. She was enlightened, pious, and brave; she took up the cross, and bore it admirably; she had no childish whinings in her nature, nor ever made any attempts to excite commiseration at her hard fate. She probably lived as long, and did as much, as she ever expected, and died in all the hopes of her religion. Such a woman, although we may grieve to think that she was called away so soon, is more to be envied than pitied. If she had lived in legendary instead of historical times, she would have ranked with Saint Agnes and Saint Cecilia; but as plain truth is now spoken of the good, the devoted, and the martyrs, she will be remem-

bered for ages, as one deserving of high praise in the churches. For beauty, talents, dignity of demeanor, and perseverance, Mrs. Judson has had but few equals. She acquired languages with great facility, and used her acquirements to the best purposes of her calling. She wrote with ease and elegance, was a pattern of conjugal affection and missionary ardor. She was chivalrous and romantic without being giddy or vain. She was engaged in a great work, and she marched fearlessly on to the death. She shrunk from no danger, nor turned back from any peril. She saw martyrdom before her, but it was surrounded by beatific visions. She saw the seeds of the gospel planted in a heathen land, and she believed, that, if it was long in springing up, that it would in time flourish, and break asunder the chains of superstition and horrid fanaticism. To her imagination, always chaste and never unreasonable, she saw the car of Juggernaut broken into ten thousand pieces, the suttee no longer practised, and the worship of idols give place to devotion in temples erected to the only living and true God.

JUDITH, the daughter of a king of France, was the wife of Ethelwulph, a Saxon king of England, who had several sons by a former marriage, among whom was Alfred, afterwards surnamed the Great. At that period, 886, of the Christian era, the sons of the king could not read; yet some of them, particularly Alfred, traveled with his father to Rome, and was with him when he went to France to marry Judith. Alfred was a sprightly boy, and, perhaps, his ignorance of letters was not then known; but his step mother, a shrewd and an enlightened woman, on her coming to England, soon discovered the want of education in the sons. When she was one day reading a poem in manuscript, and the boys were admiring its covering and gilding, she offered it to him among them who would first learn to read it. The elder did not think the prize worth the exertion; but this was Alfred's determination. He sought, and although he was only twelve years old, he soon mastered the poem, and came to Judith for the prize. She examined him and found him able to read and understand the whole subject, and gave him

the manuscript according to her promise. From this hour he became a laborious student, and in process of time, a very learned man, and an author upon many subjects which required great acuteness of mind as well as extensive attainments in knowledge. As soon as Alfred ascended the throne, and was at peace in his dominions, he spared no pains to establish institutions of learning in the island. From a taste for letters in Judith, she made Alfred a scholar, and planted the seeds of knowledge in England; a nation, which now claims to be the great teacher of mankind, not only in poetry, but in every branch of information that is known in the world. After the death of Ethelwulph, she married his brother, who had ascended the throne, but finding this was against the Romish law, although consistent with Saxon usage, she was separated from him; and returning to France, married Baldwin, named, "The Arm of Iron," for his military prowess. He was created, by her father, count of the empire. With him she had great influence, for he loved her sincerely, another proof that the silken cords of affection can bind the arm of iron, or break the fetters of brass. She died in a good old age. There is not a hint given by a mother to a child, but has its use in the after life of that child, and the older he grows, the more distinctly will he remember the value of those parents. All other opinions have incorporated with them something of pride and selfishness, but a mother's advice to infancy is free from all alloy.

LUCIA KNOX, the wife of Major-general Henry Knox, of the revolutionary army, was the daughter of J. Fluker, Esquire, secretary of the province of Massachusetts bay. Her father took part, as was natural, with the mother country, but before hostilities had commenced his daughter had become engaged to be married to Major Knox, then a citizen of Boston. Knox was bred a book-binder in Boston, and after closing his apprenticeship, he, in connection with his bindery, opened a book store, and kept a general assortment of books and stationary. Major *Adino Paddock* had commanded a company of artillery, in fact *then the only one in Boston*, but fearing the gathering storm, he

resigned his commission, and recommended Henry Knox as commander. He was accordingly elected. He was made for an officer. Of colossal size and martial port, he "was the observed of all observers." Among the rest Miss Flucker saw and admired the young officer, as he paraded his company in the presence of the regular troops of Britain. She soon found his book store, and made some acquaintance with its master. She found Knox one of nature's noblemen, and they were soon married. She had engaged to follow his fortunes if a war broke out, and when the event happened she was as good as her word. Her family removed, and in fact left the country, soon after the battle of Lexington, but Mrs. Knox with her husband joined the army of Washington, at Cambridge, soon after the battle of Bunker Hill. He was now devoted to the fortunes of the war and Washington, and in 1776, when the corps of artillery was formed, Knox was, by the recommendation of Washington, made a brigadier-general. His wife followed in the train of war whenever her health would admit her, and gave life to the soldiers' quarters when indeed they were miserable enough. No American lady did more to soften the hard features of grim-visaged war, by the cheerfulness and amenity of her manners, than Mrs. Knox. When the war was ended and the constitution of the United States went into operation, General Knox was appointed secretary of war, an office which he had for some time held under the old confederation. And Mrs. Knox held a place next to Mrs. Washington, and in fact was the adviser of that lady in arranging every thing of ceremony. These females moved on admirably together, the wife of the president was retired and domestic; Mrs. Knox loved all the show and management of high life, and between them both matters went on as they should have gone. Foreign courts were now represented near the government of the United States, and men of taste and talents gathered around her, as leading the ton in the newly formed court, as some were pleased to call it. At the close of the year 1794, General Knox, from a necessity of looking after his own interests, resigned his office and retired, with the friendship and confidence of Washington, to his estates in Maine. A large

tract of land had come into his possession by his connection with Miss Fluker, for what was owned by her family was confirmed by government to her and her husband after the peace of 1783.

At Thomastown, in the bosom of the wilderness, they began a most princely establishment. A large house, which their French visitors called a chateau; and if it had been prepared with a drawbridge and portcullis, the inhabitants of that new world, would, at that time, have called it a castle. The house was furnished with all the taste of modern refinement, and an unbounded hospitality reigned within its walls, which was carried on until the sudden death of General Knox, in 1806. Mrs. Knox still kept up a genteel establishment, and entertained her friends with true hospitality, and was active in her charities in the neighborhood until her death, which happened on the twentieth of June, 1824, having lived a widow nearly eighteen years. She was the mother of ten children, seven of whom died in infancy. In the school of such a man as General Knox, and with so much tact and talent as Mrs. Knox possessed; she could not fail of being an entertaining woman. Her powers of conversation were of a high cast, and her mind was stored with anecdotes of the most interesting period of American history. In her person, Mrs. Knox was of large size, dignified in her manners, and often awed when she failed to charm. She never forgot her military life, and no one could forget that she had been with those accustomed to command. Such a woman, probably, had more influence on the manners of her age, than a dozen generals could have had, however intelligent they might have been, although no record of it remains.

MARIA ANNA ANGELICA CATHERINE KAUFFMAN, an eminent artist, was born in the year 1741, at Coile, in the Grisons, was instructed by her father, and was no mean portrait painter at eleven years of age. In 1766, she went to England, and resided there seventeen years. During this time, she was intimate with the first men of the age, such as Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fuselli, and others of taste and talent. Her

style of painting was delicate and effeminate, and all the criticisms of her friends could not induce her to give boldness to her pencil. There was a sameness in her pictures from this cause, that made them less popular, than those of less taste and manly freedom. There was a vestal air in all her productions, that seemed to say, "I will not indulge my fancy, nor grow warm over my subject." Angelica particularly excelled in poetical subjects; her drawing was good, and her coloring attractive; but her poetry was arcadian rather than epic. She lived a long time in single blessedness. She married Zecchi, a Venetian painter, when she was forty years of age. She died at Rome, in the year 1807. She was quite as distinguished for her talents for music, as for her painting, but preferred to pursue the former. At one time, she was inclined to profess music instead of painting, but it is well she did not, for a hundred musicians are found among females to one great painter. One is scientific, and can be in a great measure acquired, without extraordinary genius, while the other requires a felicity of touch, that may be improved but never created.

KHAULA, an Arabian heroine. Among this warlike and unsettled nation, when the flower of any tribe went upon a distant enterprise, some hostile neighbor would often attack those who were left behind; and thence arose, perhaps, the custom of the Arabian women, even of the highest rank, attending their husbands, fathers, and brothers, in their military expeditions, and fighting often with a degree of heroism, not inferior to the fabled achievements of the ancient Amazons. We have many instances of the day being restored by them, after the men had fled, but none more remarkable than the famous battle of Yermouks, which proved decisive of the fate of Syria, and of the Greek empire of the east.

The Grecians greatly outnumbered the Arabians, and their onset was so impetuous, that they drove them to their tents. The chief women then took command, and made head till night parted the combatants. The next day, they led them again to the attack; Khaula, sister to one of the principal commanders,

acting as general. In leading the van, she was beaten to the ground by a Greek, when Wafiera, one of her female friends, striking off his head at a blow, brought the heroine off. Animated by the noble behavior of the women, the Arabs soon became irresistible, and routed the Grecian army, whose loss, it is said, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand killed, and fifty thousand prisoners. Khaula was afterwards espoused by the Caliph Ali.

LAURA, the wife of Heugeus de Sade, was a native of Avignon, in France. She was born in the year 1303, according to the calculations of the biographers of Petrarch, with whom her name is connected; and without his, probably, we should know nothing more of her than of a thousand respectable dames of that age, although her family was highly respectable. It so fell out, that when she was twenty-four years of age, and the mother of two or three children, that Petrarch saw her going to church at midnight, perhaps on some gala day, when all was parade and show; and he felt an instant and endurable passion for her, which is embalmed in poetry and prose. Petrarch was then a youth of three and twenty, a scholar, a man of rank, and a poet. It is not improbable that the fame of Petrarch as a writer, had reached her ears. The family of Petrarch were from Florence, and had several years previous taken up their residence at Avignon.

Petrarch first saw his mistress on the sixth day of April, 1327; and on the same day of the same month, 1348, she died. Their romantic passion, or rather his romantic passion, for there is but little proof that she ever very ardently reciprocated his flame, continued twenty-one years, while she was living. What an age of love! The fuel which fed such a fire, must have been the asbestos of the soul, perfectly incombustible; or rather a substance made more pure, bright, and immortal, by passing through the furnace. This was love at first sight. It was shortly after he saw her going to church that the original of these lines were written. The translation is from the all accomplished Sir William Jones:

"O! well-remember'd day,
 When on yon bank she lay,
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigor mild;
 The young and blooming flowers,
 Falling in fragrant showers,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd;
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some in her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
 Some, in a spicy cloud
 Descending, call'd aloud,
 'Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold.'
 I view'd the heavenly maid,
 And, wrapt in wonder, said,
 'The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;'
 Her look, her voice, her smile,
 That might all heaven beguile,
 Wafted my soul above the realms of earth;
 The star-bespangled skies
 Were open'd to my eyes;
 Sighing I said, 'Whence rose this glittering scene?
 Since that auspicious hour,
 This bank and odorous bower,
 My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.
 Well mayst thou blush, my song,
 To leave the rural throng,
 And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
 But, were thy poet's fire
 Ardent as his desire,
 Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear."

Through every day of his life, after this time, she was his muse, and constantly inspired his lays. He did not feel the passion as in the least degree criminal; and, considering the customs of society in that age, it was not so. He made no struggle to subdue his feelings. Over her bier the lover breathed his grief, in strains which have come down to us, and which are now as fresh as if they came from the heart this hour, for they are true to nature. Many poets have attempted to infuse into a translation a portion of the pure spirit which is found in the original of Petrarch, but few of them have, in any tolerable degree, succeeded. There is something so kindred to love in the soft tones of the Italian muse, that it is almost impossible to impart it to another language. It was reserved for Sir William Jones, at once to do justice to Petrarch, and at the same time,

to prove our own language to be as susceptible of poetical beauties as any other. The amatory poets, as a class, from Anacreon himself to Anacreon Moore, have been of but little service to mankind. If they assisted to refine the world in the first instance, they have since done quite as much to mislead it. The passions are often inflamed by the amatory poet, without his imparting one lesson to guide the heart or direct the imagination. The love sonnets of Petrarch are, however, an exception to these remarks, as some others may be. Not that we would chill the sweet influences of love; our wish would be only to regulate and restrain them. To destroy the passion would be to immolate the imagination, and to degrade the character of man. Fancy could not exist without love, any more than the earth could produce flowers and fruits, without the elemental fires which pervade all animated nature.

This passion is often more rich in thought, tender in feeling, and profitable to mankind, in its griefs than in its joys. The mind, penetrated with the loss of a beloved object, seeks relief in visions of futurity; and in every flight to the skies, brings to earth some divine consolation to assuage the pangs of a wounded spirit, and to bind up the broken heart. The elegiac muse is known to every language, in every age, when there have been hearts to beat or beauties to die. She has mingled her notes with those of all the sisters. In the pathway of the bridal train the hearse is met; in the pictures of life are the emblems of death; and the Assyrian maids placed the tomb of their lost Adonis in the groves and gardens of LOVE.

Their loves, however unmanly in the hopeless lover, perhaps did no harm. If this romantic affection had not been cherished by Petrarch, we should never have had any of his delightful poems. He would have figured, no doubt, among the thousand gallants and fashionables of that day, in the corrupt courts, to which he had access, and where he was a great favorite, and then have passed away, like other insects, that flutter about and display their wings for a summer hour. From every life a lesson may be learned, and even the dreams of the lover may afford subjects for the deep contemplation of the philosopher.

MARGARET LAMBRUN, a Scotch woman, in the service of Mary, queen of Scots, as was also her husband; who dying for grief for the sad catastrophe of that unfortunate princess, his wife took the resolution of revenging the death both, of one and the other, upon Queen Elizabeth. With this view, she put on man's apparel, and assuming the name of Anthony Sparke, went to court, carrying always about her a pair of pistols, one to kill the queen, and the other herself, in order to escape justice. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd, to come up to her majesty, who was walking in her garden, she chanced to drop one of her pistols, which, being seen by the guard, she was seized, in order to be sent to prison; but the queen, not suspecting her to be one of her own sex, had a mind to examine her first. She was accordingly ordered into the presence of the queen, who demanded her name, country, and quality. Margaret, with undaunted firmness, replied, "Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lambrun. I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, whom you have so unjustly put to death; you have also caused that of my husband. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for both, I resolved, at the peril of my life, to revenge their deaths, by killing you, who were the cause of both. I confess, that I have suffered many struggles within my breast, and have made all possible efforts to divert my resolution from this design, but all in vain, I found myself necessitated to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither reason nor force, can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled thereto by love." The queen heard this discourse and said, "You are then persuaded that in this action, you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and spouse indispensably required of you, what think you now my duty is toward you?" The woman replied with the same intrepidity, "I will tell your majesty my opinion, provided you will please to let me know whether you put this into the quality of a queen or that of a judge?" To which her majesty answered, "In that of a queen." "Then," returned she, "You ought to grant me a pardon." "But what assurance or security can you give me,

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LUCRETIA, a celebrated Roman lady, daughter of Lucretius, and wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. Her accomplishments proved fatal to her, and the praises which a number of young nobles at Ardea, among whom were Collatinus and the sons of Tarquin, bestowed upon the domestic virtues of their wives at home, was productive of a revolution in the state. While every one was warm with the idea, it was universally agreed to leave the camp and to go to Rome, to ascertain the veracity of their respective assertions. Collatinus had the pleasure of seeing his expectations fulfilled in the highest degree, and, while the wives of the other Romans were involved in the riot and dissipation of a feast, Lucretia was found at home, employed in the midst of her female servants, and easing their labor by sharing it herself. The beauty and innocence of Lucretia inflamed the passion of Sextus, the son of Tarquin, who was a witness of her virtues and industry. He cherished this flame, and secretly retired from the camp and came to the house of Lucretia, where he met with a kind reception. He showed himself unworthy of such treatment, and, in the dead of night, he introduced himself to Lucretia, who refused to his entreaties what her fear of shame granted to his threats. She yielded to her ravisher, when he threatened to murder her, and to slay one of her slaves and put him in her bed, that this apparent adultery might seem to have met with the punishment it deserved. Lucretia, in the morning, sent for her husband and her father, and, after she had revealed to them the indignities she had suffered from the son of Tarquin, and entreated them to avenge her wrongs, she stabbed herself with a dagger, which she had previously concealed under her clothes. This fatal blow was the sign of rebellion. The body of the virtuous Lucretia was exposed to the eyes of the senate, and the violence and barbarity of Sextus, joined with the unpopularity and oppression of his father, so irritated the Roman populace, that that moment they expelled the Tarquins for ever from Rome. Brutus, who was present at the tragical death of Lucretia, kindled the flames of rebellion, and the republican or consular government was established at Rome, A. U. C. 244.

For more than twenty-three hundred years, Lucretia has been

another name for chastity; yet singular as it may seem, a modern writer of great distinction, from the very turpitude of political prejudice, has made the vain attempt to bring the character of Lucretia down to an equivocal standard, in a work of classical fiction. Count Verri, solely from his hatred to republics, and not from his love of truth, has made the great Atticus Pomponius, among the shades of departed greatness, at the tomb of the Scipios, put many cruel questions to that great mother of republican governments, and by her evasions and silence, endeavors to impress the belief on the mind of the reader, that she was convict by confession, of boasting of a fame that she did not deserve. It is painful to think, that a scholar and a gentleman should, from a hatred to any form of government, go to fiction, to raise a calumny that never was uttered by a Tarquin, even in their rage for the loss of power. Tarquinius Superbus lived fourteen years after his expulsion from Rome; and he and his family were constantly struggling to gain their kingdom; and yet no historian has ever stated that even that family ever dared to fix a stain on the ermine of Lucretia's virtue.

Such slanders, created from the ashes of the dead, by political malignity, and shadowed out in the richest robes of classical taste, are enough to make every reader of history another Lucius Junius Brutus, and to extort from his indignant soul an oath to pursue with the fire and sword of criticism, the calumniators of female innocence. But there is no great danger of the prevalence of such vile errors, in this day of deep enquiry into the history of past ages. While the eloquent Italian, with more than Tarquinian brutality, was attempting to sully the fame of Lucretia, the German historians have wiped away all the foul aspersions that had been lavished on the sweetest poetess that ever sang, the divine Sappho. She never fell in love with Phaon, never took the leap of Lucate, and never offended the goddess of the silver bow. It is now proved, that she has been mistaken for another Sappho, who lived three hundred years after her time. Whoever wishes to see a full account of this happy historical elucidation, must turn to that excellent work, "Anthon's *Leantipiere*," "article Sappho." The following extract is here pre-

sented as a curiosity in modern literature; for in this day of general reading, and philosophical, honest enquiry, every one should have an opportunity to form an opinion of his own. Patriots have suffered, and traitors have been crowned; but time has assisted history to set many things right. This could never have been effected, as far as it has been, unless the doors of free enquiry had been opened wide, and all invited to enter. The following extract is from Miss Canfield's translation of the "Roman Nights."

As a sudden blast lashes the quiet surface of the deep into fury, so the spectres, hitherto placid listeners, were driven into turbulence and commotion, by these taunts of Pomponius, and murmured like the coming tempest. Then, there appeared a feminine shade, clothed in a long white veil, and running to and fro, striving to excite compassion or redress, by imploring screams and gestures of grief. Anon she disappeared among the phantoms, and again was seen flitting forth as the moon shines from a cloudy sky. The crowd at length, in the perturbation into which she had thrown them, moved from her, and she remained alone in the midst. Through her drapery that fell to her feet, her delicate limbs shone like flowers through the mists of the morning. But suddenly in a new transport of grief and despair, she rent her veil, thus disclosing the exquisite whiteness of her well turned shoulders and throbbing bosom. She then bashfully strove to assemble the torn remnants around her, but her face was still left exposed. She cast down her eyes, while tear after tear stole from their lids; an expression of deep anguish contracted her beautiful brow, from which thickly flowing golden tresses fell over her milk-white arms. How lively is the impression made on the heart by weeping beauty! As I gazed on her, I felt the thrill of tender pity stealing from vein to vein, when I heard the ghosts whisper the name of Lucretia! . . . Pomponius, unmoved by the disturbance of the multitude or the renown of the noble Roman lady, approached her, and with firmness thus addressed her: "thou celebrated consort of Collatinus! be not offended at the freedom of my conjectures, since they sprang not from

scorn of thee, but from my most ardent love of truth. Now, thou thyself canst unfold it, after our long uncertainties and ages of unsettled opinion." At this Lucretia, raising her disconsolate brow, cast a mournful glance on her interrogator. She sobbed, and her bosom palpitated more tumultuously; but it seemed that the violence of her sorrow had choked her utterance. A deep silence reigned around her, and the crowd, in mute expectation, were awaiting her word, shike listeners around a melodious musician, who pauses ere he commence his song. But Lucretia continued in the same wild trouble, apparently unable to speak for grief, or as though, in the throng of thoughts which rushed to her mind, she knew not whether to explain or to remain silent. At length her head meekly sunk upon her breast, and, as if unable any longer to support her affliction, she sank upon a tomb. We then might hope no more to hear her deign to explain; and Cicero broke the silence of disappointment by thus addressing Pomponius: "I know not, my Atticus, why it is thy pleasure thus to wound the feelings of a Roman matron with thy severe remarks; thou who, with us, wast wont to breathe only peace and kindness? The shades of night were, it is true, the only witnesses of the outrage she suffered; but the heroic manner in which her virtuous spirit abandoned her injured body, disdaining to inhabit the profane abode, unanswerably demonstrates her innocence. See, Pomponius! See the large wound on her breast, that chaste fountain of her children's nurture? That the ruthless steel should have thus pierced it; is not even that sufficient to silence invidious calumny?"

Atticus replied: "rash as is the undertaking to enter the lists of argument with thee, whom we justly deemed the father of Roman oratory, yet I may tell thee, Tully, that here all alike can judge of human events without the errors of human judgments. And as thou hast been known to employ the illusions of thy art to defend the guilty as well as the innocent, I may add that thou now affirmest decisively in a doubtful case. I therefore frankly confess my opinion, that the recital of Lucretia is full of improbabilities." This assertion appeared to displease Mark Brutus, a descendant of that Junius who withdrew

the dagger from the breast of Lucretia, and instigated to the high and memorable vengeance that followed. But Pomponius continued: "at least, if this fair dame, as she declares, was menaced with death by her cruel lover, it was not in a desert or solitary place, in which she might have invoked aid in vain, but in her husband's dwelling, that was full of kindred and slaves, and, according to the simplicity and frugality of those times, very small in dimensions. But to insure her silence, Sextus, she says, atrociously threatened to place beside her a murdered slave, as an ignominious proof of crime. But it was as impossible to execute such a project as it would have been easy to prevent it by a single cry. I grieve, for the sake of Lucretia's glory, that she could discover no surer method of escaping infamy than by submitting to the desires of her lover. How singular a docility in this chastest of women, that she should forget that instinct of resistance which hatred or terror teach, and even suppress every accent of entreaty or alarm! Still more strange, that she, who could resolve afterwards to wash out with her blood the stain her honor had received, should not have resolved to perish rather than submit. And the royal youth was neither ungainly nor brutal, but handsome and brave. He was courteously welcomed by thee, Lucretia, and he supped with thee, gaily and gladsomely; after which he was led by thy servants to the hospitable chamber destined for guests. Oh thy ingenuous simplicity, to have been unable to read in his eyes his dangerous passion; and to have neither secured thy door nor kept near thee some familiar servant; so that the vile seducer, as if he had been a welcome lover, entered without obstacle the sanctuary of thy frail virtue!" Brutus interrupted Pomponius, exclaiming, "why then did she reveal the infamy that she might have concealed with impunity! What madness, to provoke against her lover a vengeance that must be fatal to him! Yet she was his accuser and her own betrayer; she alone published his crime and insisted on his punishment. Had she been weakly seduced from her conjugal faith, by an unholy passion, would she have been so frantic as to criminate and destroy both herself and the cherished object?" Pomponius calmly answered

“those who lived in that age, Brutus, know that Sextus was a presumptuous youth, who, instead of concealing, boasted of his successful amours. And history tells us too, that when he directed his arts and attention to Lucretia, it was for the pleasure of rendering Collatinus ridiculous, who had boasted of her superior charms and invincible purity. And the youth, vain of his triumph, was full of the malicious desire of publicly sneering at the too credulous husband. Lucretia knew the character of her lover; and when the intoxication of a guilty passion had given place to reflection, she saw herself on the brink of a precipice, and the tardy remonstrances of honor impelled her to die like a self-immolated victim, too proud to exist under degradation, rather than to live burthened with inevitable infamy.”

Then Brutus returned to Lucretia, and thus exclaimed: “Oh thou! who in life didst unfold in such words of sorrow thy secret wrongs, why art thou silent now? why dost thou not speak, and confound thy detractors?” But ah! at this address, tears began to trickle from the eyes of Lucretia; she wiped them with her veil, with which she strove to cover her face, suffused with betraying blushes. In her distress, she seated herself on the ground, and hiding her face with both hands, her head sunk upon her knees, in an attitude of contrition and perfect wretchedness. At this spectacle, the shades looked at each other in silent amaze; and Brutus, with much emotion, then resumed: “unfortunate that thou art, if thou wast innocent, to be thus unable to repel the charges that darken thy fame!” The sad Lucretia, rising, seemed to indicate, by her gestures, that she was condemned to silence by some heavenly command. Brutus then, wishing to console her, thus continued: “if, indeed, thou wast weak in that night of mystery, thou wast magnanimous the following day, and mayst boast of having founded our freedom, by the example of thy firmness.” While Brutus continued, in heart-stirring language, to relate the expulsion of the kings, the triumphs of the people, and the several famous events of the republic, I saw the cloud of grief leave the brow of Lucretia, and a joy kindle in her smile, as the sky becomes serene and sunny by the breath of the zephyr. Like a light mist, she

gradually vanished from our eyes, leaving the spirits still in the same suspense concerning her doubtful chastity. The crowd however, discoursed variously on this adventure, covered forever with the gloom of the oblivious past, and the impenetrable secrecy of love. But now the stars were growing pale, and the dull obscurity of night was receding before the rising dawn. Buried as I was in that dark cavern, I should not have known this change of the heavens; but as the mariner, while below, learns the course he is steering, from the turning of the faithful needle, so, by the wavering and fluctuation of the shades, their half-dying voices, and their gradual disappearance, I was sure that the light of day, forbidden to them, was prevailing on the earth. I felt my way out of the gloomy sepulchre, only certain of my existence, when I once more breathed the dewy breath of the morning, and was saluted by the warbling of the early songsters. These, gladdened by the return of day, with the dulcet round-lays they carolled, infused a voluptuous delight into the bosom, expanding the heart, and chasing the sense of care far from the fascinated mind.

JANET Mc CREA, the fate of this young woman has excited the sympathies of her friends, and the whole people of the United States. She was the daughter of James Mc Crea, a clergyman of New Jersey, who died before the revolution. After her father's death Janet resided with her brother at Albany, who removed to the neighborhood of Fort Edward. There are several versions of this story of blood; but the following is drawn from an examination of all of them. August, 1777, is stated to be the time of her death.

She was a young lady of twenty-three years of age, amiable and well educated. She was related to one of the American officers who was at Fort Edward, but on the alarm, given by the retreat of the American army from the lakes, she had left her home for a safe retreat in Fort Miller; but when the American *forces* thought it prudent to retire from that fortress to Vermont, *she did not think proper to go with them, and returned to Sandy Hill, the place of her usual residence.* Rumor after rumor

soon reached her here of the approach of the Indians, and she knew not whither to fly. The whole country from the lakes was in great consternation, and she set out for Fort Edward, with some other females. Her fears were increased, for she felt no confidence in either side. She was on American ground, but was betrothed to an American, who had taken sides with the British, and had gone to Canada, where he was made captain of a company. The lovers had managed to keep up a correspondence, and he was informed, when he reached Fort Anne, that his innamorata was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy Hill. To go there himself would be dangerous to both, as the woods were infested with scouting parties of American troops, and he, as a tory, would have been harshly dealt with, if taken by them; but, to make all sure, he engaged a party of confidential Indians, to take his horse and go to her place of concealment, and bring her to him in safety. The party reached the place, and she received the letter. He urged her in his letter not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection, but she had some sad misgivings. The Indians had been a terror to that part of the country, and the tales she had heard in her childhood, came thickly upon her distracted mind; but the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman.

She put herself under their guidance, and they had proceeded on their journey, she on horseback and they on foot, to near a small spring, which may now be seen, when they were met by another party of Indians, who had heard of the reward which her lover had offered, or were sent by him, in his impatience to see her out of danger. A quarrel arose between the parties of Indians, which should have the reward, or at least, how it should be shared, when an American scouting party came in sight, and commenced a brisk fire on the Indians, who were thus disputing. They instantly fled; but, unwilling she should be taken by the scouting party, one of the Indians, while the others had fled to the bushes, pulled the girl from the horse, struck his tomahawk into her forehead, tore off her scalp, and gashed her breast, and left her under a huge pine. The scouting party found her there in that situation, and they covered her body.

and that of an American officer, who had just fallen by the fire of the Indians, as well as they could, with leaves and earth. Some one of the Indians, with their usual regard to truth, made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another proved his assertions by exhibiting the scalp. He knew the long golden tresses of Miss Mc Crea, and in defiance of all danger, flew to the spot to realize the horrid tale. He tore away the thinly spread leaves and earth, clasped the still bleeding body to his arms, and wrapping it in his cloak, bore it to the first wagon he could find, and there hid it from the sight of the world, until he could dispose of it according to his affections. The driver was bribed to silence. The lover sat by the wagon all night in a state but little short of a quiet delirium, now and then rousing himself to a furious determination to immolate the first Indian he could find; but they were all in their lairs. The morning sun arose, and the wagon went on, he having determined to take the corse on with him to some spot hallowed by the graves of others, and there deposit the sacred relics of the beloved of his soul. But his neglect of duty, and strange demeanor, caused him to be watched by his superior officers, who heard something of the rumor, and they discovered the secret, that the corse of Miss Mc Crea was in the wagon. They instantly ordered the wagon to stop, and the corse to be buried by the way-side, kindly allowing Captain Jones to stay a few moments, "to see her decent limbs composed," and laid in the bosom of the earth, a coffin having been procured. The grave is about four miles from Fort Edward.

Captain Jones it is said, survived her but a few years; and this melancholy event is supposed to have brought him to the grave. Perhaps the tragical death of this amiable girl has given a degree of romance to her virtues and personal charms; but it is agreed, by all who knew her, that she was amiable, virtuous, and accomplished. The tomahawk and the scalping knife have nearly become extinct; as weapons of dread to the women and children of our favored country. To our primitive mothers they were something more than "air drawn daggers," creatures of the imagination; for on their blade and gudgeon were often real gouts of blood.

ELIZABETH ANN BREESE MORSE, the wife of Jedediah Morse, pastor of the first congregational church in Charlestown Massachusetts, was born, September 29th, 1766, in Wall street, in the city of New York. Her parents were Samuel Breeze, Esq., and Rebecca Finley, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, president of Princeton College. She was the only child of her mother, who died a few months after her birth. She was married to Dr. Morse at her father's country seat in Shrewsbury, N. J., May 14th, 1789, and at once removed to Charlestown. In that town Mrs. Morse soon became deservedly popular. She entered into all the domestic joys and griefs of her parishioners, with the true spirit of philanthropy; to do good was her prime intent, and the good people of Charlestown reciprocated this feeling, for she often wanted a sympathising heart, for she was the mother of eleven children, three only of whom lived beyond the age of two years. These are trials a mother only can know. Mrs. Morse was the constant friend of the sick of every grade in society, and her hand was open to the claims of poverty and distress.

Mrs. Morse had the household affairs almost entirely on her own hands. Her husband, besides his own parochial duties, was deeply engaged in literature and politics. The French revolution had just burst out, when he commenced life as a married man, and he, with most of the wise and good, saw ten thousand evils abroad. He considered the altar as much endangered as others in Europe did the throne, and he called aloud on all to assist in stopping the current of infidelity now sweeping through the country. At the same time he was anxious to diffuse correct information among his fellow citizens, and among other things he collected materials for compiling a geography of this country. This was an arduous task, and he labored at it faithfully. It was then no easy thing to collect information that could be relied on, but he spared no pains, and was wonderfully successful in his undertaking. While thus deeply engaged he wisely left his domestic concerns to his wife.

Mrs. Morse was a woman of fine sense, of elegant manners and friendly disposition. Her intellectual powers were not super-

rior to her conversational talents. Her colloquial style was elegant, easy appropriate and fascinating. She was acquainted with all the passing events of the day, and made many judicious observations upon them. She had not so many fearful forebodings upon their results as her husband and his friends; she saw a light through the darkness, though it was only a glimpse that any one had dared to avow.

They were so situated as to see a great deal of company, from the time she became dame of the parish until she left it, and never did any one do more justice to her duties than Mrs. Morse.

Dr. Morse was deeply engaged in the Middlesex Canal; the first of any importance ever made in the United States. It was then a great undertaking to cut a canal through a rough country for thirty miles, without any experience in such matters. Governor Sullivan was the active agent for this public work. He was one of the most energetic men of the age. Loammi Baldwin, Esq., father of the present distinguished civil engineer, a self-taught man, was the skilful engineer for the work. But Dr. Morse, who believed in its utility, was the person on whom chiefly rested the highest task of all; and that was to persuade the public of its lasting advantages to that part of the country. At times they and the other directors became tired of their exertions, and grew restless under their difficulties, which were not a little enhanced by the animadversions of the ignorant, who pretended to be wise—a formidable class in every community. At this time they often assembled at the house of Dr. Morse, socially if not officially, to talk over their embarrassments, which was done in the family circle. Mrs. Morse, knowing the temperament and dispositions of all those engaged in the great enterprise, often entered into the conversation, rather to amuse and enliven them, than for any other purposes; and Baldwin has frequently said, "Madam's conversation and dish of tea, removes mountains in the course of making the Middlesex Canal." Dr. Morse had, at times, students in divinity with him, and all of them used to speak of Mrs. Morse with respect and admiration. They bore testimony to the amenity of her man-

ners, and to the powers of understanding, as well as of her sincerity and piety.

After thirty years residence in Charleston, Dr. Morse removed to New-Haven, where he died in June 1826. She survived him two years, and died May 28th, 1828, aged sixty-one. Her personal appearance was fine, until nearly the close of her life; both philosophy and religion had given a serenity to her mind, that diffused itself around her. Her surviving children are Samuel Finley Brèese Morse, the president of the Academy of Design in the city of New-York, a distinguished historical painter; Sidney Edwards Morse, and Richard Carey Morse, editors of the Spectator, a religious paper printed in the city of New-York; all of them men of letters and talents, who are much indebted to their mother for their distinction.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, duke of Kingston, and lady Mary Fielding daughter of William, earl of Denbigh. She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690, and lost her mother in 1694. The first dawn of her genius opened so auspiciously that her father resolved to cultivate the advantages of nature by a sedulous attention to her early instruction. A classical education was not usually given to English ladies of quality, when lady Mary Pierrepont received one of the best. Under the same preceptors as Viscount Newark, her brother, she acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greatest success. When she had made a singular proficiency, her studies were superintended by Bishop Burnet, who fostered her superior talents with every expression of dignified praise. Her translation of the "Euchiridion" of Epictetus received his commendations.

For so complete an improvement of her mind, she was much indebted to uninterrupted leisure and recluse habits of life. Her time was principally spent at Thoresby and at Acton, near London; and her society confined to a few friends, among whom the most confidential appears to have been Mrs. Anne Wortley, a lady of sense and spirit, and heiress of the Wortley estate in York-

shire. She was the wife of the Hon. Sidney Montague, second son of the heroic earl of Sandwich, who died in the arms of victory, during the memorable battle of Solebay, in the reign of Charles II.

In this intimacy originated her connection with Edward Wortley Montague, Esq., the eldest son of the lady above mentioned. After a correspondence of two years they were privately married by special license, which bears date August 12th, 1712. He had received a classical education, and had traveled through Germany to Venice, in 1703, where he remained about two years. For more than three years after their marriage, as the duke of Kingston and Mr. Sidney Montague were both living, their establishment was limited, and lady Mary resided chiefly at Warncliffe Lodge, near Sheffield, where her son, Edward-Wortley Montague was born, and his father was principally engaged in London, in his attendance on parliamentary duties and his political friends. In his cousin, Charles Montague, Mr. Wortley found an able patron, who, as he was the universal protector of men of genius, was strictly associated with Addison and Steele. The temper of Addison did not admit of unreserved intimacy, and Mr. Wortley had not to regret that any man was favored with a greater share of his friendship than himself.

Mr. Wortley was possessed of solid rather than brilliant parts. The soundness of his judgment, and the gracefulness of his oratory, commanded the attention of the house of commons, where he distinguished himself, as having introduced several bills, which were formed on a truly patriotic basis.

Upon the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Charles Montague was immediately distinguished by the new sovereign, George I., and created earl of Halifax. To the high honor of the Order of the Garter, was added the important and lucrative appointment of the first lord of the treasury. Mr. Wortley was now a confidential supporter of the administration, and became one of the commissioners, which circumstance introduced him to the court of George I., and occasioned lady Mary to quit her retirement at Warncliffe. Her first appearance

at St. James's was hailed with that universal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit, incontestibly claims; and while the tribute of praise, so well merited, was willingly paid in public to the elegance of her form, the charms of her conversation were equally unrivalled in the first private circles of the nobility. She was in habits of familiar acquaintance with Addison and Pope, who contemplated her uncommon genius at that time without envy.

In the year 1716, the embassy to the Porte became vacant, and as the the war between the Turks and the Imperialists raged with almost incredible violence, the other powers of Europe were ardently desirous of a mediation between them. Mr. Wortley resigned his situation as lord of the treasury; and his appointment as ambassador, under the great seal, bears date, the fifth of June, 1716.

Early in the month of August, the new ambassador commenced an arduous journey over the continent of Europe to Constantinople, accompanied by lady Mary, whose conjugal affection reconciled her to the dangers to be unavoidably encountered, in traversing the savage Turkish territory, the native horrors of which were then doubled by those of war. Pope, in his letter, written after she had left England, exclaims, "may that person, for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world! I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must in future."

It has been said that lady Mary was the first English woman who had the curiosity and spirit to visit the Levant; but it is believed that both lady Paget and lady Winchelsea were included in the suite of their lords during their several embassies. While on her journey, and residing in the Levant, lady Mary amused herself and delighted her friends by a regular correspondence, chiefly directed to her sister, the countess of Mar, ladies Rich and Thistlewhortle, both ladies of the court, and to Mr. Pope.

The embassy to Constantinople was formerly of great commercial importance, when the treasures of the east were brought

by caravans to the different ports of the Levant, and the Turkey company monopolized the merchandize, which now finds its way to England by other channels. Added to his political concerns, Mr. Wortley had the appointment of consul-general of the Levant, which gave considerable influence and emolument to the British mission. Previous to lady Mary's arrival at the destined point of her journey, the ambassador and his suite rested about two months at Adrianople, to which city the sultan, Achmed III., had removed his court, from the capital of his dominions. It was there she first became acquainted with the customs of the Turks, and was enabled to give so lively and just a picture of their domestic manners, and usages of ceremony in her celebrated letters.

When she arrived at Constantinople, her active mind was readily engaged in the pursuit of objects so novel as those which the Turkish capital presented. While they excited her imagination, she could satisfy her curiosity, in her ideas of its former splendor as the metropolis of the Roman empire. Her classical acquirements rendered such investigations interesting and successful. Among her other talents was an extraordinary facility in learning languages; and in the assemblage of ten embassies from different countries, of which the society at Pera and Belgrade was composed, she had daily opportunities of extending her knowledge and practise of them. The French and Italian were familiar to her before she left England; and we find in her letters that she had sufficient acquaintance with the German, to understand a comedy, as it was represented at Vienna. She even attempted the Turkish language, under the tuition of one of Mr. Wortley's dragomans, or interpreters, who compiled for her use a grammar and vocabulary in Turkish and Italian. Of her proficiency in that very difficult dialect of the oriental tongues, specimens are seen in her letters, in which a translation of some popular poetry appears.

The heat of Constantinople during the summer months is excessive, and the European embassies usually retire to the shores of the Bosphorus, or the village of Belgrade, about fourteen miles distant, In these delicious shades, and most beautiful

forest scenery, lady Mary was happy to pass her days. No English traveler visits Belgrade, without participating her pleasure in her description, and inquiring after the site of her residence. At present no part of the house remains, for such is the fragility of Turkish structures, excepting their mosques, that they seldom last a century.

There was a custom prevalent among the villagers, and, indeed, universal in the Turkish dominions, which she examined with philosophical curiosity, and at length became perfectly satisfied of its efficacy. It was that of ingrafting, or as it is now called, inoculating, with variolous matter, in order to produce a milder disease, and to prevent the ravages made by the small pox on the lives and beauty of European patients. The process was simple, and she did not hesitate to apply it to her son, at that time three years old.

Mr. Wortley received letters of recall under the privy seal, October 28th, 1717, which are countersigned by his friend, Mr. Addison, then secretary of state. Pursuing their voyage through the Archipelago, they landed at Tunis, and, having crossed the Mediterranean, arrived at Genoa, and from thence to Lyons, and Paris. They reached England in October, 1718.

In a short time after her return, lady Mary was solicited by Mr. Pope to fix her summer residence at Twickenham, and he negotiated with Sir Godfrey Kneller, for his house in that celebrated village. During Mr. Pope's intimacy with lady Montague, he requested her to sit for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, with which she complied. His satisfaction with the picture when finished, inspired the following extemporaneous effusion.

"The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of mystery and truth,
So would I draw, (but oh 'tis vain to try
My narrow genius, does the power deny :)
The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
Where every grace with every virtue's joined,
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe ;
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere ;
With just description show the soul divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine."

From such a reciprocation of kindness, we shall turn with regret, when we consider that the poet of Twickenham, did afterwards, with unprovoked and insatiable asperity, blacken the fame of a woman of genius, who avowed no competition, but equality of talents, which was a crime not to be forgiven by him.

The court of George I. was modeled after that of Louis XV., and gallantry, or at least the reputation of it, was the ambition and employment of the courtiers of either sex. Lady Mary had the pre-eminence in beauty and in wit, and few follies passed unmarked by her satirical animadversions, which were not detailed in her letters to her sister, lady Mar, and other correspondents, with inimitable raillery. But those who were delighted with her sarcasms were not always secure from their force, when directed against themselves; and she numbered among her acquaintances more admirers than sincere friends. There were many who, in repeating her *bon mots*, took much from the delicate poignancy of her wit to add their own undisguised malevolence. In her letters she frequently betrays her disappointment in the great world, and declares that her happy hours were dedicated to a few intimates. In her retirement at Twickenham she enjoyed the literary society which resorted to Pope's villa; and was received by them with every mark of high respect. Her high birth, of course, entitled lady Mary to the society and respect of her equals, but her influence in the literary world attracted to her many of the best authors of that day, who solicited not only her patronage, but her critical opinions of the works, they were about to offer to the public. Among these was Doctor Edward Young the celebrated author of "Night Thoughts."

In the year 1739, her health declined, and she took the resolution of passing the remainder of her days on the continent. She left England in the month of July, and hastened to Venice, where she formed many connexions with the noble inhabitants, and determined to establish herself in the north of Italy. Having been gratified by a short tour to Rome, and Naples, she returned to Brescia, one of the palaces of which city she in-

habited; and appears not only to have been reconciled to, but pleased with the Italian customs. She spent some months at Avignon, and Chamberry. Her summer residence she fixed at Louverre, on the shores of the lake of Isco, in the Venitian territory, whither she had been first invited on account of the mineral waters, which she found greatly beneficial to her health. There she took possession of a deserted palace, she planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and was happy in the superintendance of her vineyard and silkworms. Books, and those chiefly English, sent her by lady Bute, supplied the deficiency of society. Her letters from this retreat, breathe a truly philosophic spirit, and evince that her care of her daughter and her family was ever nearest to her heart. No one appears to have enjoyed her repose more sincerely, from the occupations of the gay world. Her visits to Genoa and Padua, were not unfrequent; but about the year 1758, she quitted her solitude, and settled entirely at Venice, where she remained till the death of Mr. Wortley, in 1761. She then yielded to the solicitations of her daughter, afterwards countess of Bute, and after an absence of two and twenty years, she began her journey to England, where she arrived in October. But her health had suffered much, and a gradual decline terminated in death, August, 21st, 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age.

Doctor Smollet, in a review of her works, says, "The publication of these letters will be an immortal monument to the memory of lady Montague, and will show, as long as the English language endures, the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgment, the elegance of her taste, and the excellence of her real character. These letters are so bewitchingly entertaining, that we defy the most phlegmatic man on earth to read one without going through with them, or after finishing the third volume, not to wish there were twenty more of them."

The era in which she flourished, has been designated by modern envy or liberality, "The Augustan in England," and in the constellation of wit by which it was illuminated, and so honorably distinguished from earlier or successive ages, her acquirements and genius entitled her to a very eminent place. During

her long life, her literary pretensions were suppressed by the jealousy of her contemporaries, and her indignant sense of the mean conduct of Pope, and his phalanx, the self constitutors of the fame and obloquy of that day, urged her to her cabinet and a small circle of friends, effusions of wisdom and fancy, which otherwise had been received by society at large, with equal instruction and delight. She read mankind as she had read her books, with sagacity and discrimination. The influence of a classical education over her mind was apparent in the purity of her style, rather than in the ambition of displaying her acquirements, while it enabled her to give grace of expression, and novelty, to maxims of morality and prudence, which would have lost much of their usefulness, had they been communicated in a less agreeable manner.

To lady Mary belongs the honor of introducing inoculation for the small pox in England, a practice which saved annually many lives. To her also is England and America indebted for the weeping willows, which hang their pensive boughs over the hallowed graves of the dead. In a basket of figs, which she sent to Mr. Pope from Constantinople, a sprig of the Asiatic willow was found; he set it out in his garden at Twickenham, and from that twig, came all the weeping willows in England and America.

MARGARET, countess of Hamburgh, daughter and heiress of Florent IV., count of Holland, is famous on account of a ridiculous story repeated by many authors and compilers, viz: that having refused charity to a woman, whom she at the same time accused of adultery, she was brought to bed of three hundred and sixty-five children. Several learned men have endeavored to trace the cause which could have given rise to a relation so extraordinary. M. Struik fixed upon the epitaphs of mother and son, and in conformity to the dates which they bear, he concluded that the countess was brought to bed of twins, on *Good Friday*, 1276, which was the 26th of March. Now, as *the year then began on the 25th of March*, there were only two days of the year elapsed, when the countess was brought to bed.

on which it is said, that she had brought into the world as many children as there were days in the year. In fact, only two children are mentioned in history, John and Elizabeth. The enigma, thus explained, is only a common event, wherein there is nothing of the marvelous.

TARQUINIA MOLSA, grand-daughter of Francis Maria Molsa, was celebrated for her learning, her beauty, and her virtues. She was highly esteemed at the court of Alphonusus, duke of Ferrera, and honored with the appellation of singular, by the Roman senators, who bestowed the rights of Roman citizens on her, and the whole family of Molsa. Part of the patent runs thus: "Though it be new and uncommon for the senate to admit women into the number of citizens, whose excellencies and fame, ought to be confined to family affairs, are seldom of service to the commonwealth in public matters; yet, if there be any among them who not only surpass the rest of her own sex, but even the men, in almost all virtue, it is reasonable, that by a new example, new and unusual honors should be paid to unusual merit. Since, therefore, Tarquinia Molsa, a native of Modena, &c., resembles by her virtues those famous heroines, so that she seems to lack nothing, but being a Roman citizen, that this alone might not be wanting to complete her glory, the senate and people of Rome have decreed to present her with the freedom of the city, &c." She was the wife of Paulus Porrinus, but losing him, would never consent to be married again, although then young, and without children. She gave such lively tokens of her grief, that Patrinus compares her to another Artemisia. Besides translations from Greek, and Latin authors, she wrote some original pieces, and was equally admired for her superior knowledge of music.

JULIA MOESA, grand-mother of the emperor Heliogabalus, a great politician, and a virtuous woman; who, though her ambition was gratified by seeing him seated on the throne, chiefly by her conduct and courage, strove to counteract the bad counsels of his mother, and to bring him back to common sense and duty.

She saw that the Romans would not long bear such a shameful yoke, and to retain the sovereignty in that case to her family she engaged the emperor, who still retained his respect for her, to adopt his cousin Alexander Severus, for his successor. Thus did the wisdom of Moesa second her ambition, and, while Heliogabalus and his mother were massacred by the soldiers, she attained a happy old age, universally loved and respected, and the emperor Alexander Severus, her grand-son, has placed her on the list of divinities.

MARGARET, the Semiramis of the North, third daughter of Waldemar, king of Denmark, was born in 1353; and at the age of six years, was contracted to Haquin, king of Norway. After the death of her father, she was unanimously elected to the crown of Denmark. Her ambition also grasped at Norway, and she afterwards marched into Sweden, deposed Albert, assumed the reigns of government, and was distinguished by the appellation of the Semiramis of the North.

"The queen," says a French author, "was magnificent in her pleasures, grand in her projects, and brilliant in her court. She equalled, in the quickness and extent of her genius, the most famous politicians. The king Waldemar discovering in her, while yet a child, a surprising elevation of soul, and mental resources, said 'That nature had been deceived in forming her, and instead of a woman, had made a hero.'"

Though merciful, she made the wisest regulations for strict justice, and to prevent offenders being screened from punishment. Private oppressions and abuses she did away, and decreed that all manner of assistance should be given to those who were thrown on her coast by shipwreck or misfortune; for which acts of humanity, rewards were provided by law. She renewed the ancient laws which had slept, and exerted all her power to suppress piracies in her kingdoms; and made such regulations, as laid the foundation for future commerce. It was in her reign that we first meet with the mention in history of the copper mines of Sweden.

Distinguished at the same time for moderation, sound judg-

ment, and persevering ambition, Margaret receives different characters from the Danish and Swedish historians. The latter were prejudiced against her, because she abridged the power of their nobles, and favored the clergy; but she was excelled by none in prudence, policy, and a true magnanimity. This princess died suddenly, in 1412, at the age of fifty-nine.

MATILDA, daughter of Baldwin de Lille, count of Flanders, and wife of William of Normandy, afterwards king of England, her relation. The pope granted them absolution for this marriage, on condition of building two chapels, one for men and the other for women. The first was erected by the Conqueror, the last by Matilda. She is distinguished for working the famous tapestry in wool, portraying the descent upon England. The leaders have their different armorial bearings, and the vessels also are party colored. There is a learned explanation given of it, by M. Lancelot, in the eighth volume of "Memoirs de l'Academie des inscriptions." On the walls of the chapel at Caen, the one erected by William, figures of himself and Matilda were painted. In 1700 the chapel was pulled down, but they had previously been engraved by Montfaucon.

MARY STUART, queen of Scots, was the third child of James V., and his wife, Mary of Guise. That lady had borne him previously, two sons, both of whom died in infancy. Mary was born on the seventh of December, 1542, in the palace of Linlithgow. She was only seven days old when she lost her father, who, at the time of her birth, lay sick at the palace of Falkland.

The young queen was crowned by Cardinal Beaton, at Stirling, on the ninth of September, 1543. Soon after her birth, the parliament nominated commissioners, to whom they intrusted the charge of the queen's person, leaving all her other interests to the care of her mother. The two first years of her life, Mary spent at Linlithgow, where it is said she had the small pox, but the disease must have been of a particularly gentle kind, having left behind no visible traces. During the greater part of the years 1545, 1546, and 1547, she resided at Stirling castle, in the

keeping of Lords Erskine and Livingstone. She was afterwards removed to Inchmahome, a sequestered island in the lake of Monteith; where, after remaining upwards of two years, it was thought expedient, by those who had at the time the disposal of her future destiny, that she should be removed to France. She was, accordingly, in the fifth year of her age, taken to Dunbarton, where she was delivered to the French admiral, whose vessels were waiting to receive her; and attended by Lords Erskine and Livingstone, her three natural brothers, and four young ladies as companions, she left Scotland.

The thirteen happiest years of Mary's life were spent in France. She was received at Brest by order of Henry II., with all the honors due to her rank, and royal destiny. She traveled by easy stages, to the palace at St. Germain en Laye; and to mark the respect that was paid to her, the prison gates of every town she came to were thrown open, and the prisoners set free. Shortly after her arrival, she was sent, along with the king's own daughters, to one of the first convents in France, where young ladies of distinction were instructed in the elementary branches of education.

The natural quickness of her capacity, and the early acuteness of her mind, now began to manifest themselves. She made rapid progress in acquiring that species of knowledge suited to her years, and her lively imagination went even the length of attaching a more than ordinary interest to the calm and secluded life of a nunnery. It was whispered, that she had already expressed a wish to separate herself forever from the world; and it is not impossible, that had this wish been allowed to foster itself silently in her bosom, Mary might ultimately have taken the veil, in which case, her life would have been a blank in history. But these views were not consistent with the more ambitious projects entertained by Henry, and his uncles of Lorraine. As soon as they were informed of the bent which her mind appeared to be taking, she was again removed from the convent to the palace.

The tears which Mary shed, however, on leaving the nunnery, proved the warmth of her young heart; and that her feelings were not of merely momentary duration, is evinced by the fir-

quent visits she subsequently paid this asylum of her childhood, and by the altar piece she embroidered with her own hands, for the chapel of the convent.

In no country of Europe was education better understood, at that time, than in France. Francis I., who remodeled, on a magnificent scale, the university of Paris, only followed the example which had already been set him by Louis XII. The youth of all countries flocked to the French schools. A competent knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, moral philosophy, and medicine, could be acquired in France for literally nothing. The cardinal of Lorraine, who was at the head of the Parisian University, quickly discovering Mary's abilities, directed her studies with the most watchful anxiety. Before she was ten years old, she had made good progress in the French, Latin, and Italian languages. French was all her life as familiar to her as her native tongue; and she wrote it with a degree of elegance which no one could surpass. Her acquaintance with Latin was not of that superficial kind, but too common in the present day. The young queen's attention was likewise directed to rhetoric, to history, and to the delightful study of poetry, for which her genius was suited, and for which she retained a predilection all her life.

In the midst of her occupations and amusements, Mary was not allowed to forget her native country. Frequent visits were paid her from Scotland, by those personally attached to herself or her family. In 1550, her mother, Mary of Guise, came over to see her, accompanied by several of the nobility,

Henry, to confirm the French authority in Scotland, was eager to marry Francis, his son, to Mary. Francis, the young dauphin, who was much about Mary's own age, was far inferior to her both in personal appearance and mental endowments. They had been playmates from infancy; they had prosecuted all their studies together; he loved her with the tenderest affection; it was not in Mary's nature to be indifferent to those who evinced affection for her, and if her fondness for Francis was mingled with pity, it has long been asserted that "pity is akin to love."

On the twenty-fourth of April, 1558, the nuptials took place

in the church of Notre Dame, with great splendor. Every eye was fixed on the youthful Mary; and, inspired by those feelings which beauty seldom fails to excite, every heart offered up prayers for her future welfare and happiness. She was now at that age when feminine loveliness is perhaps most attractive. It is not to be supposed, indeed, that her charms, in her sixteenth year, had ripened into that full blown maturity which they afterwards attained; but they were on this account, only the more fascinating. Some have conjectured that Mary's beauty has been extolled far above its real merits; and it cannot be denied that many vague and erroneous notions exist regarding it. But that her countenance possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the something which constitutes beauty, is sufficiently attested by the unanimous declaration of all contemporary writers. Her person was finely proportioned, and her carriage exceedingly graceful and dignified.

Shortly after the espousals, Mary and her husband retired to one of their princely summer residences, where she discharged the duties of a wife, without ostentation. But the intriguing and restless ambition of her uncles could not allow her to remain long quiet. About this time Mary Tudor, who had succeeded Edward VI. on the English throne, died; and although the parliament had declared that the succession rested in her sister Elizabeth, it was thought proper to claim for Mary Stuart a prior right. But it was destined that there was to be another and more unexpected death at the French court. Henry II. was killed at a tournament, by Count Montgomery. Francis and Mary succeeded to the throne. Mary was now at the very height of European grandeur, for she was queen of two powerful countries, and heir presumptive of a third. She stood unluckily on too high a pinnacle to be able to retain her position long. Francis died after a short reign of seventecn months, and the heir to the throne, Charles IX. being a minor, Catharine de Medicis became once more virtually queen of France; and from her Mary could expect no favors.

In August, 1561, Mary left France with tears, and was received in Scotland with every mark of respect. She came alone

and unprotected, to assume the government of a country which had long been distinguished for its rebellious turbulence. Contrasted too with her former situation, that which she was now about to fill appeared particularly formidable. By whatever counsel she acted, the blame of all unpopular measures, would be sure to rest with her. If she favored the protestants, the catholics were sure to renounce her, and if she assisted the catholics, the protestants would be again found assembling at Perth, listening, with arms in their hands, to the sermons of John Knox, pulling down the remaining monasteries, and subscribing additional covenants. Is it surprising, then, that she found it difficult to steer her course between the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpools of Charybdis? If misfortunes ultimately overtook her, the wonder unquestionably ought to be, not that they ever arrived, but that they should have been guarded against so long.

To further their political views, Mary's hand was sought for, by princes of the several European courts. The princes of the house of Austria, apprehensive of the ambition of France, wished a union between the Scottish queen, and the archduke Charles Philip II., envying the Austrians so important a prize, used all his influence to procure her hand for his son Don Carlos, heir to the extensive domains of the Spanish monarchy. Catharine de Medicis, jealous of them both, offered the hand of the duke of Anjou, brother to her former husband and Elizabeth, the artful queen of England, recommended lord Robert Dudley, afterwards earl of Leicester.

Mary shunned all their intrigues, and followed the bent of her own inclination, in marrying Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, eldest son of the earl of Lennox. Darnley, at this time in the bloom of youth, was distinguished for the beauty and grace of his person, and accomplished in every elegant art; and he also professed the catholic religion. Darnley's qualifications however were superficial, and abandoning himself to pleasure and the vices of youth, he became gradually careless and indifferent towards the queen, whose disappointments and mortifications were in proportion to the fervor of her former sentiments. Her

French secretary was one David Rizzio, who was possessed of musical talents, and to whom she became much attached. Darnley became jealous of Rizzio, and he with a number of conspirators, took possession of the palace on the ninth of March, 1566, while the queen was at supper with the countess of Argyle and Rizzio. The latter clung to the queen for protection, but he was torn from her, dragged to the next apartment, where the fury of his enemies put an end to his existence, by piercing his body with fifty-six wounds. The conspirators put Mary under guard, but she escaped, and by the aid of Bothwell and others, she was soon enabled to put her enemies at defiance. This event served to alienate Mary's affections from Darnley.

On the nineteenth of June, 1566, the queen gave birth to a son; an event more fortunate to the nation than to his unhappy mother, whose evil destiny received aggravation from a circumstance which appeared so flattering to her hopes.

Darnley, neglected by the queen, and despised by the people, remained in solitude at Sterling, but alarmed by the rumor of a design to seize his person, he thought fit to retire to his father at Glasgow. On his way thither he was seized with a dangerous illness. Mary visited him, and it is said prevailed on him to be removed to the capital, where she would attend on him. Kirk of Field, a house belonging to the provost of a collegiate church, was prepared for his reception. The situation, on a rising ground and in an open field, was recommended for the salubrity of its air.

At two o'clock, on the morning of February 10th, 1567, the city was alarmed by a sudden explosion. The house in which Darnley resided was blown up with gunpowder. The dead body of Henry and a servant, who slept in his room, were found lying in an adjacent garden, without marks of violence, and untouched by fire. Thus perished Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, in his twenty-first year, a youth whom the indulgence of nature and fortune had combined to betray to his ruin.

This execrable deed gave rise to various suspicions and conjectures, which, while they glanced at the queen from her new sentiments with regard to her husband, were, with a general

consent, directed towards Bothwell. A proclamation was issued from the throne, offering a considerable reward for the murderer. Neither the power and greatness of Bothwell, nor his favor with the queen, secured him from the indignant sentiment of the nation. He had a mock trial, in which he was acquitted.

The queen, on a journey from Edinburgh to Stirling, to visit her son, was seized by a party of Bothwell's and conducted a prisoner to his castle at Dunbar. Here he prevailed on her to marry him, and on her subsequent appearance in public, she was received with a sullen and disrespectful silence by the people.

The transactions which had passed during the last three months in Scotland were beheld by Europe with horror and detestation. The murder of the king, the impunity with which his assassins were suffered to escape, and the marriage of the queen with the man accused of being their chief, were a series of incidents, which, for their atrocity and rapid succession, were scarcely to be paralleled in the pages of history. A general infamy fell upon the Scotch nation, which was regarded, from these circumstances, as a people void of decency, humanity, and honor.

The discontented nobles confederated together and flew to arms. Bothwell and Mary were unable to stem the opposition; she surrendered to her enemies, and was conducted a captive to the castle of Lochleven. Mary had for some weeks suffered the terrors of a prison; of her deliverance there seemed to be but little prospect; no one had appeared as her defender or advocate. Thus solitary, deserted and distressed, her persecutors reckoned on her fears and on her sex. Lord Lindsay, the fiercest zealot of the party, was employed to communicate their plan to the queen, and to obtain from her a subscription to the papers with which he was charged. In the execution of his commission, he spared neither harshness nor brutality; certain death was offered to the unhappy victim, as the alternative of her refusal. Thus urged, she yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and put her signature to the papers presented to her by Lindsay. By one of these papers she resigned the crown, renounced all share in the government, and consented to the

coronation of the young king. By another, she appointed Murray to the regency, and vested him with the powers and privileges of the office. Pierced with grief, and bathed in indignant tears, she signed the deed of her own humiliation, and afforded to her adversaries the instrument of her abasement.

The people were not generally satisfied with the conduct of Murray, the regent, and the deserted party of the queen began gradually to reunite. Such was the disposition of the nation, when Mary, through the medium of George Douglas, a youth of eighteen, contrived to escape from prison. She flew on horseback, in full speed to Hamilton; where, before a train of great and splendid nobles, and an army six thousand strong, she declared that the deeds signed by her, during her imprisonment, and the resignation of her crown, were extorted from her by fear. An engagement between her forces and those of Murray took place at Hamilton; her army was defeated. She stood on a hill, and saw all that passed. In confusion and horror she began her flight, and so terrible was the trepidation of her spirits, that she stopped not till she reached the abbey of Darnenan, in Galloway, full sixty Scottish miles from the field of battle. In the space of eleven days she had beheld herself a prisoner, at the mercy of her greatest enemies; at the head of a powerful army, with a numerous train of nobles devoted to her service; and a fugitive, at the hazard of her life, driven, with a few attendants, to lurk in a corner of her kingdom. Still anxious and agitated in her retreat, she was impelled by her fears to an irretrievable step, fatal to all her future hopes. In vain her attendants, with the lords Herries and Heming, implored her on their knees not to confide in Elizabeth, her resolution was not to be shaken, and to England she fatally resolved to fly. No longer an object of jealousy, but compassion, Mary trusted in the generosity of a sister queen, that she would not take advantage of her calamitous situation. She got into a fisherman's boat, and with about twenty attendants, landed at Worthington, in Cumberland, whence, with marks of respect, she was conducted to Carlisle.

She addressed, on her arrival in England, a letter to the queen.

in which she painted, in glowing colors, the injuries she had sustained, and implored the sympathy and assistance which her present situation so pressingly required. Elizabeth and her council deliberated upon the measure, which, on this extraordinary event, it would be proper to pursue; and at last determined, in spite of justice and humanity, to avail herself of the advantages given her by the confidence of her rival. Mary demanded a personal interview with Elizabeth, but this honor she was told must be denied to her. She had no intention of acknowledging superiority in the queen of England, who, she expected would, as a friend, herself receive and examine her defences. But Elizabeth chose to consider herself as umpire between the Scottish queen and her subjects; and she prepared to appoint commissioners to hear the pleadings of both parties, and wrote to the regent of Scotland, to empower proper persons to appear, in his name, and produce what could be alledged in vindication of his proceedings.

Mary, who had hitherto relied on the professions of Elizabeth, was by this proposal at once undeceived, and she was, in despite of her remonstrances and complaints, conducted to Bolton, a castle of lord Scroop, on the borders of Yorkshire. Commissioners met on both sides, and after protracted deliberations for four months, they left things just as they found them.

The last eighteen years of Mary's life were spent in imprisonment, and are comparatively a blank in her personal history. She was transported, at intervals, from castle to castle, and was intrusted sometimes to the charge of one nobleman, and sometimes to another; but for her the active scenes of life were past; the splendor and dignity of a throne were to be enjoyed no longer; the sceptre of her native country was never more to grace her hands; her will ceased to influence a nation; her voice did not travel beyond the walls that witnessed her confinement. She came into England at the age of twenty-five, in the prime of womanhood, the full vigor of health, and the rapidly ripening strength of her intellectual powers. She was there destined to feel, in all its bitterness, that "hope delayed maketh the heart sick." Year after year passed slowly on, and year after year.

her spirits became more exhausted, her health feebler, and her doubts and fears confirmed, till they at length settled in despair. Premature old age overtook her before she was past the meridian of life; and for some time before her death, her hair was white "with other snows than those of age." Yet, during the whole of this long period, amid sufferings which would have broken many a masculine spirit, and which, even in our own times, have been seen to conquer those, who had conquerèd empires, Mary retained the innate grace and dignity of her character, never forgetting that she had been born a queen, or making her calamities an excuse for the commission of any petty meanness, which she would have scorned in the days of her prosperity. Full of incident as her previous life had been, brilliant in many of its achievements, it may be doubted whether the forbearance, fortitude, and magnanimity, displayed in her latter years, do not redound more highly to her praise than all that preceded. Elizabeth wished for some plausible pretext to take away the life of the unhappy Mary, whom, though so defenceless, she regarded as a dangerous rival. The duke of Norfolk made offers of marriage to Mary, to which she consented, in case she should be liberated. His scheme also was to favor the catholic cause, and on its being discovered he was thrown into prison, where, after six months confinement, he was liberated, on condition of his holding no further intercourse with the queen. He was however arrested the second time, and executed.

A conspiracy soon after took place, through the blind affection of the English catholics for Mary, and their implacable hatred of Elizabeth; that, while it proved fatal to the life of one queen, has left on the memory of the other an indelible stain. It was a conspiracy of two zealous catholics, to take the life of Elizabeth. The plot was revealed in confidence to Anthony Babington, a young gentleman of Derbyshire, possessing a large fortune and many amiable qualities, whom the archbishop of Glasgow had recommended to the notice of Mary. The conspirators, through treachery, were arrested, and it is said, two letters from Mary, were found with Babington. This was a pretext to represent these fanatics as the instruments of the captive queen.

Determined that no circumstance of solemnity might be wanting, suited to the dignity of the person arraigned, Elizabeth appointed, by a commission under the great seal, forty persons, the most illustrious in the kingdom for their rank and birth, together with five judges, for the decision of the cause.

The unhappy captive, after the indignities she had suffered, doubted not but that her fate drew near. Every moment she was in expectation of ending her days by poison, or by some other secret method.

The commissioners appointed by Elizabeth, arrived at Fotheringay, on the eleventh of October, 1586. Mary solemnly protested her innocence of the crime laid to her charge, and having never countenanced any attempt against the life of Elizabeth, she refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of her commissioners. "I came," said she, "into the kingdom an independent sovereign, to implore the queen's assistance, not to subject myself to her authority. Nor is my spirit so broken by past misfortunes, or intimidated by present dangers, as to stoop to any thing unbecoming the majesty of a crowned head, or that will disgrace the ancestors from whom I am descended, and the son to whom I shall leave my throne. If I must be tried, princes can only be my peers. However noble may be their birth, the subjects of the queen of England are of a rank inferior to mine. Since my arrival in the kingdom I have been uniformly confined as a prisoner. Its laws never afforded to me any protection. Let them not now be perverted in order to take away my life."

Entreaties and arguments were urged by the commissioners against the resolution of Mary. An argument used by Hatton, the vice chancellor, shook, at length, her firmness. By avoiding a trial, he told her, she was an enemy to her own reputation, and deprived herself of an opportunity of making her innocence manifest.

Unassisted by any friend or counsellor, Mary suffered herself to be deluded by this plausible pretence, and fell into the toils spread for her entanglement. Solicitous for the vindication of her honor, *she relaxed* in the dignified firmness suited to the rank of a queen.

She made her own defence; and her conduct before her judges displayed the magnanimity of a heroine, tempered by the gentleness and modesty of a woman. The judges were predetermined to find her guilty; the trial was a mere pretence to give a sanction to their proceedings; they were unanimous in declaring Mary "to be accessory to the conspiracy of Babington, and to have imagined divers matters, tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of Elizabeth, contrary to the express words of the statute made for the security of the life of the queen."

On Tuesday, February 7th, 1587, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and read in Mary's presence the warrant for her execution, which was appointed for the ensuing day. "That soul," said Mary, calmly crossing herself "is unworthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the axe. I submit willingly to the lot which heaven has decreed for me; though I did not expect the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince." Then laying her hand on a bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested her innocence.

At the scaffold she prayed for the prosperity of her son, and for a long and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She hoped for mercy, she declared, only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she willingly shed her blood. With intrepid calmness, she laid her neck on the block; her hands were held by one executioner, while the other, with two blows, dissevered her head from her body. "So perish all the enemies of Elizabeth!" exclaimed the dean, as he held up the streaming head. "Amen," answered the earl of Kent alone; every other eye was drowned in tears; every other voice was stifled in commiseration. Thus, after a life of forty-four years and two months, nineteen years of which had been passed in captivity, perished the lovely and unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots.

MARY, Queen of Hungary, was sister to the emperor Charles V., and married, in 1521 to Lewis, king of Hungary, who was soon after slain at the battle of Mohatz. His widow was ap-

pointed governess of the low countries, in 1531, and in that station behaved with great courage and prudence. She headed the troops in several actions, and was so fond of hunting, as to be called Diana, and the huntress. She was a favorer of the protestants, and had a taste for literature. Between her and Henry II., king of France, there was a great animosity, and she greatly ravaged the French provinces. Henry, on his part, invaded Flanders and destroyed Mary's palace, who in return carried her devastations into Picardy. The Spanish soldiers called her the mother of the camp. She resigned the government in 1555, and died in Spain in 1558.

CLARA CANTARINI MATRAINI, was of a noble family of Lucca, and one of the best poets of her time. She was living in 1562. Her style is said to be pure, correct, and full of force and elegance; her ideas clear, noble, and ingenious; and she particularly excels as a lyricist. Many of her pieces were printed at Venice, in 1560. Many others were subjoined to her letters, which were printed at Lucca, 1595. In these she appears well instructed in sacred history, and in theology in general; one of them, to her son, contains many useful maxims of manners and conduct. Her "Christian Meditations," mixed with very beautiful scraps of poetry, and concluded by a female's ode to the Almighty, were also printed there. She also wrote a life of the Virgin Mary, in which are many pieces of poetry; others are found in different collections. She was well skilled in the Platonic philosophy, was generally esteemed by the literati of that age, and corresponded with many of them.

JUDITH MURRAY, wife of John Murray, the first Universalist preacher in the United States, was born at Gloucester, Cape Ann, a town in the county of Essex, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the year 1751. She was the daughter of Ignatus Sargent, a merchant of Cape Ann, who was appointed governor of Mississippi, after that portion of country was erected into a territory. Her connection was truly a love match; for Mr. Murray was ten years older than herself; was an unsettled

preacher of a strange doctrine, which was execrated by almost the whole community. He was a widower too, and his prospects were most gloomy; but he was facetious, playful, ready in conversation, and affectionate in his disposition, and early gave her the preference to any one he had seen in this country. She too had broken from the pale of orthodoxy before she saw him, in thought, if not in word; and her kindred were all liberal in their religious creeds. Miss Sargent had the best education that could be had at that time. Mr. Murray, after the close of the revolution, in a good part of which he acted as chaplain, settled in Boston, and was a popular preacher for many years. He had his faith tried most severely, for he was as helpless as a child for several years before his death; but his mind was as serene as a vernal morn, and he waited his entering into his rest without a murmur or a sigh. There is no creed but might be proved by the serenity and hopes of a death bed.

Mrs. Murray was one of those women who dared use her senses and her pen, when in this country it was almost a crime for a woman to be an author. As early as 1798, she wrote the "Repository and Gleaner," three volumes. They were first published in the Massachusetts Magazine, with the signature of "Constantia." She also wrote poetical essays, "Honora Marteris," in the Boston Monthly Magazine of that day.

She wrote with ease and elegance, and would have shown more genius if she had dared to come out boldly, as women of our time venture to do, when they have talents and acquirements.

Every woman is in a good degree identified with her husband, and it could not be driven from the minds of her readers, that she was the wife of a universalist. Still there were many in Boston who appreciated her merits, and spoke of her with respect. She had an only daughter, whose education she superintended herself, and made her one of the most learned young ladies of that "city of schools." Mrs. Murray found among her own relatives and connexions, a highly intellectual society. *The Sargents* are distinguished for taste and capacity. She had *fine conversational powers*, and enlivened and instructed every circle she entered. Mr. Murray died in 1815, after a long

sickness of six years. Her daughter had married and gone to the Natches, and she now followed her. But the climate not suiting an eastern constitution of her age, she died there, but not until a residence of nearly five years. She departed this life, June 6th, 1820, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. She was a woman of most exemplary morals, of a strong understanding, and wrote with ease and elegance. In that day critics abounded, but writers were few, and the judgment of readers had not been so well informed as since. We are much indebted to those writers, both male and female, but particularly the latter, who ventured to write and publish forty years ago. They found no partiality from men, nor hardly any mercy from their own sex. We now look over their productions with great delight, such as they are, and believe that if full scope had been given to their genius, they would have been much superior to what we now find them. Truly they were situated like the daughter of the pilgrim mother, who was confined by narrow underclothes in order that she should not take proud strides, and then was censured for mincing steps; but more unfortunate than she, they had no one who with maternal solicitude would come into court and explain the matter, and set all things right.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA, a learned Italian lady, was born at Ferrera, in 1526. Her father taught the belles lettres in several cities in Italy, and his reputation as a teacher advanced him to be preceptor to the young princes of Ferrera, sons of Alphonso I. The uncommon parts and turn for literature which he discovered in his daughter, induced him to cultivate them, and she soon made a very extraordinary progress. The princess of Ferrera, was at that time studying polite literature, and a companion in the same pursuits being thought expedient, Morata was called to court, where she was heard, by the astonished Italians, to declaim in Latin, to speak Greek, to explain the paradoxes of Cicero, and to answer any questions that were put to her. Her father dying, and her mother being an invalid, she was obliged to return home, in order to take upon herself the administration of the family affairs, and the education of three sisters and a brother.

all which she conducted with judgment and success. She was married, on leaving the court, to a young German physician, by the name of Greunthlerus, who had taken his medical degree at Ferrera, and had fallen in love with her, for her beauty and talents. She went with her husband to Germany, and took her little brother with her, whom she carefully instructed in the Latin and Greek languages. They arrived at Augsburg in 1548, and after a short stay there, went to Sweinfurt, in Franconia, but had not been long there, before the city was besieged and burnt. They escaped, however, but remained in great distress until the elector Palatine invited Greunthlerus to be professor of Physic at Heidelberg. He entered upon this new office in 1554, and began to enjoy some degree of repose, when illness, occasioned by the hardships they had undergone, seized upon Morata, and proved fatal, October, 6th, 1555, before she was quite twenty-nine years old. She died in the protestant religion, which she embraced on her coming to Germany, and to which she resolutely adhered. Her husband and brother did not long survive her, and were interred in the same grave, in the church of St. Peter, where is a Latin epitaph to their memory. Most of her works were burnt with the town of Schweinfurt, the remainder were collected and published by Cœlius Secundus Curio, and are to be found in the libraries of the learned. They consist of orations, dialogues, letters and translations.

MARIA SIBYLLA MERIAN, much and justly esteemed for her skill in drawing insects, flowers, and other subjects of natural history, was born at Frankfort, on the Maine, in 1647; being the grand-daughter and daughter of Dutch engravers, of some celebrity, whose talents were continued and improved in her. She was instructed by Abraham Mignon. She married John Andreez Graff, a skilful painter and architect, of Nuremberg, but the fame she had previously attached to her own name, prevented that of her husband from being adopted. They had two children, both daughters, who were also skilful in drawing. By liberal offers from Holland, this ingenious couple were induced

to settle there. This spirited woman traveled on the continent, and crossed the Atlantic to South America, to study nature, and to make drawings from her entomological researches. Madame Merion died at Amsterdam, in 1717, at the age of seventy. Her daughters, Dorothea, and Helena, extended, in a new edition of her works, the number of plates from their own pencils. Her works have been several times printed in French and Dutch, and in French and Latin. Many of the original drawings of this artist are in the British Museum in two large volumes, which were purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, at a large price. The father of this lady, Matthew Merion, published many volumes of topographical engravings, and collections of plates in sacred history. In Holland her works are sold, when found, at a very high price, and their biographers are just to her memory.

DAMARIS MASHAM, a lady distinguished for her piety and extraordinary accomplishments, was the daughter of Dr. Ralph Cudworth, born at Cambridge on the eighteenth of January, 1658. Her father, perceiving the bent of her genius, took such particular care of her education, that she quickly became remarkable for her uncommon learning and piety. She was the second wife of Sir Francis Masham, of Oates, in the county of Essex, Bart., by whom she had an only son, a lawyer of considerable eminence. She was skilled in arithmetic, geography, chronology, history, philosophy, and divinity. She owed a great part of her improvement to the care of the famous Mr. Locke, who lived many years in her family, and at length died in her house at Oates; and whom she treated with the utmost generosity and respect. She wrote "A discourse concerning the love of God," published in London 1696; and "Occasional Thoughts in reference to a virtuous and Christian life." This amiable lady died in 1708, and was buried in the cathedral church at Bath, where a monument is erected to her memory, full of just and affectionate praise. The mind of the Christian philosopher was infused into this example of industry and piety. This learned, pious, and excellent *papa* was worthy so distinguished a master. *Where Locke was there must have been intelligence.*

JULIA MAMMEA, mother of Alexander Severus. She was possessed of equal genius and courage; and educated her son for the throne, in the same manner as Fenelon afterwards educated the duke of Burgundy, rendering him at the same time a man of virtue and sensibility. Severus thought so highly of his mother, that he did nothing without her counsel, and paid more deference to it than to that of any other person. This princess having heard of Origen, wished to see him, and in the conferences they had together, conceived so high an opinion of Christianity, that she is supposed to have embraced it. She was murdered with her son, in Gaul, by the discontented soldiery.

MARIA THERESA, empress of Germany and queen of Hungary, was born at Vienna, the capital of Austria, on the thirteenth of May, 1717. Her father, Charles VI., was a man of a slow and phlegmatic temper, a narrow capacity, and a grave and formal deportment; he was seldom seen to smile, and was only once known to laugh. He attached the most extraordinary importance to the observance of courtly etiquette, yet was not without good sense, and the capability of strong domestic affection. He however appears to have had but two passions, hunting and music. The imperial musician presided in his own orchestra, and his two daughters, Maria Theresa and Maria Anne, danced in the ballet. It should not be omitted, speaking of the character of Charles, that he was remarkable for a compassionate and benevolent disposition, for honest intentions, and for an extreme aversion to all hypocrisy. These qualities were not, however, sufficient to ensure either his own or his people's happiness. His reign was, upon the whole, one of the most disgraceful and disastrous in the history of the empire.

The mother of Maria Theresa, was Elizabeth Christina, of Brunswick, a lovely and amiable woman, who possessed and deserved her husband's entire confidence and affection. Lady Wortley Montague, who visited the court of Vienna only a few months before the birth of Maria Theresa, speaks of the beauty and beneficence of the empress, and of her sweet and gracious manners with a kind of rapture.

The two archduchesses were brought up under the superintendance of their mother, and received an education, in no respect different from that of other young ladies of rank, of the same age and country, except that they were kept in more strict seclusion. Maria Theresa had beauty, spirit, and understanding. Maria Anne was as lovely as her sister, but inferior in capacity, and of a very mild and reserved disposition; both sisters were tenderly attached to each other,

It does not appear to have entered into the mind of Charles, to give his daughter an education befitting the situation to which she was destined; he, indeed, admitted her, at the age of fourteen, to be present at the sittings of the council, but he never disclosed to her any of his affairs, never conversed with her on any subject of importance, never even allowed her an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the forms of business. While she sat in the council, she was always silent; but it was observed, that, however protracted the deliberations, she never betrayed any signs of weariness, but listened with the most eager attention to all she could, and all she could not understand. The only use she made of her new privilege, was to be the bearer of petitions in behalf of those who prevailed on her benevolence or her youthful inexperience, to intercede for them. The emperor becoming at length impatient at the increasing number of these petitions, said to her on one occasion, "You seem to think a sovereign has nothing to do but to grant favors!" "I see nothing else that can make a crown supportable," replied his daughter: she was then about fifteen.

Her taste for music was highly cultivated. She studied Italian, with much success; but much of her time was given to the strict observance of the forms of the Roman catholic faith; and though she could not derive from the bigoted old women and ecclesiastics around her, any very enlarged and enlightened ideas of religion, her piety was at least sincere. She omitted no opportunities of obtaining information relative to the history and geography of her country, and she appears to have been early possessed with a most magnificent idea of the power and grandeur of her family; and of the lofty rank to which she was

destined. This early impression of her own vast importance was only counterbalanced by her deep feelings and habits of devotion, and by the natural sweetness and benignity of her disposition.

Such was Maria Theresa at the age of sixteen or seventeen. She had been destined in her infancy to marry the young duke of Lorraine, who was brought up at the court of Vienna as her intended husband. It is very, very seldom, that these political state marriages terminate happily, or harmonize with the wishes and feelings of those principally concerned; but in the present case "the course of true love" was blended with that of policy. Francis Stephen, of Lorraine, was the son of Leopold, duke of Lorraine, surnamed the Good and Benevolent. His grandmother, Leonora, of Austria, was the eldest sister of Charles VI, and he was consequently the cousin of his intended bride. Francis was not possessed of shining talents, but he had a good understanding, and an excellent heart; he was, besides, eminently handsome, indisputably brave, and accomplished in all the courtly exercises that became a prince and a gentleman. In other respects his education had been strangely neglected; he could scarcely read or write. From childhood, the two cousins had been fondly attached, and their attachment was perhaps increased, at least on the side of Maria Theresa, by those political obstacles which long deferred their union, and even threatened at one time, a lasting separation.

Charles died, October 20th, 1740. Maria Theresa was in her twenty-fourth year, when she became, in her own right, queen of Hungary and Bohemia, archduchess of Austria, sovereign of the Netherlands, and duchess of Milan, of Parma, and Placentia; in right of her husband she was also grand duchess of Tuscany. Naples and Sicily had indeed been wrested from her father, but she pretended to the right of those crowns, and long entertained the hope and design of recovering them. She reigned over some of the finest and fairest provinces of Europe; over many nations speaking many different languages, governed by different laws, divided by mutual antipathies, and held together by no common link except that of acknowledging the

same sovereign. That sovereign was now a young inexperienced woman, who had solemnly sworn to preserve inviolate and indivisible, the vast and heterogeneous empire, transmitted to her feeble hand, as if it had depended on her will to do so. Within the first few months of her reign, France deferred, and at length declined to acknowledge her title. The elector of Bavaria, supported by France, laid claim to Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. The king of Spain also laid claim to the Austrian succession, and proposed to seize on the Italian states; the king of Sardinia claimed Milan; the king of Prussia, not satisfied with merely advancing pretensions, pounced like a falcon on his prey, and seized upon the whole duchy of Silesia, which he laid waste and occupied with his armies.

Like the hind of the forest, when the hunters are abroad, who hears on every side the fierce baying of the hounds, and stands and gazes around with dilated eye and head erect, not knowing on which side the fury of the chase is to burst upon her,—so stood the lovely majesty of Austria, defenceless, and trembling for her very existence, but not weak, nor irresolute, nor in any wise despairing.

Maria Theresa was by no means an extraordinary woman. In talents and strength of character, she was inferior to Catherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England, but in moral qualities, far superior to either; and it may be questioned whether the brilliant genius of the former, or the worldly wisdom and sagacity of the latter, could have done more to sustain a sinking throne, than the popular and feminine virtues, the magnanimous spirit, and unbending fortitude of Maria Theresa. She had something of the inflexible pride and hereditary obstinacy of her family; her understanding naturally good, had been tinged with bigotry and narrowed by illiberal prejudices; but in her early youth these qualities only showed on the fairer side, and served only to impart something fixed and serious to the vivacity of her disposition, and the yielding tenderness of her heart. She had all the self will and all the sensibility of her sex; she was full of kindly impulses and good intentions; she was not naturally ambitious, though circumstances afterwards developed that passion.

in a strong degree; she could be roused to temper, but this was seldom, and never so far as to forget the dignity and prosperity of her sex. It should be mentioned, (for in the situation in which she stood, it was by no means an unimportant advantage,) that at this period of her life few women could have excelled Maria Theresa in personal attractions. Her figure was tall, and formed with perfect elegance; her deportment at once graceful and majestic; her features were regular; her eyes were gray, and full of lustre and expression; she had the full Austrian lips, but her mouth and smile were beautiful; her complexion was transparent; she had a profusion of fine hair; and to complete her charms, the tone of her voice was peculiarly soft and sweet. Her strict religious principles, or her early and excessive love for her husband, or the pride of her royal station, or perhaps all these combined, had preserved her character from coquetry. She was not unconscious of her powers of captivation, but she used them not as a woman, but as a queen; not to win lovers, but to gain over refractory subjects.

The perils which surrounded Maria Theresa at her accession, were such as would have appalled the strongest mind. She was not only encompassed with enemies without, but threatened with commotions within; she was without an army, without a treasury, and, in point of fact, without a ministry; for never was such a set of imbecile men collected together to direct the government of a kingdom, as those who composed the *conference*, or state council of Vienna, during this period. They agreed in but one thing; in jealousy of the duke of Lorraine, whom they considered as a foreigner, and who was content perforce to remain a mere cypher.

The first war in which Maria Theresa was engaged, was begun in self defence; never was the sword drawn in a fairer quarrel or in a juster cause. Her great adversary was Frederick II., of Prussia, aided by France and Bavaria. On the side of the young queen were England and Holland. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which her helpless situation excited among the English of all ranks. The queen of Hungary was a *favorite toast*, her head a *favorite sign*. The parliament voted *large subsidies* to support her, and the ladies of England, with

the old duchess of Marlborough at their head, subscribed the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which they offered to her acceptance. Maria Theresa, who had been so munificently aided by the king and parliament, either did not think it consistent with her dignity to accept of private gifts, or from some other reason, declined the proffered contribution.

The war of the Austrian succession lasted nearly eight years. The battles and the sieges, the victories and defeats, the treaties made and broken, the strange events and vicissitudes which marked its course, may be found duly chronicled and minutely detailed in the histories of France, England, and Germany.

Her situation at the commencement of the war appeared desperate. Frederick occupied Silesia, and in the first great battle in which the Austrians and Prussians were engaged, (the battle of Molwitz,) the former were entirely defeated. The French army poured across the Rhine, and joined the elector of Bavaria. They advanced in concert within a few leagues of Vienna.

The young queen, threatened in her capital, looked round her in vain for aid and council. Her allies had not sent her the promised assistance; her most sanguine friends drooped in despair; her ministers looked on each other in blank dismay. At this crisis, the spirit of a feeling and high minded woman, saved herself, her capital, and her kingdom. Maria Theresa took alone the resolution of throwing herself into the arms of her Hungarian subjects.

Who has not read of the scene which ensued, which has been so often related, so often described? and yet we all feel that we cannot hear of it too often. When we first meet it on the page of history, we are taken by surprise, as though it had no business there; it has the glory and freshness of old romance. Poetry never invented any thing half so striking, or that so completely fills the imagination.

The Hungarians had been oppressed, enslaved, insulted by Maria's predecessors. In the beginning of her reign, she had abandoned the usurpations of her ancestors, and had voluntarily taken the oath to preserve all their privileges entire. This was partly from policy, but it was also partly from her own just and

kind nature. The hearts of the Hungarians were already half won when she arrived at Presburg, in June, 1741. She was crowned queen of Hungary on the 13th, with the peculiar national ceremonies; the iron crown of St. Stephen was placed on her head; the tattered but sacred robe thrown over her own rich habit, which was incrustated with gems; his scimitar girded to her side. Thus attired, and mounted on a superb charger, she rode up the royal mount, and according to the antique custom, drew her sabre and defied the four quarters of the world. The crown of St. Stephen, which had never before been placed on so small or so lovely a head, had been lined with cushions to make it fit; it was also very heavy, and its weight, added to the heat of the weather, incommoded her; when she sat down to dinner in the great hall of the castle, she expressed a wish to lay it aside. On lifting the diadem from her brow, her hair, loosened from confinement, fell down in luxuriant ringlets over her neck and shoulders; the glow, which the heat and emotion had diffused over her complexion, added to her natural beauty, and the assembled nobles, struck with admiration, could scarce forbear shouting their applause.

The effect which her youthful grace and loveliness produced on this occasion, had not yet subsided, when she called together the diet, or senate of Hungary, in order to lay before them the situation of her affairs. She entered the hall of the castle, habited in the Hungarian costume, but still in deep mourning for her father; she traversed the apartment with slow and majestic step, and ascended the throne, where she stood for a few minutes silent. The chancellor of the state first explained the situation to which she was reduced, and then the queen, coming forward, addressed the assembly in Latin, a language which she spoke fluently, and which is still in common use among the Hungarians.

“The disastrous state of our affairs,” said she, “has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful states of Hungary, the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending over this kingdom, and propose to them the consideration of a remedy. *The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children, of our crown, are now at stake; and*

forsaken by all, we place our sole hope in the fidelity, arms, and long tried valor of the Hungarians."

She pronounced these simple words in a firm but melancholy tone. Her beauty, her magnanimity, and her distress, roused the Hungarian chiefs to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm. They drew their sabres half out of their scabbards, then flung them back to the hilt with a martial sound, which re-echoed through the lofty hall, and exclaimed with one accord, "Our swords and our blood for your majesty; we will die for our *king*, Maria Theresa!" Overcome by sudden emotion, she burst into a flood of tears. At this sight, the nobles became almost frantic with enthusiasm. They retired from her presence, to vote supplies of men and money, which far exceeded all her expectations.

The devoted loyalty of her Hungarian subjects changed the aspect of her affairs. Tribes of wild warriors, from the Turkish frontiers, Croats, Pandours, and Sclavonians, never before seen in the wars of civilized Europe, crowded round her standard, and by their strange appearance, and savage mode of warfare, struck terror into the disciplined soldiers of Germany.

A temporary peace was succeeded by another war with Prussia; but at length the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, which was signed by the empress queen, October 23d, 1748, gave repose to Europe. Thus terminated a bloody and extensive war, which, at the commencement, threatened the very existence of the house of Austria; but the magnanimity of Maria Theresa, the zeal of her subjects, and the support of Great Britain, triumphed over her numerous enemies, and secured an honorable peace. She recovered the imperial dignity, which had been nearly wrested from the house of Austria; she maintained a standing army of one hundred and eight thousand men; she visited her camps and garrisons, and animated her troops by her presence, her gracious speeches, and her bounties.

But Maria Theresa accomplished other designs far more worthy of herself and of her sex. She made some admirable regulations in the civil government of her kingdom; she corrected many abuses which had hitherto existed in the administration of justice; she abolished forever the use of torture

throughout her dominions. The collection of the revenues were simplified; the great number of tax gatherers, which she justly considered as an engine of public oppression, was diminished. Her father had left her without a single florin in the treasury. In 1750, after eight years of war, and the loss of several states, her revenues exceeded those of her predecessors by six millions.

Maria Theresa in an evil hour formed an alliance with France. Another war of seven years duration with Prussia followed. By the treaty of 1763, all places and prisoners were given up; not a foot of territory was gained or lost by either party. Silesia continued in the possession of Prussia; the political affairs of Germany remained in precisely the same state as before the war; but Saxony and Bohemia had been desolated, Prussia almost depopulated, and more than five hundred thousand men had fallen in battle.

Francis died, August 18th, 1765. Maria's attachment to her husband had been fond and passionate in her youth, and it was not only constant to death, but survived even in the grave. Francis was her inferior in abilities; his influence was not felt, like hers, to the extremity of the empire; but no man could be more generally beloved in his court and family. His children idolized him, and he was to them a fond and indulgent father.

Maria Theresa was the mother of sixteen children, all born within twenty years. There is every reason to suppose that her naturally warm affection, and her strong sense, would have rendered her, in a private station, an admirable, an exemplary parent; and it was not her fault, but rather misfortune, that she was placed in a situation where the most sacred duties and feelings of her sex became merely secondary. While her numerous family were in their infancy, the empress was constantly and exclusively occupied in the public duties and cares of her high station; the affairs of government demanded almost every moment of her time. The court physician, Von Swietar, waited on her each morning at her *levee*, and brought her a minute report of the health of the princes and princesses. If one of them was indisposed, the mother, laying aside all other cares,

immediately flew to their apartment. They all spoke and wrote Italian with elegance and facility. Thus all her children were brought up with extreme simplicity. They were not allowed to indulge in personal pride or caprice; their benevolent feelings were cultivated both by precept and example. They were sedulously instructed in the "Lives of the Saints," and all the tedious forms of unmeaning devotion, in which, according to the sincere conviction of their mother, all true piety consisted. A high sense of family pride, an unbounded devotion to the house of Austria, and to their mother, the empress, as the head of that house, was early impressed upon their minds, and became a ruling passion, as well as a principle of conduct with all of them.

We have only to glance back upon the history of the last fifty years to see the result of this mode of education. We find that the children of Maria Theresa, transplanted into different countries of Europe, carried with them their national and family prejudices; that some of them, in later years supplied the defects of their early education, and became remarkable for talent and for virtue. That all of them, even those who were least distinguished and estimable, displayed occasionally both goodness of heart and elevation of character; and that their filial devotion to their mother, and what they considered *her* interests, was carried to an excess, which in one or two instances, proved fatal to themselves.

It is very amusing to contrast the routine of her private life with that of the heartless, ostentatious Elizabeth, and the dissolute, splendid Catherine. Maria Theresa lived in the interior of her palace with great simplicity. She breakfasted on a cup of milk coffee; then dressed and heard mass. She then proceeded to business. Every Tuesday she received the ministers of the different departments; other days were set apart for giving audience to foreigners and strangers. There were stated days on which the poorest and meanest of her subjects were admitted, almost indiscriminately; and so entire was her confidence in their attachment and her own popularity, that they might *whisper to her*, or see her alone if they required it. *At other times she read memorials, or dictated letters or despatches.*

signed papers, &c. At noon her dinner was brought in, consisting of a few dishes, served with simplicity. She usually dined alone, like Napoleon, and for the same reason, to economize time. After dinner, she was engaged in public business until six; after that hour her daughters were admitted to join in her evening prayer; if they absented themselves, she sent to know if they were indisposed; if not, they were certain of meeting with a maternal reprimand on the following day. At half past eight or nine she retired to rest.

Much of her time was spent in devotion; the eighteenth day of every month, was consecrated to the memory of her husband, after his death; and the month of August was spent in retirement, in penance, and in celebrating masses and requiems for the repose of his soul. It is computed that she devoted five hours out of fifteen to her religious devotions, and this is related as a thing incredible, and as more becoming a "bigoted abbess than a great sovereign;" but was it too much, that, when declining in years, after having proved in her own person the nothingness of all human grandeur, she should give up one third of her time to prepare for that better world to which she was fast approaching? Alfred, in the prime of life, did the same; and with regard to the puerile and minute observances, the credulity and intolerance, which were mingled with her religious feelings, we must remember the system of faith in which she had been educated; the same turn of mind which sent Maria Theresa on a pilgrimage to "our Lady of Heren-haltz," or to pray and tell her beads at the sepulchre of her husband, would, in a protestant country, have made her half a saint, or at least *evangelical*.

She founded or enlarged in different parts of her extensive dominions several academies for the improvement of the arts and sciences; instituted numerous seminaries for the education of all ranks of people; reformed the public schools, and ordered prizes to be distributed among the students who made the greatest progress in learning, or were distinguished for propriety of behavior, or purity of morals. She established prizes for those who excelled in different branches of manufacture, in geometry,

mining, smelting metals, and even spinning. She particularly turned her attention to agriculture, which, on a medal, struck by her order, was entitled the "Art which nourishes all other arts," and founded a society of agriculture at Milan, with bounties to the peasants who obtained the best crops. She took away the pernicious rights which the convents and churches enjoyed, of affording an asylum to all criminals without distinction; she suppressed the inquisition, which, though curbed by the civil power, still existed at Milan.

But the great stain upon the character and reign of Maria Theresa, an event which cannot be spoken of without pain or reluctance, was the infamous dismemberment of Poland, in 1772. This dark deed, no doubt, originated with Prussia, but to Maria Theresa belongs the disgrace of an accomplice in this foul procedure.

In the year 1778, she was again nearly plunged into a war with her old adversary, Frederick of Prussia. After a long negotiation, and many difficulties, which she met and overcame with firmness and talent worthy of her brightest days, the peace was signed at Teschen, in Saxony, on the the thirteenth of May, the birth day of the empress queen.

The treaty of Teschen was the last political event of Maria Theresa's reign, in which she was actively and personally concerned. Her health had been for some years declining, and for several months previous to her death, she was unable to move from her chair without assistance. An English traveller, who was introduced to her about this time, describes her as an old lady, immensely corpulent, habited in the deepest weeds, with her gray hair slightly powdered, and turned back under a cap of black crape. Notwithstanding her many infirmities, her deportment was still dignified, her manner graceful as well as gracious, and her countenance benign.

She had long been accustomed to look death in the face, and when the hour of trial came, her resignation, her fortitude, and her humble trust in Heaven never failed her. Her agonies during the last ten days of her life, were terrible, but never drew from her a single expression of complaint or impatience. She

was only apprehensive that her reason and her physical strength might fail her together. She was once heard to say, "God grant that these sufferings may soon terminate, for otherwise, I know not if I can much longer endure them."

After receiving the last sacraments, she summoned all her family to her presence, and solemnly recommended them to the care of the emperor Joseph, her eldest son. "My son," said she, "as you are the heir to all my worldly possessions, I cannot dispose of them; but my children are still, as they have ever been, my *own*. I bequeath them to you, be to them a father. I shall die contented if you promise to take that office upon you." She then turned to her son Maximilian and her daughters, blessed them individually, in the tenderest terms, and exhorted them to obey and honor their elder brother as their father and sovereign. After repeated fits of agony and suffocation, endured to the last, with the same invariable serenity and patience, death, at length, released her, and she expired on the twenty-ninth of November, 1780, in her sixty-fourth year.

The earthly dower of Maria Theresa was certainly the richest ever granted to a mortal. A strong mind and a feeling heart, royalty and beauty, long life and prosperity, a happy marriage, a numerous family, her people's love, the admiration of the universe! These were hers; and her biographers generally sum up her character by justly styling her the most blameless and beneficent sovereign who ever wore a crown. While we grieve that the feminine mistakes, passions, and antipathies of Maria Theresa should cost humanity so dear; yet still it is true that the real elevation of her mind, and the warm and generous affections of her heart, rendered her one of the most admirable and amiable of women.

JANE, COUNTESS OF MONTFORT, flourished in 1341 and 1342. The count de Montfort, heir male of Brittany, had seized that duchy in opposition to Charles of Blois, the French king's nephew, who had married the grand-daughter of the late duke. Sensible that he could expect no favor from Philip, Montfort made a voyage to England, and offered to do homage to Edward III.

as king of France, for Brittany; proposing a strict alliance for the support of each other's pretensions. Little negotiation was necessary to conclude a treaty between two princes connected by their immediate interests. But the captivity of the count, who was taken prisoner by the enemy, which happened soon after, seemed to put an end to all the advantages naturally to be expected from it. The affairs of Brittany, were however, unexpectedly retrieved by Jane, wife of Montfort. Roused, by the captivity of her husband, from those domestic cares to which she had hitherto entirely confined herself, she boldly undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. When she received the fatal intelligence, instead of giving way to despair, she instantly assembled the inhabitants of Rennes, where she then resided, and taking her infant son in her arms, conjured them to extend their protection to the last male heir of their ancient sovereigns; expatiated on the resources to be derived from England, entreating them to make one daring effort against a usurper, who, being allied to France, would sacrifice their ancient liberty as the price of assistance. In short, she harangued them in a strain so bold and so pathetic, that it spoke to their hearts, and inspired them with a portion of her own enthusiastic ardor; they resolved to defend her with their lives and fortunes. She then made a progress through all the other fortresses of the duchy, and induced them to adopt similar measures; visited the garrison, and provided every thing necessary for sustenance and defence; and having secured the whole province from surprise, shut herself up in Hennebone, expecting the English succors, and sent her son over to England. Charles of Blois opened the campaign, expecting soon to terminate a war merely conducted by a woman. Rennes soon surrendered to him. He next proceeded to Hennebone, where the brave countess commanded in person. The garrison, actuated by her presence, made a vigorous defence. She herself performed prodigies of valor; clad in complete armor, she stood foremost in the breach, sustained the most violent assaults, and flying with active vigilance from post to rampart, encouraged her troops, and displayed skill that would have done honor to the most experi-

enced general. Perceiving one day, that the besiegers, occupied in a general attack, had left their camp unguarded, she immediately sallied forth by a postern, with five hundred men, set fire to their tents, baggage, and magazines, and created so universal an alarm, that the enemy desisted from the assault, to cut off her communication with the town. Finding herself intercepted, she galloped towards Auray, which she reached in safety. Five days after she returned with her little army, cut her way through part of the camp, and entered the town in triumph.

At length, however, so many breaches were made in the walls by reiterated assaults, that the place was deemed no longer tenable, and the bishop of Leon, notwithstanding the prayers and remonstrances of the countess, had determined to capitulate; he was actually engaged in a conference respecting it, with Charles of Blois, when the countess, who had ascended a lofty tower, and was casting an eager look toward the sea, descried a fleet at a distance. She instantly ran into the streets, and exclaimed in a transport of joy, "Succors, succors, the English succors, no capitulation!" Nor was she mistaken; the English fleet soon after entered the harbor, and the troops under the command of Sir Walter Mauny, sallied from the city, attacked the camp of the besiegers, and reduced it to ashes. On Sir Walter's return from this successful expedition, says Froissard, "the countess went forth to meet him with a joyful countenance, and kissed him and his companions two or three times, like a valiant lady." Edward himself afterwards undertook her defence. The count, who had been released through a treaty between England and Philip, still attempting to defend his right, was slain, and Edward undertook the cause of his son. Afterwards, in 1346, Charles of Blois having come with his troops to the assistance of a fortress he had reduced, she attacked him in his entrenchments in the night, dangerously wounded, and took him prisoner.

MADAME DE MAINTENON, a most extraordinary lady, who, from a humble situation, and a variety of misfortunes, rose, at last, to be the wife of Louis XIV., was descended from the an-

cient family of D'Aubigny. Her grandfather was a man of considerable rank, and highly renowned as a champion for the protestants, and as he perceived, at last, that there was no safety for him in his own country, he fled to Geneva, where he died in the year 1630.

The son of this D'Aubigny, soon after the death of his first wife, was, in December, 1626, married a second time, to a lady of a respectable family, with whom he lived only a few weeks, when he was cast into prison in Paris, in consequence of some heinous accusation against him. Madame D'Aubigny exerted her utmost influence to procure his enlargement; but to no purpose. As, however, her attachment to her husband increased in proportion as he became more miserable, she obtained liberty to shut herself up in prison along with him, where she had two sons. She, at length, got permission from court to have her husband removed to the prison of Niort, that she might be nearer the assistance, which they derived from their relations.

In this prison, Madame de Maintenon was born, November, 27th, 1635; from which miserable situation, however, she was taken a few days after by Madame Villette, her aunt by the father's side. Soon after this, she obtained her husband's release, upon condition, however, that he should embrace the catholic religion; but no sooner was D'Aubigny at liberty, than fearing some fresh troubles, he resolved to decamp and seek his fortune abroad. Accordingly, in 1639, he embarked for the West Indies, with his wife and family, and settled at Martinico, where he acquired considerable plantations. Madame D'Aubigny, some years after, returned to France, with a view to recover some debts, in which, however, she did not succeed, and soon went back to the West Indies, where she had the mortification to find her husband completely ruined, by gaming. In 1646 D'Aubigny died, when his lady, with her small family, were left in the greatest distress. She returned to France, and her daughter soon after was taken into the family of Madame Villette, who received her with great marks of affection, informing her that she should be heartily welcome to reside in her house as long as she thought proper, where, at least, she should never be at a loss for a sub-

sistence. The niece accepted the offer with gratitude, and in a short time became firmly attached to the protestant religion; but Madame de Nevillant, a relation by the mother's side, having solicited an order, which was granted, from the court, to take her out of the hands of her aunt, and to have her instructed in the Romish religion, took her to herself, and made her a convert, which, however, was not effected, without many threats, and hardships inflicted on her.

With a view to rescue herself from the state of dependence to which she found herself subjected, she was obliged to marry that famous old buffoon, the abbe Scarron, who subsisted himself only on a pension allowed him by the court, for his wit and parts; but when he died, she found herself as indigent as she was before her marriage. Her friends, indeed, endeavored to get her pension continued, and presented so many petitions to the king, about it, all beginning with "The widow Scarron, most humbly prays your majesty, &c." that he was quite weary of them, and has been frequently heard to exclaim, "Must I always be pestered with the widow Scarron?"

At last, however, through the recommendation of Madame de Montespan, the king settled a much larger pension on her, with a genteel apology for making her wait so long, and afterwards made choice of her to take care of the young duke of Maine. The letters she wrote on this occasion charmed the king, and were the origin of her advancement; her own personal merit effected all the rest. He bought her the lands of Maintenon, the only estate she ever had; and, finding her pleased with the acquisition, called her publicly "Madame de Maintenon," which was of great service to her in her good fortune, by releasing her from the name of Scarron.

In the mean time, her elevation was to her only a retreat; the king came to her apartment every day after dinner, before and after supper, and continued there till midnight; here he did business with his ministers, while Madame de Maintenon, employed in reading, or needlework, never showed any desire to talk of state affairs, and carefully avoided all appearances of cabal and intrigue, nor did she ever make use of her power, to

procure dignities or employments for her own relations. But, the same natural disposition, which prevented her from soliciting benefits for her friends, made her also incapable of doing injuries. When the minister Louvois threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV., to hinder his marriage with the widow Scarron, she not only forgave him, but frequently pacified the king, whom the rough temper of this minister as frequently incensed.

About the latter end of the year 1685, Louis XIV. married her, he being then in his forty-eighth, she in her fiftieth year; and that piety with which she inspired the king to make her a wife, became by degrees a settled disposition of mind. She prevailed on Louis to found a religious community at St. Cyr, for the education of three hundred young ladies of quality; and here she frequently retired from that melancholy, of which she complains so pathetically in one of her letters, and which few ladies will suppose she should be liable to in so elevated a situation. But, as Voltaire says, if any thing could show the vanity of ambition, it would certainly be this letter. Madame de Maintenon could have no other uneasiness than the uniformity of her living with a great king; and this made her once say to the count D'Aubigny her brother, "I can hold it no longer, I wish I was dead." Louis, however, died before her, in 1715; when she retired wholly to St. Cyr, and spent the rest of her days in acts of devotion; and, what is most surprising, is, that her husband left no certain provision for her, but only recommended her to the duke of Orleans. She would accept no more than a pension of about thirteen thousand dollars per annum, which was punctually paid her till her death, which happened, April 15th, 1719. A collection of her letters has been published, and translated into English.

MARGARET, daughter of Rene, duke of Anjou, and king of Sicily, was cousin-german to the French monarch, and was a princess, who, to the charms of beauty, united superior endowments of mind. Henry VI., of England, desirous of giving peace to his kingdom, after a long war, proposed, during a truce between the two nations, to ally himself, by marriage, with

France, whence he was himself descended on the maternal side. With this view he demanded Margaret; and the duke of Suffolk, with a splendid retinue, passed over to Nantz to solemnize the nuptials, and to escort the princess to England. She was received by the monarch with affection and respect, and the nuptial ceremony was repeated at the monastery of Litchfield, after which the queen and her suite proceeded to London.

Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, who was at the helm of government, opposed this alliance from political motives. Three years previous to his nuptials, Henry had been contracted to the daughter of count d'Armagnac; but the king, influenced by the suggestions of Suffolk, broke his engagements, and deserted his affianced bride.

Margaret, whose temper was vindictive and lofty, could not forgive the opposition of the duke's vengeance, added to a thirst of power, determined her to ruin him in the favor of the king; to drive him from his post, and assume to herself the reins of government. With these views she studied the character of Henry. She perceived his weakness, his indolence, his love of quiet, his aversion to business, his contempt of dignities, and indifference to power, qualities of which she resolved to avail herself. She labored to render the duke odious in the eyes of her husband. But Henry, who had long been accustomed to lean on Gloucester for support, resisted the purposes of Margaret, and zealously defended the duke. The queen, not easily baffled, renewed from time to time her attacks, gradually prevailing over the flexible nature of the monarch. In less than a year, Gloucester lost, with his employments, his credit at court, was arrested in parliament by the high constable of England, and was inhumanly strangled in prison, without even the form of justice.

This atrocious action was generally attributed to the duke of Suffolk, who was odious to the people. He was at first impeached by the parliament, and sent a prisoner to the tower, and after a month's confinement liberated. This not satisfying the populace, he was again impeached, and banished for five years. On his passage to France, he was taken by a ship of war, beheaded by

order of the captain, and cast on the sands at Dover, whence his remains were conveyed to London, and exposed to the people, to satisfy their rage. These disorders originated in the ambition of the queen; her eagerness to grasp the administration of affairs had involved the fate of Gloucester, while Suffolk, devoted to her service, had paid with his life, the forfeit of his crimes. Amidst the tempest which shook the kingdom, Margaret presided at the helm with firmness. Edward, duke of Somerset, was appointed by her prime minister; while the princes of the blood were neglected. The factions of York and Lancaster divided the nation, while Henry held his crown by a doubtful and precarious tenure.

Richard, duke of York, took up arms under pretence of public good. His cause was espoused by the common people of Kent, whose leader was the celebrated Jack Cade. After some skirmishing, Cade was killed, and the people dispersed. York, however, strengthened his party, marched towards the capital, and gave battle to the king's troops. He was victorious, while the king's troops were defeated with a dreadful slaughter. The duke of Somerset being slain, York went over to the king, and in the midst of his vanquished troops, laid at his feet the trophies he had gained, while he declared that the death of the minister was the life of the people. Having thus said, he conducted Henry to London, accompanied by both armies. He, however, left to the monarch but the shadow of sovereignty; the semblance of which he assumed to himself, while parliament declared him protector of the kingdom.

Margaret communicated these proceedings to the king, whom she pressed to retrench the authority of his rival. She was aware of the insecurity of Henry, and plotted the destruction of the duke. York and his party, having been secretly informed of a plot against him, again made war. Margaret governed the camp, and a battle was fought. Ten thousand men fell in the field, and the king was taken prisoner, and conducted to London.

Warm disputes ensued in parliament. It was at length enacted, that Henry, during life, should be king; that the crown should descend to York; and that the prince of Wales, and his posterity, were to be wholly excluded from the succession.

Margaret, incensed at these proceedings, publicly declared her resolution to avenge the cause of her son, and to rescue her husband from captivity. She collected ten thousand men, commanded her forces in person, drew them up in order of battle, and animated them by a speech full of courage and fire. She rode through the battalions, and exhorted the troops to bravery and firmness. The Yorkists, surrounded on all sides, gave way, and the duke fell in the field, his cavalry was routed, and his infantry cut in pieces. She then marched to London, and delivered her husband from captivity. The enemy rallied his scattered troops under Edward, earl of Marche, and in the fields of Towton a battle was fought, which lasted for ten hours, when the king's party gave way. The king and queen escaped, and found protection in Scotland, from James II.

Margaret passed over to France, with Edward, her son. Thence she proceeded to Anjou, to Rene, her father. By Louis XI. she was furnished with two thousand men; with these and her son she returned to Scotland. She was again unsuccessful, and with her son embarked, and landed at Huys, in Flanders. Thence she went to Bruges, and to Lisle and Bethune, where Philip, duke of Burgundy, assisted her with a large sum of money and a convoy, with which she proceeded to the duchy of Bar, belonging to her brother, the duke of Calabria.

Henry, in the mean time was seized, and carried to London, where he was, by order of Edward, imprisoned in the tower. Margaret, distressed but not discouraged by the fate of the king, redoubled her efforts at the court of France. Warwick having espoused the cause of Henry, went over to France, had an interview with the queen, and the king of France fitted out a fleet to assist the queen's cause. He landed at Dartmouth, proclaimed as he marched the name of Henry, and Edward fled to Holland. On his arrival at London he released Henry, and replaced him on the throne. Margaret was overwhelmed with joy, after ten years imprisonment her husband was restored to freedom, and royalty, while the cloud which overwhelmed the destiny of her son, seemed rapidly dispersing. She landed in England, fought a long and bloody battle, and was defeated. She was pressed

once more to hazard a battle, when she was completely overpowered, and she and her son made prisoners. The dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and Lord Hastings, inhumanly butchered the young prince. Margaret was conveyed to London, and that very night, Henry, her husband, was stabbed in the tower, by the ferocious Gloucester. Rene, her father, gave to Louis of France the succession of Provence, for the liberation of his daughter. Louis paid to England for her ransom, fifty thousand crowns of gold. She also, when she was delivered up, renounced every claim to which she might conceive herself entitled, by her marriage with Henry.

Thus divested of power and possessions, and hopeless of any reverse of fortune, she retired to Anjou, to pass the remainder of a disastrous life. She expired, a victim to sorrow, in the parish of Dampierre, near Saumer, in 1482, and was entombed without any particular memorial. On the feast of All-Saints, the chapter of St. Maurice, made annually, after vespers of the dead, a semi-circular procession about her tomb, singing a *sub-venite* to the manes of the unfortunate Margaret.

HANNAH MORE. While we were gathering up materials for this volume, the English press announced the death of this extraordinary woman. She had reached, we knew, the confines of another world, and was hourly waiting for a change; but, strange as it may seem, there has as yet, been only a few slight sketches of her character given to the public. The one which we insert in this brief notice of her, seems to contain more facts than any other we have seen. A later paper has enumerated her charitable bequests, which are so judiciously made as to form the coronal to her fame. We were apprised that there had been no great variety in her life, but it had been long, and could not be destitute of incident, as several generations have passed away since she began to write. She had been contemporary with Burke, Johnson, Darwin, and others of great literary distinction, over whom the grave has long since closed, while she has been permitted to live on to benefit mankind. Another, and another race had sprung up, who panted to do good, and she

labored with them. Romily, and Wilbeforce, were among her friends in this century, as the great men we have named, were in the last. For many years she was devoted to the cause of education, herself a teacher, of unrivalled success. Hundreds of the most distinguished females have been educated by her and her sisters. But, it was not in her school alone, that she has done good; it is in her writings that we find her power. It is now more than half a century since she first appeared as a writer, and every line she has given the world had its effects upon, at least, two nations. She has been known on this side of the water, as well as on the other; and our mothers were aided by her in teaching us in our infancy. We have felt the effect of her writings ever since we began to reason; in the nursery, in the school room, and even in college halls.

In our youthful days we took parts in her "Sacred Dramas," and the speeches of David and Araspes are now as familiar to us "as household words." Even our strict and wary parents, who, bless their shades for their affectionate solicitude for us, and who are no more, having gone the way of all the earth, suffered us to read the works of Hannah More, on the holy sabbath, when almost every thing but the bible was forbidden. It was indeed "a Daniel come to judgment," when we could get her works into our hands, and would hold on to them, until the toll of the bell that "knolled to church," was dying on our ear, and we feared a severe maternal look if we were not in our places before the man of God had stretched his hands in prayer. Her looks, her cottage, her air and manner were all enquired after by every youth who read her works, and for ourselves, we can recollect, that a favorite, pious, kind, and affectionate maiden friend of our childhood, was in the exuberance of our admiration and gratitude, compared in some infant attempts at verse, to Hannah More; we could go no higher.

Her works were printed in this country until every house was furnished with a portion of them. Six years since they were collected and printed at Hartford, in Connecticut, with a preface from Mrs. Sigourney, who speaks of the propheticess of "Barley Wood" with the enthusiasm of a kindred genius.

Hannah More was born about the year 1745, or 1746. She was the youngest of five daughters of a clergyman, who resided at Hanham, near Bristol. In early youth, all her leisure hours are described as having been devoted to reading. The scanty library of her father having been soon exhausted, she borrowed from her village friends; and it is said that, amongst the first books which thus fell into her hands was Richardson's "Pamela"; a work that has made a fool, or worse, of many a girl. On Hannah More it seems to have produced no such effect.

Her sisters had for some time conducted a small school, in which they acquitted themselves with so much propriety, that their reputation increased, and they were enabled to venture on forming a larger establishment, and taking pupils of a higher class than they had hitherto been accustomed to educate. Patronized by several ladies of fortune and discernment, they, about the year 1765, removed to Bristol, and opened a boarding-school in Park street. It soon became one of the most celebrated seminaries in the west of England.

Hannah More accompanied her sisters in their removal. She soon attracted the notice, and acquired the friendship, of the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, their next door neighbor; and that gentleman not only encouraged her to write, but is understood to have corrected all her early effusions. Her first publication, which appeared in 1770, or 1772, was "The Search after Happiness, a Pastoral Drama." The reception which it experienced was so favorable, that she was encouraged to print, in 1774, her "Sir Eldred of the Bower," "The Bleeding Rock," and a tragedy, entitled "The Inflexible Captive," founded on the story of Regulus.

Through the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse, Hannah More was introduced to Garrick, who advised her to write for the stage; for which, indeed, she seems to have had a strong predilection. One of the early fruits of her acquaintance with the manager, was, "An Ode to Dragon, Mr. Garrick's House Dog." This appeared in 1777; as did also a volume of "Essays on several Subjects, designed for Young Ladies."

In 1778, her tragedy of "Percy" was performed. It was

well received; and for a time, it seems to have established her fame as a dramatic writer. To write a moderately successful tragedy was a task of less difficulty in those days than it is now. In the following year she produced another tragedy, "Fatal Falsehood."

It was not long, however, before Miss More's thoughts took a more serious turn; and, in 1782, she published "Sacred Dramas," and "Simplicity, a Poetical Epistle." Some of the dramas had previously been acted by the pupils of Miss More's school. The stage, however, having become an abomination in her eyes, she subsequently availed herself of an opportunity to declare, that she did not think it, in its present state, deserving the countenance of a Christian. She accordingly renounced all dramatic attempts, except as poems.

Many years since, Hannah More, and her sisters, retired, with an easy fortune, to Mendip, in Somersetshire. There, by the establishment of charity schools, they effected a great alteration and improvement in the manners and morals of the colliers.

She observed, and thought, and wrote much; she was intimately acquainted with Dr. Porteus, Dr. Beattie, Mrs. Montague, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Burke, Wilberforce, and many other celebrated individuals of both sexes; she had many curious adventures in her time; and her "Confessions"—her full, honest, faithful "Confessions"—if less piquant and touching than those of Rosseau, would be found to possess an abundant portion of interest.

Continuing to favor the world with her literary productions, Miss More, in 1785, wrote a "Biographical Preface to the Poems of Anne Yearsley, a Milkwoman." Circumstances which arose out of her connection with this Anne Yearsley, poetically designated "Lactilla," excited much notice and animadversion. The patroness and her *protegee* quarrelled; the latter was accused of ingratitude; and, she, in her turn, told a strange story about the disappearance of a volume of her manuscripts, which *had been left with Miss More.* The difference, we believe, was *never satisfactorily settled.*

In 1786, she published "Florio, a Tale," and the "Bas Bleu,

a Conversation, two Poems." Her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," appeared the same year, anonymously. For some time it was assigned to Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Porteus, and others. This was soon followed by her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," which excited much attention; "Village Politics," and "Remarks on the Speech of Monsieur De-pont, on Religious Education," in 1793; and "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," in two volumes octavo, in 1799.

It is said, that, when the education of the late princess Charlotte, became a consideration of national importance, Miss More was consulted on the subject by the queen, (Charlotte); and, that, in consequence, she, in 1808, produced, in two volumes, "Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess." This work was honored with the royal approbation, and that of a large portion of the public.

Though confined to her bed by an excruciating disease, she continued to write, and in that state produced some of her most popular works; amongst others, "Cœlebs in search of a Wife," which appeared in 1809, and which, if we may confide in the veracity of title-pages, ran through ten editions in the course of a twelvemonth.

Her "Practical Piety," in two volumes, was published in 1811; her "Christian Morals," in two volumes, in 1812; her "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul," in two volumes, in 1815; and her "Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners," in 1819. Her miscellaneous works have been collected in eight volumes. Many of her short pieces, however, have not been preserved in that collection.

By that portion of the church of England, denominated evangelical, Miss More was long regarded as an eminent and distinguished character. For several years, her health had been in a feeble and declining state; and, after a painful, and protracted illness, accompanied, at times, by feverish delirium, she expired on Sunday, the seventh of September, 1833, at her residence, Windsor terrace, Clifton.

It has been said that an author is better known by the pre-

face to his works, than from the works themselves, for in that he necessarily talks about himself, and gives some analysis of his own mind, and habits of reasoning. In the following introduction, which she made for an edition of her works, Miss More has spoken of herself and of her writings, and probably more of her true character can be drawn from it, than from the most elaborate biography from another hand. The maxims that guide are sound, and there is a moral and mental energy in her acquirements in favor of them, that should be held in admiration by every independent female mind.

“ Whatever objections may be urged against the literary character of the present day, it must, however, be allowed to exhibit an evident improvement in some material points. It is, for instance, no new observation, that vanity and flattery are now less generally ostensible, even in the most indifferent authors, than they were formerly in some of the best. The most self-sufficient writer is at length driven, by the prevailing sense of propriety to be contented with *thinking* himself the prime genius of the age; but he seldom ventures to *tell* you that he thinks so. Vanity is compelled to acquire or to assume a better taste.

“ That spirit of independence also, which has in many respects impressed so mischievous a stamp on the public character, has, perhaps, helped to correct the style of prefaces and dedications. Literary patronage is so much *shorn of its beams*, that it can no longer enlighten bodies which are in themselves opaque; so much abridged of its power that it cannot force into notice a work which is not able to recommend itself. The favor of an individual no longer boasts that buoyant quality which enables that to swim which, by its own nature, is disposed to sink. The influence of an Augustus, or a Louis Quatorze, of a Mæcenas, a Dorset, or a Halifax, could not now procure readers, much less could it compel admirers for the panegyrist, if the panegyrist, himself, could command admiration on no better ground than the authority of the patron. The once dilated preface is shrunk into plain apology or simple exposition. The long and lofty dedication, generally speaking, dwindled into a sober expression of respect for public virtue, a concise tribute of affection to

private friendship, or an acknowledgment for personal obligation. It is no longer necessary for the dependant to be profane in order to be grateful. No more are all the divine attributes snatched from their rightful possessor, and impiously appropriated by the needy writer to the opulent patron. He still makes indeed the eulogium of his protector, but not his apotheosis. The vainest poet of our days dare not venture, like him who has however so gloriously accomplished his own prediction, to say, in so many words, that his own work is *more sublime than the royal heights of pyramids*. Nor whatever secret compact he may make for his duration, does he openly undertake to promise for his verse, that it shall flow *coequal with the rivers, and survive the established forms of the religion of his country*. The most venal poetic parasite no longer assures his protector, with 'unhappy Dryden,' that mankind can no more subsist without his poetry, (the earl of Middlesex's poetry!) than the world can subsist without the daily course of Divine Providence. And it is but justice to the more sober spirit of living literature, to observe, that our modesty would revolt (putting our sense and our religion out of the question) were a modern poet to offer even an imperial patron to pick and choose his lodging among the constellations; or, as some author has expressed it on a similar occasion, 'to ask what apartment of the zodiac he would be pleased to occupy.'

"So far at least our taste is reformed. And may we not venture to hope, from the affinity which should subsist between correct judgment and unadulterated principle, that our ideas of truth and manly integrity are improved also?

"But it is time that I confine myself to the more immediate objects of the present address, in which, in avoiding the exploded evil I have been reprobating, I would not effectually run into the opposite, and perhaps prevailing extreme.

"It may not, it is presumed be thought necessary to apologize for the publication of this collection, by enumerating all the reasons which produced it. 'Desire of friends,' is now become a proverbial satire; the poet is driven from that once creditable refuge, behind which an unfounded eagerness to appear in print

used to shelter itself; and is obliged to abandon the untenable forts and fastnesses of this last citadel of affectation. Dr. Johnson's sarcasm upon one plea will apply to all, and put to flight the whole hackneyed train of false excuses—'If the book were not written to be printed, I presume it was printed to be read.'

"These scattered pieces, besides that they had been suffered to pass through successive editions, with little or no correction, were in their original appearance, of all shapes and sizes, and utterly unreduceable to any companionable form. Several new pieces are here added, and most of the old ones considerably altered and enlarged. The second volume is preceded by its apology. The 'Essays' are omitted, as being a very juvenils production, and because the subjects of a few of them were analogous to some which have been taken up on higher ground, and treated more in detail in the 'Strictures on Female Education.' If it should be questioned whether the tales which occupy the third volume ought to have made a part of this collection, I can only answer, that though in their original appearance it was found expedient to adopt a more than usually familiar manner, and colloquial style; yet in all that relates to sentiment and principle, and the ends of general utility, I am not conscious of having, on any occasion, taken more pains. They are here given in an enlarged and improved form.

"I should blush to produce so many slight productions of my early youth, did I not find reason to be still more ashamed, that after a period of so many years the progress will be found to have been so inconsiderable, and the difference so little apparent.

"If I should presume to suggest, as an apology for having still persisted to publish, that of the latter productions, usefulness has been more invariably the object; whereas, in many of the earlier, amusement was more obviously proposed; if I were inclined to palliate my presumption by pleading

'That not in Fancy's maze I wandered long;'

It might be retorted that the implied plea, in favor of the latter publications, exhibits no surer proof of humility in this instance than in the other. That, if in the first it was no evidence of the

modesty of the writer to fancy she could amuse, in the last it furnishes little proof of the modesty of the woman to fancy that she can instruct. Now to amuse, or to instruct, or both, is so undeniably the intention of all who obtrude their works on the public, that no preliminary apology, no prefatory humiliation can quite do away the charge of a certain consciousness of talents which is implied in the very undertaking. The author professes his inability, but he produces his book; and by the publication itself controverts his own avowal of alledged incapacity. It is to little purpose that the words are disparaging while the deed is assuming. Nor will that profession of self-abasement be much regarded, which is contradicted by an act that supposes self-confidence.

"If, however, there is too seldom found in the writer of the book, the humility which the preface announces, he may be allowed to plead on humility, which is at least comparative. On this ground may I be permitted to declare, that at no period of my life did I ever feel such unfeigned diffidence at the individual appearance of even the slightest pamphlet, (the slenderness of whose dimensions might carry some excuse for the small proportion of profit or pleasure it conveyed,) as I now feel at sending this, perhaps, too voluminous collection into the world. This self-distrust may naturally be accounted for, by reflecting that this publication is deliberately made, not only at a time of life when I ought best to know my own faults, and the faults of my writings; but is made also at such a distance from the moment in which the several pieces were first struck out, that the mind has had time to cool from the hurry and heat of composition; the judgment has had leisure to operate, and it is the effect of that operation to rectify false notions and to correct rash conclusions. The critic, even of his own works, grows honest, if not acute, at the end of twenty years. The image, which he had fancied glowed so brightly when it came fresh from the furnace, time has quenched; the spirits which he thought fixed and essential, have evaporated; many of the ideas which he imposed not only on his reader, but on himself, for originals, more reading and more observation compel him to restore to their owners. And having detected, from the perusal of abler works, either

plagiarisms in his own, of which he was not aware, or coincidences which will pass for plagiarisms; and blending with the new judgment of the critic, the old indignation of the poet, who of us in this case is not angry with those who have *said our good things before us*? We not only discover that what we thought we had invented we have only remembered; but we find also that what we had believed to be perfect is full of defects; in that which we had conceived to be pure gold, we discover much tinsel. For the revision, as was observed above, is made at a period when the eye is brought, by a due remoteness, into that just position which gives a clear and distinct view of things; a remoteness which disperses 'the illusions of vision,' scatters the mists of vanity, reduces objects to their natural size, restores them to their exact shape, makes them appear to the sight such as they are in themselves, and such as perhaps they have long appeared to all except the author.

"That I have added to the mass of general knowledge by one original idea, or to the stock of virtue by one original sentiment, I do not presume to hope. But that I have labored assiduously, to make that kind of knowledge, which is most indispensable to common life, familiar to the unlearned, and acceptable to the young; that I have labored to inculcate into both, the love and practice of that virtue of which they had before derived the principles from higher sources, I will not deny to have attempted.

"To what is called learning I have never had any pretension. Life and manners have been the objects of my unwearied observation, and every kind of study and habit has more or less recommended itself to my mind, as it has had more or less reference to these objects. Considering this world as a scene of much action, and of little comparative knowledge; not as a stage for exhibition, or a retreat for speculation, but as a field on which the business which is to determine the concerns of eternity is to be transacted; as a place of low regard as an end, but unspeakable importance as a means; a scene of short experiment, but lasting responsibility; I have been contented to pursue myself, and to present to others, (to my own sex chiefly,) those truths, which, if obvious and familiar, are yet practical, and of

general application; things, which if of little show, are yet of some use; and which, if their separate value be not great, yet their aggregate importance is not inconsiderable. I have pursued, not that which demands skill, and ensures renown, but

‘That which before us lies in daily life.’

“If I have been favored with a measure of success, which has as much exceeded my expectation as my desert, I ascribe it partly to a disposition in the public mind to encourage, in these days of alarm, attack, and agitation, any productions of which the tendency is favorable to good order and Christian morals, even though the merit of the execution by no means keeps pace with that of the principle. In some instances I trust I have written seasonably when I have not been able to write well. Several pieces perhaps, of small value in themselves, have helped to supply, in some inferior degree the exigence of the moment; and have had the advantage, not of superseding the necessity, or the appearance, of abler writings, but of exciting abler writers; who, seeing how little I had been able to say on topics upon which much might be said, have more than supplied my deficiencies by filling up what I had only superficially sketched out. On that which had only a temporary use, I do not aspire to build a lasting reputation.

“In the progress of ages, and after the gradual accumulation of literary productions, the human mind—I speak not of the scholar, or the philosopher, but of the multitude—the human mind, Athenian in this one propensity, *the desire to hear and to tell some new thing*, will reject, or overlook, or grow weary even of the standard works of the most established authors; while it will peruse with interest the current volume or popular pamphlet of the day. This hunger after novelty, by the way, is an instrument of inconceivable importance, placed by Providence in the hands of every writer; and should strike him forcibly with the duty of turning this sharp appetite to good account, by appeasing it with sound and wholesome aliment. It is not perhaps that the work in actual circulation is comparable to many works which are neglected; but it is *new*. And let the fortunate author

ambitious, of moderate abilities, who is banqueting on his transient and perhaps accidental popularity, use that popularity wisely; and, bearing in mind that he himself must expect to be neglected in his turn, let him thankfully seize his little season of fugitive renown; let him devote his ephemeral importance, conscientiously to throw into the common stock his quota of harmless pleasure or of moral profit. Let him unaffectedly rate his humble, but not unuseful labors, at their just price, nor despondingly conclude that he has written altogether in vain, though he do not see a public revolution of manners succeed, as he had perhaps too fondly flattered himself, to the publication of his book. Let him not despair, if, though he have had many readers, he has had but few converts. Nor let him on the other hand be elated by a celebrity which he may owe more to his novelty than to his genius, more to a happy combination in the circumstances of the times, than to his own skill or care; and most of all, to his having diligently observed, that

‘There is a tide in the affairs of men;’

and to his having, accordingly, launched his bark at the favorable flow.

“The well intentioned and well principled author, who has uniformly thrown all his weight, though that weight be but small, into the right scale, may have contributed his fair proportion to that great work of reformation, which will, I trust, unless a total subversion of manners should take place, be always carrying on in the world; but which the joint concurrence of the wisdom of ages will find it hard to accomplish. Such an author may have been in his season and degree, the accepted agent of that Providence who works by many and different instruments, by various and successive means; in the same manner as in the manual labor of the mechanic, it is not by a few ponderous strokes that great operations are effected, but by a patient and incessant following up of the blow—by reiterated and unwearied returns to the same object; in the same manner as in the division of labor, many hands of moderate strength and ability may, by co-operation, do that which a very powerful individual might have failed

to accomplish. It is the privilege of few authors to contribute largely to the general good, but almost every one may contribute something. No book perhaps is perfectly neutral; nor are the effects of any altogether indifferent. From all our reading there will be a bias on the actings of the mind, though with a greater or less degree of inclination, according to the degree of impression made, by the nature of the subject, the ability of the writer, and the disposition of the reader. And though, as was above observed, the whole may produce no *general* effect, proportionate to the hopes of the author; yet some truths may be picked out from among many that are neglected; some single sentiment may be seized on for present use; some detached principle may be treasured up for future practice.

“ If in the records of classic story we are told, that ‘ the most superb and lasting monument that was ever consecrated to beauty, was that to which every lover carried a tribute,’ then among the accumulated production of successive volumes, those which, though they convey no new information, yet illustrate on the whole some old truth; those which, though they add nothing to the stores of genius or of science, yet if they help to establish and enforce a single principle of virtue, they may be accepted as an additional mite cast by the willing hand of affectionate indigence into the treasury of Christian morals.

“ The great father of Roman eloquence has asserted, that though every man should propose to himself the highest degrees in the scale of excellence; yet he may stop with honor at the second or the third. Indeed, the utility of some books to some persons would be defeated by their very superiority. The writer may be above the reach of his reader; he may be too lofty to be pursued; he may be too profound to be fathomed; he may be too abstruse to be investigated; for to produce delight there must be intelligence; there must be something of concert and congruity. There must be not merely that intelligibility which arises from the perspicuousness of the author, but that also which depends on the capacity and perception of the reader. Between him who writes and him who reads, there must be a kind of coalition of interests, something of a partnership, (however unequal the

capital,) in mental property; a sort of joint stock of tastes and ideas. The student must have been initiated into the same intellectual commerce with him whom he studies; for large bills are only negotiable among the mutually opulent.

"There are perhaps other reasons why popularity is no infallible test of excellence. Many readers, even of good faculties, if those faculties have been kept inert by a disuse of exertion, feel often most sympathy with writers of a middle class; and find more repose in a mediocrity which lulls and amuses the mind, than with a loftiness and extent which exalts and expands it. To enjoy works of superlative ability, as was before suggested, the reader must have been accustomed to drink at the same spring from which the writer draws; he must be at the expense of furnishing part of his own entertainment, by bringing with him a share of the science or of the spirit with which the author writes.

"These are some of the considerations, which, while my gratitude has been excited by the favorable reception of my various attempts, have helped to correct that vanity which is so easily kindled where merit and success are evidently disproportionate.

"For fair criticism I have ever been truly thankful. For candid correction, from whatever quarter it came, I have always exhibited the most unquestionable proof of my regard, by adopting it. Nor can I call to mind any instance of improvement which has been suggested to me by which I have neglected to profit.* I am not insensible to human estimation. To the approbation of the wise and good I have been perhaps but too sensible. But I check myself in the indulgence of the dangerous pleasure, by recollecting that the hour is fast approaching to all, to me it is *very* fast approaching, when no human verdict, of whatever authority in itself, and however favorable to its object, will avail any thing, but inasmuch as it is crowned with the acquittal of that Judge whose favor is eternal life. Every emotion of vanity

*If it be objected that this has not been the case with respect to one single passage which has excited some controversy, it has arisen not from any want of openness of conviction in me, but from my conceiving myself to have been misunderstood, and, for that reason only, misrepresented.

dies away, every swelling of ambition subsides before the consideration of this solemn responsibility. And though I have just avowed my deference for the opinion of private critics, and of public censors, yet my anxiety with respect to the sentence of both is considerably diminished, by the reflection, that not the writings but the writer will very soon be called to another tribunal, to be judged on far other grounds than those on which the decisions of literary statutes are framed; a tribunal at which the sentence passed will depend on far other causes than the observation or neglect of the rules of composition; than the violation of any precepts, or the adherence to any decrees of critic legislation.

“With abundant cause to be humbled at the mixed motives of even my least exceptionable writings, I am willing to hope that in those of later date, at least, vanity, has not been the governing principle. And if in sending abroad the present collection, some sparks of this inextinguishable fire should struggle to break out, let it be at once quenched by the reflection, that of those persons whose kindness stimulated, and whose partiality rewarded, my early efforts; of those who would have dwelt on these pages with most pleasure, the eyes of the greater part are closed, to open no more in this world. Even while the pen is in my hand, framing this remark, more than one affecting corroboration of its truth occurs. May this reflection, at once painful and salutary, be ever at hand to curb the insolence of success, or to countervail the mortification of defeat! May it serve to purify the motives of action, while it inspires resignation to its event! And may it affect both without diminishing the energies of duty, without abating the activity of labor.”

HARRIET NEWELL a distinguished missionary, was the daughter of Moses Atwood, a merchant of Haverhill, Massachusetts. She was born October 10th, 1793. She was educated at Bradford academy, with Miss Hazeltine, afterwards Mrs. Judson. She was four years younger than that celebrated woman. She became pious about the same time, and there can be no doubt that the determination of Miss Hazeltine to unite herself with Mr. Judson, and to become a missionary to the East Indies, had

a great effect on her destiny. She was married at the same time with her friend, and embarked on board the same vessel for India, on the nineteenth day of February, 1812; but after reaching Calcutta, she, with her husband, was obliged to embark for the Isle of France, not being permitted to stay at Calcutta. On the eighth of October she became the mother of a daughter, who lived but five days, and was buried in the ocean. On reaching the Isle of France she lingered until the twentieth of November 1812, just nine months and a day after leaving the shores of her native land. She was indeed the first martyr in the missionary cause, but she never had the slightest opportunity to exert her activity and benevolence in a cause which she, no doubt, had near at heart. She was a young woman of fair talents and respectable acquirements, and of unquestionable piety. She had naturally a feeble constitution, which could not support the ill she was called to suffer. She died a most hopeful Christian. She wished not to survive her confinement and the loss of her babe, but was desirous of sinking into the sweet slumbers of the grave, and her wish was granted. Before her departure she had written many letters to her female friends, which are proofs of good talents, and a warm heart, devoted to the great causes of charity and religion. She left a circle of friends dear to her, to engage in the missionary cause at an early period of life, for she was only nineteen years of age at her death. In every good and great cause there must be martyrs, and she was the first among American missionaries in India. Mr. Newell survived his wife for several years, and died at Bombay of the spasmodic cholera, having probably taken the disease in attending the sick and dying. He was a man of some learning, great zeal, and well suited to his calling. The account of the death of his wife is indeed touching; it bears the marks of genuine affection, which is better than a world of poetry in speaking of the sorrows of the heart. The novelty of missionary enterprise has gone by, and the matter has become an every day business; but still it requires courage and perseverance to engage in the cause. Some have questioned the utility of their labors, but when we consider the information brought to

light by their exertions, the number of translations of the holy scriptures which they have multiplied, who would venture to say that their efforts have been useless? If ever the world is to be Christianized, it must be by multiplying the sacred volume, and by carrying it to all tongues and people.

NITROCRI, a celebrated queen of Babylon, who built a bridge across the Euphrates, in the middle of that city, and dug a number of reservoirs for the superfluous waters of that river. She ordered herself to be buried over one of the gates of the city, and had an inscription on her tomb, which signified that her successors would find great treasures within, if ever they were in need of money; but that their labors would be but ill repaid if ever they ventured to open it without necessity. Cyrus opened it through curiosity, and was struck to find within it these words: *If thy avarice had not been insatiable, thou never wouldst have violated the monuments of the dead.*

OCTAVIA, grand niece of Julius Cæsar, and sister to Augustus, was the daughter of Caius Octavius and Atia, Romans of distinguished birth and virtue. She received, in the house of her parents, a strict and exemplary education; she was early accustomed to control her feelings, to discipline her imagination, to sacrifice her inclinations to others, and to impart the benefits she received. The modesty of her deportment, her unaffected and simple manners, the beauty of her person, her virtues and fine qualities, rendered her the boast and ornament of the court; while her splendid connections, and affinity to the adopted son of Cæsar, procured her the devotion of the Roman youth, who eagerly aspired to her alliance. Octavia, humble and unambitious, shunned the public homage; dreading to be made a sacrifice to political motives, she sighed after that purer happiness, which, seated in the mind, gratifies the heart and its affections. It was proposed, during the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, that Octavia should be given to the latter as a *pledge of union*, and that a period might be put to the *dissensions which desolated Rome*; but other circumstances arising,

interrupted this negotiation, and for the present, delivered the princess from a destiny which, however adverse to her feelings, she had determined not to oppose. That the happiness of individuals should yield to the public welfare, was a principle which had been early impressed on her mind.

Claudius Marcellus, at this time, possessed the consular dignity, and with it, the respect and confidence of the citizens. The reputation of his virtues had attracted the attention of Octavia; by a farther acquaintance with his character, esteem was softened into tenderness; the princess rejoiced when she found herself destined, by her brother, to be the wife of a man whom her judgment and her heart equally approved. Marcellus united to an agreeable person and engaging manners, the qualities of a Roman citizen, of a hero, and of a sage. In these nuptials, Octavia found realized the most sanguine wishes of a virtuous and tender heart. Marcellus loved his wife with entire affection, and confided in her as a friend; they seemed animated but by one soul; while their affections, their pursuits, their taste, and their judgment, were in perfect unison.

This harmony received no other interruption than from the calamities with which the state was torn, when the proscription of the triumvirs deluged Rome with blood. Octavia exerted, on this occasion, her influence with her brother, to humanize his heart, and put a stop to the effusion of Roman blood. She refused her protection and good offices to no one, while her house was the refuge of the unfortunate. When these troubles were in some degree allayed, Octavia requested permission to retire, with her husband, from the tumults of the city, to devote themselves to the leisure of a tranquil and studious life. But the pleasure which Octavius experienced in their society, frustrated the execution of this plan, and still detained them in the capital. Octavia took no share in the dissipations of the court, or the amusements common to her sex and rank; secluded in her house, and devoted to her husband, she assisted him in his serious occupations, shared his pleasures, and passed in his society her most delightful hours.

Weeks and months thus glided away in delicious tranquility,

when Marcellus was suddenly seized with a fever, which, in its commencement, exhibited the most malignant symptoms; his physicians, at the expiration of two days, despaired of his recovery, and exhorted him to settle his affairs. Marcellus, receiving the sentence of his death with manly fortitude, employed the short remainder of a useful and exemplary life, in consoling his beloved wife, in entreating her to support with firmness their separation, and to transfer to the pledges of their affection her cares and tenderness. The best support of his dying moments, he assured her, would be the conviction, that she would bear with resignation his loss; that she would not indulge in weak though fruitless sorrow; but look forward to new scenes of happiness, which her virtues merited, and of which her youth, her rank, and the vicissitudes of human affairs, gave her a reasonable prospect. Having breathed his last, the sorrow which, while her services might be yet useful, Octavia had stifled in her bosom, burst forth uncontrolled; while overpowered by the acuteness of her anguish, she sunk into a trance, and remained for some hours insensible to her loss. Time only could soften a grief so deep, sincere, and reasonable. Octavia found in her widowhood no mitigation of her affliction, but in calling to mind the dying injunctions of her husband, and the duties and cares which her children demanded. With the consent of her brother, she retired from Rome, for the purpose of devoting herself to the education of her offspring, the only object which now attached her to life.

Soon after this period, the civil war having commenced between Octavius and Antony, it was proposed by the common friends of the triumvirs, that as a pledge of conciliation, the widow of Marcellus should be bestowed on Antony. Octavia heard this proposal with horror and repugnance; she knew not how to promise to Antony, whose infatuation to the queen of Egypt, and whose neglect of his former wife had been notorious, that affection and respect which the tenderness and virtues of Marcellus had made not less her duty than her happiness. She felt the dissimilarity of her own character to that of the man who now demanded her, and the sacrifice which was

exacted from her; she foresaw the misery into which she was about to be plunged, while the peace of Rome, and the duties which she owed to her distracted country, struggled with her repugnance; after a severe internal conflict, hopeless of happiness, she determined to become a victim to the public safety.

By the Roman laws, widows were forbidden, within the first ten months of their widowhood, to contract a new engagement; but, from motives of state, a dispensation was on this occasion granted for the marriage of Octavia. A renewal of the civil war was dreaded by the people; the most auspicious hopes were, from the beauty, and fine qualities of Octavia, entertained from this union; common forms appeared comparatively unimportant; the nuptials were accordingly hastened, and celebrated in Rome, in the year 714, amid the joyful acclamations of the nation. The sadness which clouded the brow of the bride, seemed to yield to the public demonstration of satisfaction; conscious of having bestowed on Antony, with an alienated heart, a reluctant hand, she determined to make up, by the attentive discharge of her duties, for the absence of those sentiments over which she felt she had no control.

A peace being thus concluded between the triumvirs, Augustus continued in Italy, while Antony, with Octavia, passed into Greece, and remained during the winter at Athens. The Athenians omitted no respect due to the rank and virtues of Octavia, who, observing her husband at times emerging from the licentious habits which he had but too habitually indulged, and seeking the society of men of science and learning, began to be better reconciled to her situation, and to cherish hopes of his reformation. While her youth and beauty, her gentleness, her complaisance and watchful attentions, appeared to gain an influence over the mind of Antony, and to banish from his recollection his Egyptian mistress, the grateful sense which he manifested of her conduct awakened a real tenderness in the sensible heart of Octavia.

These promising appearances were of no long duration; the gentleness and affection of Octavia were of a nature too uniform for senses accustomed to the stimulus of licentious gratification.

her virtues, her ingenuousness, her simplicity, were feeble attractions to a debauched imagination, corrupted by meretricious arts; even the zeal with which she entered into his interest, and the frankness with which she suggested plans for his advantage, disgusted the self love of Antony. In the clear judgment and admirable understanding of his wife, he seemed to find a rival, while the homage which her virtues exacted appeared a tacit reproach to his vices. Cleopatra had governed him by artifice and flattery; the sincerity of Octavia was offensive to his vanity.

Augustus, still engaged in a war with the son of Pompey, demanded succors from Antony, who, under pretence of assisting him, but for the real purpose of informing himself of the state of affairs at Rome, and of deriving from them advantage, returned to Italy. A mutual jealousy and coldness ensued; Antony, refused entrance in the haven of Brundisium, put into Tarentum, whence, at her request, he sent Octavia to her brother. Augustus, touched by the remonstrances and supplications of a beloved sister, consented to wave the cause of his contention with her husband, and to return with her to Tarentum. On this occasion, reciprocal demonstrations of reconciliation and friendship, through the mediation of Octavia, passed between the princes.

After this interview, Antony, leaving Octavia with her brother in Italy, returned into the east, where he again fell into the snares of Cleopatra. While occupied in the duties of her family, (to which she had added the children of Antony by his former marriage,) Octavia continued at Rome, she heard with sorrow, but without anger, of the infatuation of her husband, and of the disastrous issue of the Parthian campaign. Having vainly endeavored to palliate to her brother his conduct, alarmed for the safety of this unworthy husband, she resolved to return into the east, and to make a last effort to avert from him the evils by which he was menaced. Having prepared to execute her determination, she received letters from Antony, who had been informed of her design, commanding her to stop at Athens, where she soon learned that, absorbed in his passion for the queen of Egypt, he was solicitous to avoid the presence of his wife. To the harsh mandate which stopped her progress, she

returned an answer full of meekness and submission, requesting directions in what manner to dispose of the presents she had brought with her, and of which she solicited Antony's acceptance. By an answer, still more severe and peremptory, her immediate return to Rome was commanded; proper orders, it was added, would be given for the disposal of the presents, which she might leave behind her in Athens. On receiving these commands, Octavia, without a murmur at the indignities which she suffered, returned to Rome; and, taking up her residence in the house of her husband, notwithstanding the remonstrances and entreaties of her brother, who urged her to leave him to his fate, devoted herself to the education of her own and his children. She omitted no endeavors to soothe the pride and resentment of Augustus, while she implored him not to make her wrongs, which she could sustain with fortitude, a pretence of involving Rome in the miseries of a civil war. When at length, at the instigation of her rival, she was, by order of Antony, compelled to quit his house, her tears flowed more for the fatal consequences she apprehended from this insult, than from her own peculiar sorrows.

This heroic conduct tended but to accelerate those evils to her country, which she was solicitous to avert. The contempt and indignation of the people were roused by the infatuation of Antony, whom the artifices of a voluptuous woman held in disgraceful bondage, blinding him to the merits of his admirable wife, who surpassed her rival, not merely in the qualities of the heart and mind, but in the attractions of youth and beauty. In proportion as she exerted herself to lessen, by patient cheerfulness, and in kind offices to the children and friends of her husband, the public sense of her injuries, she added, without intending it, fuel to the hatred and rage of the nation. Being desirous of making one more effort to recal, by her personal influence, the affections of her husband, she obtained permission of her brother to execute her purpose, in the secret hope that, by the multiplied insults of Antony to his incomparable wife, the Romans might be roused to vengeance. Cleopatra, informed of the design of her rival, and dreading the effect of her merit and

perseverance, put in practice every artifice, to induce her lover to forbid her approach. She represented to him, that it was sufficient glory for Octavia, to bear the title of his wife, while herself, a sovereign princess, submitted to that of mistress; nor, so ardent was the passion with which he had inspired her, could she think herself degraded by the proofs she had given him of her affection, while he did not, by separating himself from her, plunge her into despair. The friends of Antony, on the other side, pressed him to send back Cleopatra from Ephesus, whither she had followed him, and to avert, by this measure, the storm which threatened him from Rome. But the influence of his mistress triumphed over the subjected mind of her lover, whom she prevailed on to take her with him wherever he should remove. On their arrival at Athens, where Octavia had been received with peculiar distinction, the queen of Egypt courted popularity by the most lavish generosity.

The war, which the imprudence of Antony at length provoked, terminated in his ruin. After the battle of Actium, in which, betrayed by Cleopatra, he fled covered with disgrace, Octavia, by repeated messages, entreated him to authorize her mediation with her brother, and to allow her to be the pledge of his future conduct, while she assured him of her forgiveness of the past, and her determination never, by recrimination or reproach, to revive the memory of his disaster. But vain were all the efforts of this heroic and unfortunate woman; Antony, deaf to her supplications, chose rather to die with her perfidious rival.

Octavia, illustrious in virtue and in descent, to whom nature and fortune had been equally lavish, the dawn of whose life promised a brilliant and unclouded day, beheld the sun of her prosperity set at noon; over the remainder of her life thick darkness rested, while towards its close, the gloom deepened. Marcus Claudius Marcellus, her son by her former marriage, who inherited the virtues of his parents, was the pride and boast of Rome; while united to the daughter of Augustus, he was regarded as presumptive heir of the empire. This son, so dear to Octavia, in whom his father seemed yet to survive, died in the flower of his age. From a blow thus severe, which seemed

to fill up the measure of her calamities, Octavia never recovered. The eulogy of Marcellus, composed by Virgil, is inserted in the *Æneid*, book VI. verse 860. On its recital by the poet, in the presence of Augustus and his sister, the emperor melted into tears, and the unhappy mother swooned away.

Octavia gave up the remainder of her life to solitude; in which, brooding incessantly over her misfortunes her temper became soured, and her mind broken; cherishing a spirit of misanthropy, she even sickened at the glory of her brother. She could not endure to hear any woman named who possessed the happiness of being a mother; she would suffer no person to speak to her of her son, on whom, notwithstanding, her thoughts perpetually dwelt; she rejected all comfort and amusement, appeared buried in the most profound sadness, and sought darkness and solitude; clothed in deep mourning, she appeared to have lost all interest in life, and to become indifferent to the fate of her children who survived. Repeated sorrows had exhausted her fortitude; the spring of her mind was weakened by suffering. If at times she returned to the studies in which she had before delighted, philosophy was found ineffectual to heal the wound of a deeply lacerated spirit.

In this situation she suffered life thirteen years, and died universally esteemed and pitied, in 744, at Rome. She left two daughters, the offspring of her union with Antony, who formed advantageous alliances. A temple, it is said by Pausanius, was erected at Corinth, in honor of her constancy and virtues. She took into her own family the children of Cleopatra, whose daughter she gave in marriage to the king of Mauritania, celebrated for his wisdom and knowledge of the sciences.

PHOEBE PHILLIPS. This remarkable woman, who died at Andover, in the year 1818, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Mr. Foxcroft, a gentleman of wealth and high standing, who gave her a good education for the times. To her intimate acquaintance with the faculty of Harvard University from childhood, may, in some measure, be attributed her elegant style of conversation, which surpassed

that of any one, male or female, in this country. She saw the subject under consideration, in all its bearings, and clothed it in most felicitous language. There was no redundancy—no stint—no singularity, except that of supreme refinement—nothing to excite surprise, in her conversation; but the most learned listened with profound admiration at her taste and skill in language. She was fond of her pen, and took delight in keeping up an extensive correspondence with literary and religious persons. She wrote with great ease and rapidity, in a chirography, at once plain as a printed page, and whose beauty was only exceeded by the thought it contained. She was married to Samuel Phillips, of Andover, a young man, at that period most zealously engaged in the cause of his country, anxious for its political prosperity, and for its advancement in learning; and he found a most admirable coadjutor in his wife. During the dark period of the revolution, she sat up until midnight, with the females of her household, to make garments for the poor destitute soldiers, and in scraping lint or cutting bandages for the hospitals. The sick, in her neighborhood, of all classes, were inquired after, and every thing that could administer to their comfort was sent from her hospitable mansion.

The academy, founded by her husband and his uncle, was in the immediate vicinity of her residence, and every pupil's health was a subject of her attention; and to those who had come from a distance, and had no natural guardian near, she acted the part of a parent, at all times. Devoted to religion, with more than "the cloistered maiden's zeal," she had not a particle of bigotry in her disposition, and one might have lived with her for years without knowing her sentiments upon any particular point in divinity. At her table—for her husband was so deeply engaged in politics and business, that he left all the household cares upon her—might be found, almost every day in the week, clergymen who met no where else, from a difference in creeds, and persons of distinction in the various callings of life, and from different parts of the country. For more than forty years this hospitality was uninterrupted, and her cares unceasing.

Her person was striking, tall above most women; her mien

was majestic, without any awkwardness from her height; her features were prominent, but softened by a fine mild expression; and her large blue eye was full of sweetness of temper, while it beamed with genius. Seldom has it been that any woman was so capable of doing good as she, and more seldom have been the opportunities to exercise the capacity. There has scarcely been a single individual who ever knew her, that had not some remembrance of her talents and virtues in his mind, and most of them could relate some acts of kindness toward themselves. She made no parade of attainments; but all her information seemed to flow in conversation, as though it were intuitive, and addressed to those in company, as if she considered every one about her superior to herself, in memory and reasoning powers—in fact, in every attainment and gift. Her charity for all, was that which suffers long, but her discrimination was admirable. She saw at a glance into the elements of character. The writer of this faint sketch of a most excellent woman, recollects numerous prophecies upon the future development of the talents of children about her, and hardly one of them but has proved true, of those who lived to form a character. When others judged by a lesson, or a few recitations, she formed her opinion from some act or remark of the boy which might have passed unnoticed by others. With all her firmness of soul, she had a heart most feelingly alive to the misfortunes of others. Often “her pity gave ere charity began;” and she was distressed even at the sufferings of the wicked. Her maxims sunk deep into the minds of those who had the good fortune of hearing them, and her commands were never forgotten. A lad, seeing from her window a wretched looking man, going to the whipping post to receive corporeal punishment for a petty larceny, sentenced by a justice of the peace to this ignominy, strove to conceal a tear, but this excellent woman observed it. With one starting in her own eye, she emphatically said to him, “When you become a law-maker, examine the subject of corporal punishment, and see if it is not unnatural, vindictive, and productive of much evil.” In early manhood he became a legislator, and remembering the words which made a strong

impression at the time, he called the attention of the assembly to the subject, and in the course of a short time, had the satisfaction of announcing to her, that the statute book had been expurgated, in this respect, and that there was, in future, to be no more corporal punishment for any offence less than capital. After her husband's death she was one of the founders of the Theological Seminary at Andover, and took a deep interest in the institution as long as she lived.

FALCONIA ANICIA, or VALERIA PROBA, wife of Anicius Probus, who was a Roman consul in 371, with the emperor Gratian. She rendered herself illustrious by her understanding and piety. St. Augustine, Chrysostom, and Jerome, have praised her in the highest manner. She composed a life of our Savior, by putting together divers lines and passages of Virgil, with which she formed what the Latins call a Centos, a sort of composition with more conceit than merit in it. This work was printed at Venice in 1472, and again, by Wolius, in 1734, 4to.

PHILLIPPA, of Hainault, queen of England, was betrothed to Edward, when prince of Wales, in 1325, through the mediation of Isabella his mother, who sojourned a short time at the court of the earl of Hainault, when preparing to pass over to England with her son, both of whom had been declared traitors. After the death of the king, and the coronation of Edward III., certain ambassadors were sent to demand the lady Phillippa, who was conveyed to England in great state, and on the day of the conversion of St. Paul, the marriage and coronation of the queen was solemnized. The rejoicings, &c., lasted three weeks. She founded Queen's College, Oxford, about 1366.

CHRISTINA DE PISAN, an Italian lady, was born at Venice in 1363. At the age of fifteen she was married, but became a widow two years afterwards; on which she had recourse to her pen for support. She wrote poems which were printed at Paris in 1529; the "Treasure of the city of Dames" was printed in 1497: and the "Long Way," translated by Chaperon, in 1549.

Anthony Widville, Earl Rivers, translated a work of hers entitled "The Moral Proverbs of Christian of Pyse," printed by Caxton.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS, celebrated under the poetical name of Orinda, was daughter of John Fowler, of Backlenburg, London, merchant, and of Katherine, daughter of Daniel Oxenbridge, M. D., was born in the parish of St. Mary Wool church, London, January, 1st., 1631. A female relation, Mrs. Blackett, had the charge of her infancy and early childhood. At eight years of age, she was placed in a school at Hackney, under the care of Mr. Salmon, where her improvements were singular and rapid. She displayed an early taste for poetical composition, and a devotional turn of mind, somewhat enthusiastic, originating probably in the sensibility of temper inseparable from genius, and in the spirit and manners of the times. She had perused the bible throughout before she was four years of age, and had committed to memory many passages and chapters. At ten years of age she would repeat, with scarce any omissions, entire sermons, of which she was a frequent hearer. She also began early to exercise her fancy in poetical composition. She acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, and applied herself successfully to the Latin, with the assistance of an ingenious friend, Sir Charles Cotterel. She was educated in the principles of the presbyterian dissenters, but became afterwards a proselyte to the established church, and the royalist party.

In the year 1647, she gave her hand to James Phillips, Esq. of the priory of Cardigan. The fortune of Mr. Phillips being encumbered and embarrassed, Mrs. Phillips, by her economy, prudence, and excellent management, added to her interest with Sir Charles Cotterel, whose friendship for her rendered him zealous in the cause of her husband, nearly extricated him; in the course of a few years, from the difficulties in which he had been involved.

During her retirement at Cardigan, she cultivated poetry as an amusement, to beguile her solitary hours. Copies of her poems being dispersed among her friends, they were collected,

and published anonymously, in 8vo, 1633, without the knowledge or consent of the author. Mrs. Philip's vexation at this circumstance, which she appears acutely to feel, and sensibly laments, in a letter to Sir Charles Cotterel, occasioned her a severe fit of illness.

The charms of her conversation, her modesty, sweetness, and unassuming manners, rendered her the delight of her acquaintance, while her genius and talents procured for her the friendship of men, distinguished for their merit, their talents, and their rank, among whom may be mentioned the earls of Ormond, Orrery, and Roscommon. The affairs of Mr. Philips, having rendered the presence of his wife necessary in Ireland, she accompanied thither the viscountess Dungannon, and was received with distinction and esteem. During her residence in that kingdom, she was induced, by the importunity of the before mentioned noblemen, to translate into English, from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted with applause on the Irish stage, in 1663, also, in 1664, when it was printed, and given to the public, and a prologue added, by Lord Roscommon.

Mrs. Philips, also translated from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of Horace, to which a fifth act was added by Sir John Denham; and which was represented by persons of rank, at court, with a prologue spoken by the duke of Monmouth.

In Ireland, Mrs. Philips renewed a former friendship with Dr. Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Downe, and Connor, who some time previously, had published and inscribed to her, "A Discourse of the Nature, Office, and Measure of Friendship, with Rules of conducting it, in a Letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katharine Phillips." In this production many high compliments are paid to the sex, to their capacity of friendship, and the more elevated virtues, exemplified by allusions to the celebrated characters of antiquity.

Mrs. Philips left Ireland in 1663, and in London she was unfortunately seized with the small pox, which proving fatal, she expired June, 22d, 1664, in the thirty-fourth year of her age.

Her poems and translations, were, after her decease, collected.

and published in one volume, folio, in 1667, and entitled, "Poems, by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katharine Phillips, the matchless Orinda; to which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey, and Horace, Tragedies; with several other Translations from the French; and her picture before them, engraved by Faithowe." A second edition was printed in 1678, in the preface to which, the reader is told, "that Mrs. Phillips wrote familiar letters with facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; which, if collected, with the excellent discourses written by her on various subjects, would make a volume much larger than her poems."

Mrs. Phillips, is said, by Mr. Langbain, to have equalled the Lesbian Sappho, in genius, and the Roman Sulpicia, in virtue. To this he adds, "as they were praised by Horace, Martial, Ausonius, and other eminent poets, so was this lady commended by the earls of Orrery, and Roscommon, by Cowley, and other eminent men." An anonymous writer, in the second volume of the duke of Wharton's works, thus speaks of Mrs. Phillips: "I have been looking into the writings of Mrs. Phillips, and have been wonderfully pleased with her solid and masculine thoughts, in no feminine style. Her refined and rational ideas of friendship, a subject she delights in, show a soul above the common level of mankind, and raise my desire of practising what is thus nobly described. Though I know nothing of Mrs. Phillips, but what I have learned from her poems, I am persuaded she was not less discreet, good humored, modest, constant, and virtuous, than ingenious."

POMPEIA PLOTINA, a Roman lady, who married Trajan when he was only a private man. When he was made emperor, she behaved with the greatest affability, and won all the hearts of Rome. She accompanied her husband in his war in the east, and shared all the privations of a long campaign. He perished in the undertaking; but she brought home his ashes to be buried in Rome. She raised, by the influence she possessed, Adrian to the throne, who permitted her to live in the city in regal state, and to receive from all the functionaries of govern-

ment all the honor and reverence due a queen. She had a well balanced mind, and in every situation discovered the finest talents and the loftiest virtues. Rome had, at this period, grown corrupt; but she did not share in its profligacy. When every thing around her seemed conducive to break down the virtue of an ordinary mind, she rose above it.

MARY SYDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, sister of Sir Philip Sydney, married Henry, earl of Pembroke, in 1576. She had received a liberal education and was distinguished for her highly cultivated mind, and superior talents. She translated some of the psalms from the Hebrew into English; and from the French, "A Discourse of Life and Death," printed in 1600, 12mo. She also wrote "An Elegy on her Brother," a "Pastoral Dialogue in praise of queen Elizabeth," and other poems. She survived her husband twenty years, and having lived to an advanced age, died, September 25th, 1601. She was interred with the Pembroke family, in the church of the cathedral, at Salisbury, without any monument. The following lines, designed as an inscription for her tomb, were written by the famed Ben Jonson:

"Underneath this sable herse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast killed another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

POCAHONTAS. In every age and nation, rare instances of genius and benevolence have been found; but in the whole range of uneducated nations, no female can be produced that has superior claims to Pocahontas, the Indian princess, daughter to the sachem of Virginia, Powhatan. This princess was born some where about 1594, according to Captain Smith's conjecture, for the savages have no methods of keeping an exact register of births, or deaths, and their computations by seasons or moons were seldom accurate. The first that was known of Pocahontas was in the year 1607, when that prince of chivalry, Captain

John Smith, whose fame had filled the old world, came to this continent for adventures, and in exploring the country about James's river, was taken prisoner by some of the warriors of the tribes under Powhatan, and brought this powerful chief to be disposed of according to his will and decree. The fame and exploits of Smith had reached Powhatan. The prowess he had shown when taken was sufficient for their justification in taking him off; for he had been a wonder and terror to all his foes. Powhatan was as far an absolute despot as can exist in a state of nature. But the chief did not decide alone upon Captain Smith's fate; he called a council of his chiefs upon his case. In this convention the most wonderful stories of the white man's prowess, since he had been in this country, were told. Smith understood enough of the Indian language to comprehend the course of the debate, and made up his mind to die. Pocahontas was a listener in the council. Heroism and beauty have always an effect on the female heart; and even age and philosophy are not proof against these magicians. It was decided that he must die, as being too formidable a foe to suffer to escape. His death was to be by beating him on the head with clubs while he was in a recumbent posture, with a stone for a pillow. He was first bound, and then thrown down, and the clubs were uplifted, when Pocahontas, then a mere child, rushed forward and threw herself on the body of Smith, and protected his life at the risk of her own. The fierce savage hearts of the warriors were affected, and Smith was at once released, and became an inmate for a while, of the wigwam of Powhatan, and soon afterwards released, carrying with him a grateful sense of the services rendered him by this noble daughter of the forest. Sometime after this the Indians became alarmed, by witnessing the extraordinary feats of Smith, and laid a plan to get him into their power, under the pretence of wishing an interview with him in their territory. But Pocahontas, knowing the designs of the warriors, left the wigwam after her father had gone to sleep, and ran more than nine miles through the woods to inform her friend Captain Smith of the dangers that awaited him, either by stratagem or attack. For this service, Captain Smith offered her some

trinkets; but young as she was, and no doubt had a natural fondness for finery, which belongs to her age, sex, and nation, yet she refused to accept any thing, or stop to refresh herself for fear of being discovered by her father, or his wives. She returned before any one awaked, and laid herself gently in her blanket near where her father slept.

For several years she continued to assist the whites against her father's plots for their destruction. Although she was a great favorite with her father, he was so incensed against her for favoring the English, that he sent her to a chief of a neighboring tribe; or, perhaps, he feared that the other chiefs of his own might, in Indian style, sacrifice her for want of patriotism; such a sacrifice would not be a rare occurrence in Indian history. Here she remained for some time, when Captain Argall coming up the Potomac, and finding out that she was with Jopazaws, tempted the deceitful wretch to deliver her to him as a prisoner, for the bribe of a brass kettle, of which the chief had become enamored, as the biggest trinket he had ever seen. Argall thought, by having her as a hostage, he should be able to bring Powhatan to terms of peace, but he refused to ransom her on the hard terms proposed by the colonists. He offered five hundred bushels of corn for her ransom, which was not accepted. She was well treated while a prisoner, and Mr. Thomas Rolfe, a pious young man, and a brave officer, undertook to teach her the English language, as it was an object to have an influential interpreter among them. From a knowledge of what she had done for his friend Smith, and from finding her intelligent, brave, and noble, he became attached to her, and offered her his hand. This was communicated to Powhatan, who gave his consent to the union, and she was married after the form of the church of England, in presence of her uncle and two brothers. She was then but little past seventeen years of age. Powhatan did not attend the marriage, perhaps from a fear that some treachery might be in the business, but finding none, he extended the hand of friendship to his new allies as long as he lived.

The colony was now relieved from war, and for a while

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... in a free and noble manner in services of his
country, rendered to himself and to the colony, and in
years to come for personal merit. She only lived long enough
to witness to prove to them that genius and virtue are the pre-
dominants of every age and clime. She died as she was about
seventy. She was deeply lamented in England, and success-
fully mourned in Virginia. The son she left, was educated by his
father in England, and afterwards became a worthy and highly
respectable character in Virginia, from whom has descended
several distinguished families, now of that state. Several works
of fiction have been founded on the incidents in the life of
Anabonias, but they have not been successful. The whole of
her story surpasses all that fiction could create, and the embel-
lishments were not wanted along with it. The whole of
her story is a child of nature. A thousand have not, to the true
nature of a person of

the rose in the garden where it grew; nor can the Geraldines and Cherubines, these monsters of loveliness in fiction, reach the unsophisticated elegance of character displayed in Pocahontas. There is now a strong sympathy felt and acknowledged for the Indians. Books are written to defend them from many slanders which have been thrown upon them by former historians, and when this race has become nearly extinct, all will feel how greatly they have been injured. Portraits of some of the most distinguished warriors, have been taken by artists of talents. One of the sweetest minstrels of our land, or of any other, Mrs. Sigourney, has asked in the language of the muse,

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, rivers and lakes, are designated by their names?"

Ye say they all have past away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunder wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conelike cabins
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd like wither'd leaves
Before the Autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.

Connecticut hath wreath'd it
 Where her quiet foliage waves,
 And bold Kentucky breath'd it hoarse,
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides their lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart.
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust,
 Your mountains build their monumen
 Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red-brow'd brethren
 The insects of an hour,
 Forgotten and despis'd amid
 The regions of their power.
 Ye drive them from their father's lands,
 Ye break of faith the seal.
 But can ye from the Court of Heaven
 Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes
 With toil-worn step and slow,
 Onward through trackless deserts press,
 A caravan of wo.
 Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
 His sleepless vision dim?
 Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
 From that far land to Him?

SARAH ROBERTS was born at Newburyport, a commercial town on the banks of the Merrimack, in the state of Massachusetts, about the year 1760. She was the daughter of a merchant of respectability, who gave his daughters every advantage of instruction within his reach, at that period. She was early distinguished for high attainments and extraordinary fine sense. Her personal charms were of a superior order. She entered as the most attractive object of the genteel circle in which she moved. Her hand was sought by those, who, from birth, fortune, and education, had, as the world goes, a right to aspire to that honor; but she never gave any one the slightest encouragement. She was affable to all her acquaintances, but smiled on no one in particular. She, early in life, made up her mind to live in single blessedness. For several years she was assailed by

suitors, even after her determination to live single had become known, each one thinking that he might win a heart inaccessible to others. She retained her beauty long past the age of high personal attractions among females generally. Her manners were without one particle of that staidness, so often seen in single women, who have seen two or more generations of females pass from the nursery and school-room to the bonds of Hymen. She had none of that weakness of concealing her age, often found, even among those otherwise sensible women. When I knew her, she was near forty years of age, then lovely in her person, and the centre of attention to those who delighted more in conversation, or in an intellectual banquet, than in the dance. She talked of the past, without a sigh; of the present, as though she had just come forward into life, as far as the relish of society was concerned; and of the future, without even dreading the thought of old age. She looked upon life as a garden, where the blossoms and the fruit follow in their seasons, and that each season had its pleasures. The tree that glittered with ten thousand gems of frost-work, was to her as lovely and delightful as it was when it put out its leaves and flowers in vernal beauty.

She admired the character of the Roman vestals, and she had kept, without parade or vanity, the model in her mind, and was determined to follow the example. Her virtue was something more than of Roman firmness; for she was a most devout and warm hearted Christian. She had no opportunity to test her philosophy in old age, for before a wrinkle had appeared, or a chill had fallen upon her heart; or a gray hair had asked concealment, she was summoned to another world; and she left this, without a single wish to prolong her stay. Her mind was firmly fixed on a higher region, and she was anxious to be gone. The poor mourned her loss, for she did them much good at the most proper time, and in the sweetest manner. This is the only record, humble as it is, of one so exalted in talents, in virtue, and accomplishments.

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the third of November, 1759. She was the daughter

of Henry Laurens, a name familiar to every one who has read of our struggle for independence.

In the first year of her life she had the small pox so severely, that she was supposed to be dead, and as such was actually laid out preparatory to her funeral. This was done under an open window, instead of the close room in which she had been kept, according to the absurd mode of treating the small pox in 1760. Dr. Moultrie, coming in at this crisis, pronounced her to be still alive, probably recalled to life by the fresh air of the open window. Under other circumstances she probably would have soon been buried, as it was common in that year of extensive mortality, to bury those who died of the small pox in the greatest haste. A valuable life was thus providentially saved for future usefulness.

Martha Laurens early discovered a great capacity and eagerness for learning. In the course of her third year she could readily read any book, and, what is extraordinary, in an inverted position, without any difficulty. In youth her vivacity and spirits were exuberant. Feats of activity, though attended with personal danger, were to her familiar; great exertions of bodily labor, romantic projects, excesses of the wildest play, were preferred to stagnant life; but from all these she could be turned off in a moment to serious business. As she grew up, the same activity was exerted in acquiring the useful and ornamental parts of female education. She very soon acquired a grammatical knowledge of the French language; a considerable eminence in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, and the use of the globes. She even acquired a considerable acquaintance with geometry and mathematical science. At the same time she was indefatigable in cultivating an acquaintance with books, and, by means of abridging, transcribing, and committing to memory, was very successful in retaining much of what she read. In accomplishments and the ornamental parts of education she excelled, and in the exercise of them took great delight.

In the eleventh year of her age she sustained an immense loss by the death of her excellent mother; but this was in some

measure made up by the maternal care of her good aunt, Mary Laurens, the wife of James Laurens, whose sound judgment, refined manners, and eminent piety, well fitted her for training up her orphan niece for both worlds. To her care, and that of his brother, Henry Laurens committed the charge of his two daughters, while he went to superintend the education of his sons in Europe. There he continued till the end of the year 1774, when love for his country brought him back to its defence against the aggressions of Britain. Thus, while providence deprived Miss Laurens of the instructions and example of her natural mother, it raised up another friend who performed the maternal duties with equal capacity, fidelity, and affection. Though she was deprived of the company of her wise and virtuous father, for almost the whole of that interesting period, which extended from the eleventh to the twenty-second year of her age, she continued to receive letters from him. From 1774 till 1775, his paternal instructions, communicated by letter, were calculated to forward the virtuous education of a beloved daughter, growing up with fair prospects of an ample fortune; but in and after 1775, he warned her of the probability that his estate would be forfeited, and that her father and brother in arms would lose their lives, and that she must prepare to maintain herself by her own exertions. These anticipations were not wholly realized; but the expectation of them had a direct tendency to assist in forming the solid education of the person to whom they were addressed.

Miss Laurens, in her twelfth year, began to be the subject of serious religious impressions. She was well instructed in the great gospel plan of salvation, by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, for the sins of the world. In her fifteenth year, in conformity to the advice of Dr. Doddridge, and in a form of words recommended by him, she prepared and solemnly executed an instrument of writing, called by her with great propriety, "A self dedication and solemn covenant with God." In this, after a suitable introduction, she presents before her maker the whole frame of her nature, all the faculties of her mind, and all the members of her body, as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable

to God. And not only consecrates all that she was, and all that she had to his service, but humbly resigns to his heavenly will, all that she called hers, to be disposed of as he pleased. It is believed that she kept the transaction secret from all the world, and that the paper in question, was never seen by any human being before her death. At the time of its execution, she was exactly fourteen years and seven weeks old, and had as brilliant prospects before her as any of her sex in Carolina. The only serious affliction she had then met with, was the loss of her mother. This had taken place three years and seven months before, and the keen sensation occasioned thereby must, in the ordinary course of things, have been nearly worn off by time. The engagements thus entered into by Miss Laurens, were in unison with her subsequent conduct through life. Of the sincerity of the transaction, on her part, on a view of all its circumstances, no doubt can exist.

In the year 1775, James Laurens, his wife, and two neices, Martha Laurens, and Mary Eleanor Laurens, afterwards the wife of Charles Pinckney, went to England. Martha Laurens was received on her landing, by her elder brother, John Laurens, from whom she had been for some years separated. Being older, he had taken great delight in forwarding her education, and particularly, in forming her mind to be superior to the common accidents of life, and the groundless fears of some of her sex. To ascertain whether his labors had been successful, or not, he bribed the postillion to drive very rapidly, and, at the same time, without discovering his views, narrowly watched her countenance, to observe whether there were any changes in it expressive of womanish fears, at the novel scene, so totally different from all her former traveling, in the low, flat, stoneless country of Carolina. On the termination of the experiment to his satisfaction, he announced to his unsuspecting sister, his congratulations that "he had found her the same Spartan girl he had left her."

During the first years of the American revolution, and for a short period after its termination, Miss Laurens resided in various parts of England, improving her mind, and preparing herself

for meeting the contemplated loss of her father, brother, and fortune, by the events of the war, and at the same time doing every office of love to her afflicted uncle. She afterwards continued the same kind services to him for several years in France. In that country, in the year 1784, he was released by death, from a long protracted painful complaint. Mr. James Laurens, having no children of his own, proposed to leave the bulk of his estate to Miss Laurens, his faithful nurse, and affectionate niece; but she peremptorily refused the acceptance thereof to the deterioration of the reasonable expectations of her brother and sister. The will was framed agreeably to her wishes; but the testator, in addition to a child's share, left her a specific legacy of five hundred pounds sterling, declared in his will to be "a token of his friendship for her; and as an acknowledgment for the services she had rendered him, and his family, and for her good and gentle conduct on all occasions."

While Miss Laurens resided in England, she formed an acquaintance with many persons eminent for their piety, and particularly with the countess of Huntingdon. She highly prized the company of such persons, and from them received both pleasure and improvement.

Their situation in England, on account of the war, being uncomfortable, they passed over to France, and lived there until the re-establishment of peace. During the greatest part of this period, of six or seven years, and the whole of the time of their residence in England, they were almost wholly cut off from their usual means of support, for their property was in America, three thousand miles distant. War raged, and the Atlantic ocean rolled between them and it. In this forlorn situation, they found ample occasion for all the comfort of that religion which they professed. The greatest economy was necessary. A residence in Vigan was preferred, on account of the cheapness of living. There Miss Laurens spent her time profitably. She had many opportunities of improving her mind, by reading and conversation, which she diligently improved. She and the family received great civilities from the French. Love to their common father in heaven, and love and harmony among them-

selves, sweetened their frugal repast, and took away the bitterness of the sup of affliction, from which they were obliged deeply to drink.

In the year 1780, Miss Laurens' father was taken a prisoner, and confined, on a charge of high treason, in the tower of London, and his life staked on the success of the American revolution. In due time the clouds of adversity began to disperse; the prospects of America brightened. Her father was discharged from confinement, and after a separation of seven years, she joined him in Paris, and presided over his domestic concerns, while he assisted in the negotiations which terminated in peace and the acknowledged independence of the United States. The transition from a remote country place, to the head of a table of a minister plenipotentiary, in the metropolis of France, was great and sudden.

About this time, Miss Laurens received from her father, a present of five hundred guineas. Of this, she only appropriated a small part to her own use. With the surplus she purchased one hundred French testaments, which was the whole number at market, gave them away among the poor, in and near Vigan; and also established a school for the instruction of youth in the same place, engaged a master to preside over it, and constituted a fund to defray its annual expenses.

The restoration of peace to Carolina, in 1783, pointed out the propriety of the return of the inhabitants. Miss Laurens, with her aunt and sister, arrived in Charleston, in 1785, after a long absence. Their joy, at finding their native country at peace, and raised from the humble rank of a dependent colony to that of an independent state, was inexpressible. Now, for the first time, after leading an unsettled life for ten years, they found themselves at home. On the twenty-third of January, 1787, Miss Laurens was married to Dr. David Ramsay, well known in the literary world, as a historian and biographer. In the course of the ensuing sixteen years, Mrs. Ramsay became the mother of eleven children, eight of whom survived her. She now displayed the same virtuous habits, and the same energy of character, in taking care of her children, in promoting her husband's

nappiness, and making a well ordered home his chief delight, that had formerly distinguished Miss Laurens in acquiring useful knowledge, and discharging the duties of a daughter, a sister, and niece. Soon after she became a mother, she studied with deep interest most of the esteemed practical treatises on education, both in French and English, that she might be better informed of the nature and extent of her new duties. She gave a decided preference to the writings of Mr. Locke, and Dr. Witherspoon, on that subject. The object she proposed to herself was, to obtain for her children, health of body, and a well regulated mind. To secure the former, they were from their birth, washed in cold water, and throughout the whole period of infancy, permitted to expose themselves, with uncovered feet, to wet and cold, and all the varieties and sudden changes of Carolina weather. To favor the latter, they were taught to curb their tempers; to subject their passions to the supreme dominion of reason and religion; to practice self denial; to bear disappointments; and to resist the importunity of present pleasure and pain, for the sake of what reason pronounces fit to be done, or borne. She nursed all her children herself; watched over them by night and day; and clung to them every moment of sickness or pain. She early taught them to read their bibles. That this might be done pleasantly, she connected with it, Mrs. Trimmer's prints of scripture history; that it might be done with understanding, she made them read, in connection with their bibles, Watts' short view of the whole scripture history, and as they advanced to a proper age, Newton on the prophecies; and such books, as connected profane history with the Old and New Testaments; so that the bible, though written in periods widely remote from each other, might appear to them a uniform, harmonious system of divine truth. Of this blessed book, she enjoined them daily to read a portion, and to prize it as the standard of faith and practice; as a communication from heaven on eternal concerns; as the word of God pointing out the only way to salvation; as a letter of love sent from their heavenly Father to direct their wandering feet to the paths of truth and happiness. From it she was now taught "that foolishness is bound in the

heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." She therefore, on proper occasions used the rod, but always with discretion and judgment, sometimes with prayer, often with tears, but never with anger. As her children advanced in years, she conducted her sons through a course of education fitting them to enter college, and with the help of her tried and accomplished friend, Miss Futrell, she carried her daughters, at home, through the several studies taught in boarding schools.

She was a constant and devout attendant on divine service; steadily recorded the text, and occasionally made a short analysis of the sermon. She generally spent a considerable part of the intervals of public worship, in catechising and instructing her children and servants; in reading with them the bible and other good books.

Mrs. Ramsay was uncommonly economical of her time. She suffered none of it to be wasted. By rising early she secured the most valuable portion of it for devotion and business. A reasonable part of every day was spent in religious exercises; much in reading well chosen books, and also in copying original papers for her father and husband; much in working for the accomodation of her family; and much in teaching her children, and forming their minds to virtue and knowledge; and often a considerable part of it in writing letters to her absent friends. In these she was grave or gay as the subject required. In writing letters of consolation, to persons in affliction, she excelled. In other cases, where fancy was admissable, the sprightliness of her imagination gave a brilliancy to trifles, which imparted to them an interest of which they seemed hardly susceptible. With a few exceptions, she declined all visits during the day, as destructive of her plans for making every hour turn to the best account. When the business of the day was ended, she indulged her social habits. The number of books she read was astonishingly great, and her memory uncommonly strong in retaining the substance of their contents. She could recite nearly the whole of Youngs' Night Thoughts without book. The Latin and Greek classics she read in translations, at a very early period. By catching from her brother, by studying occasionally

his Latin grammar and books; and by the aid of an accurate knowledge of the French language, and the general principles of grammar, as applied to the English and French languages, she laid such a foundation, that when she became the mother of children, for their sakes she ran over the Latin and Greek classics, in the short method recommended by Mr. Locke, so as to make her a profitable instructor to them, in these languages. With the same views she began, and to a considerable extent prosecuted the study of botany. From the same versatility of genius, and habits of industry, after she was married, she read with attention, most of the practical writers on medicine, that are usually put into the hands of medical students; and studied with particular interest, such of them, as treat of the diseases of women and children. In times of general sickness, when her husband was full of business, she frequently shortened his labor, in studying cases of peculiar difficulty, by running over his books, and finding similar cases; and collecting in one view, for his inspection, the opinions and practice of standard medical authors, on diseases of the same nature. She was familiar with most of the modern works of genius, taste, and imagination, written in the English and French languages, and enjoyed them. In solid learning she was not deficient. Locke's *Essays on the Human Understanding*, Watts' *Logic*, *Improvement of the Mind*, *Philosophical Essays*, and other works of science, were the studies of her youth. To these, as she grew up, she added natural and civil history, biography, astronomy, chronology, philosophy, voyages, travels, &c. In divinity, she read much of what was practical, but rarely looked into any thing that was controversial.

From the bible she was taught, "Fathers provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." Under this general head she considered, as forbidden unnecessary severity, sarcasms, and all taunting, harsh, and unkind language, overbearing conduct, high toned claims of superiority, capricious or whimsical exertions of authority, and several other particulars, calculated to irritate children or fill them with terror. On the other hand, she considered parents as required by this precept, to

curb their own tempers, to bridle their passions, to make proper allowances for the indiscretions and follies of youth, and to behave towards their offspring in the most conciliatory manner, so as to secure their love and affection on the score of gratitude. These, and many other rules of conduct she drew from the bible, and happy would it be for society, if all parents used their bibles for similar purposes.

For several of the last years of her life, in addition to long continued and frequent attacks of painful diseases, sufficient to have laid by a less active person, she had to struggle with restricted circumstances. From the first moment of her last sickness, she had a presentiment that she would not survive it. This gave her no alarm. She made preparations for, and arranged the circumstances of her funeral, with the same calmness and self-possession that she would have prepared for a journey or voyage, in the days of her best health. She directed that her funeral should be private, her coffin plain, and without a plate; that the services should be performed at her own house, before a few of her particular friends. Her coffin was accordingly made of Carolina cedar. About four o'clock, P. M., June 10th, 1811, she asked her husband and children if they were willing to give her up. They evaded the question, but she informed them in direct terms, that God had now made her entirely willing to give them all up, and in about an hour after expired.

ANNE RAHAN, sister of the duke de Rahan, deserves to be mentioned as a zealous supporter of the reformed religion during the civil wars, in which period she sustained, with great courage, the hardships of the siege of Rochelle, and, with her mother, refused to be comprehended in the capitulation, choosing rather to remain a prisoner of war. She was celebrated for piety and courage, and respected for her learning and capacity. She was also admired for her poetical talents; particularly for a poem written on the death of Henry IV., of France. She studied the Old Testament in the original language, and used, in her devotions, the Hebrew psalms. She died unmarried, September 20th, 1646, at Paris, in the sixty-second year of her age.

SUSANNA ROWSON, was the daughter of William Haswell, who was an officer in the British navy. Her mother's maiden name was Musgrove—this lady died young, while the subject of this memoir was quite a child. Mr. Haswell being on the New-England station, became acquainted with a Miss Woodward, a native of Massachusetts, and married her. After this connection, Mr. Haswell came and resided, a number of years, at Nantasket, Massachusetts, with his second wife. These were unfortunate shores for him—for on his arrival on this coast, which was in the winter of 1769, with his daughter, then but seven years old, and her nurse, the vessel was cast away on the back of Lovell's Island, and they suffered great hardships, for two days, on the wreck. The family resided^d at Nantasket when the revolutionary contest came on, when, in accordance with the cautious policy of that day, Mr. Haswell, a half pay officer, was, of course, considered a prisoner of war, and sent into the country for safe keeping; but subsequently to Halifax, by cartel. This officer had several sons, two of whom have been gallant officers in the naval service of the United States, and both were distinguished in the fight of the *Le Berceau*, and in some other engagements of that short war. Susanna Haswell was married to Mr. William Rowson, in the year 1786, in London. While she resided in Massachusetts, she had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with that great statesman, orator, and lawyer, James Otis, then decidedly the most influential man in America. Much pains had been bestowed on her education, and this learned and enthusiastic scholar was delighted with her early display of talents, and called her his little pupil. This intimacy she recollected with pleasure and pride, in every period of her life. In the same year of her marriage, she commenced author, and published her first work, "Victoria," which was dedicated, by permission, to the duchess of Devonshire, then the most brilliant star in the circles of taste and fashion. Her grace was a genius, a beauty, a politician, and a writer of considerable distinction; but her affability and kindness, surpassed even her charms and accomplishments. This queen of love was not only empress of the fashionable world, but had almost

the same unbounded influence among literary men. The smile of Georgiana awakened hopes in the bosom of despondency, and her word obtained favor for whom it was spoken, even among her political enemies. The constancy of her friendship falsified the tales of the capriciousness of beauty; and her liberality and condescension as a patroness, and her virtues as a parent, disarmed envy of his poisoned shaft. The intrinsic merit of "Victoria," and the kindness of her who had become the friend of the author, secured it a flattering reception. The duchess, among other acts of kindness to Mrs. Rowson, introduced her to the prince of Wales; and she obtained, by this interview, a pension for her father.

Mrs. Rowson's next work was "Mary, or the Test of Honor." This was not entirely original, but was taken, in part, by her from a manuscript, furnished by a bookseller. This book she never claimed as her work. Then followed "A trip to Parnassus," "A Critique on Authors and Performers;" and then, "Fille de Chambre," "Inquisitor," "Montoria," and "Charlotte Temple, or a tale of truth." This last work has had the merit of the most extensive sale, in this country, of any one ever published here. More than twenty-five thousand copies of it were sold in a few years. Mrs. Rowson lately commenced writing a sequel to this book, but did not finish it. In 1793, she returned to this country, and was engaged in the Philadelphia theatrical company for three years. Notwithstanding her arduous duties on the stage, her pen was not idle. At this time she wrote the "Trials of the Heart," a very voluminous work; "Slaves in Algiers," an opera; "The Volunteers," a farce, after the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania; and the "Female Patriot." In 1795, while in Baltimore, she wrote a poetical address to the army of the United States, called the "Standard of Liberty," which was recited by Mrs. Whitlock from the stage, when all the uniform companies of the city attended, in full dress, with side arms, to hear it. The address, it hardly need be stated, when Mrs. Whitlock's name is mentioned, was given with great effect, and added fresh laurels to the writer and speaker. Mrs. Rowson came to Boston in 1796, and was engaged for that year

at the Federal street theatre ; and for her benefit, produced the comedy of " Americans in England." Here closed her dramatic labors ; after that, she never attempted any thing for the stage, except, perhaps, a song or an ode. At the close of her engagement, she left the stage forever, and opened a school for young ladies, without any promises of patronage or assistance. At the commencement of her undertaking, she had but one scholar ; but before the end of the year, she had a hundred, and many more were anxious to be admitted.

From this place, she went to Medford, and opened an academy for boarding and instructing young ladies. This seminary was thronged from every quarter, not only of our own country, but from Newfoundland, Jamaica, New Providence, and more distant places. From Medford, she removed to Newton, about the same distance from Boston, and continued her school until she removed to Boston ; in every place she had as many scholars as she could take. During these laborious duties, she found time to write several volumes ; " Reuben and Rachel," a novel, the scene of which is laid in this country. She had also compiled a " Dictionary ;" two systems of " Geography ;" " A present for young ladies," being a collection of various exercises and poems, recited by her pupils, " Historical Exercises," &c. She was the conductor at one time of the " Boston Weekly Magazine," in which she wrote many valuable essays, on various moral and interesting subjects. Odes, for masonic purposes, hymns for charitable associations, and songs for patriotic festivals, came from her pen, too numerous to mention singly ; and each of them did credit to her poetical powers. The " Biblical Dialogues," was her last publication. This is a work of great research, and much learning, extremely useful in families and schools ; and there can be no doubt, but that it will, at no distant day, be in general use. It is perhaps, a little tinged with her own peculiar notions in theology ; but these were sound and orthodox, according to the episcopal church ; and parents will, perhaps, find, that in the course of education, it may be better to have a system for their children, in which much is believed, than to use one in which every thing is doubted. If Mrs. Rowson had

written but this single work, it would have given her a conspicuous stand among the literati of our country.

Not only her latter, but her early productions, were characterized by purity, simplicity, and piety. While many gifted minds were laboring to poison the morals of the young and thoughtless, by heated visions of ideal life, she was drawing true, but tamer pictures, to elevate their sentiments, and strengthen their love of virtue. Had she indulged her imagination in a wild and erratic course, with such stores of knowledge as she possessed, she would have gained a higher fame, but not a better reward, or more lasting satisfaction. The plaudits of the world are nothing to the consciousness of having done right. Her calm, solemn, but interesting and pious tales, were opposed to the enchantments of "the mighty magician of Udolpho," and the sentimental rhapsodies of the Della Cruscan school. They were floating in every circle together, and it is not wonderful that the latter should have been most read and admired, in that day; but the artificial pageant, however brilliant, passes away, while the simplicity of nature and truth remains. Chance, or untoward circumstances, brought her on the stage, where she was distinguished for correct deportment, clearness of enunciation, and good reading. She was received by the audience with courtesy and respect, when she could not astonish or delight by her theatrical powers; for her literary and moral reputation was never, for a moment, forgotten by an enlightened people. She appeared on the boards in this country, when, perhaps, there was less purity of character on the stage, than at present, but probably more talent. Surrounded by the gairish and dazzling lights of the stage, she shone a vestal lamp, on the shrine of virtue, at which exalted genius did homage, as he passed on to hear the applause of enraptured thousands.

Her poetry, if not of the highest cast, never sunk to the level of mediocrity. It was always such as the muses were delighted to avow, if they did not lend a double portion of their spirit to inspire. There is not a line in all her ministralsy that would give modesty a blush, or religion a pang. Her prose style was remarkable for perspicuity and ease, and some of her sentences

are lofty and finished; but the great charm in her writings, was a sweet and beautiful morality which pervaded all her thoughts.

Mrs. Rowson was singularly fitted for a teacher. Such intelligence as she possessed, was then rare, among those who took upon themselves the task of forming the characters, and enlightening the minds of young females. To her scholars she was easy, and accessible, but not too familiar. Her manners were polished and dignified, without distance or affectation. Her method of governing her school was strict, cautious, and precise, without severity, suspicion, or capriciousness. She watched the progress of sentiment as well as of knowledge in the minds of her pupils, and taught them by every salutary precept, the danger there was to happiness in a too luxuriant growth of feeling. She strove to gain the hearts of the children of her care, in order that they might fully confide in her judgment; and when their imaginations reflected the hues of life, she struggled to give a just direction to the bright colors, that they might not fall to dazzle and enchant, when there was but little reason or stability of purpose to oppose the delirium. A guide to the female mind in this dangerous hour, is a friend that can never be forgotten. Many have ability "to wake the fancy," but few, have power, by the same means, "to mend the heart," particularly the female heart, when the character is passing from girlish frivolity, to sentiment, susceptibility, and passion. She did not chill by austerity, "the genial current of the soul," but taught it to flow in the channels of correct feeling, taste, virtue, and religion. Many dames, perhaps, who have the care of female youth, can boast of bringing forward as fine scholars as Mrs. Rowson, but few can show so many excellent wives and exemplary mothers; and this is the proudest criterion of the worth of instruction that can be offered to the world. Many educated by her care might with justice say—

"My soul, first kindled by thy bright example,
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee."

Few men were ever great whose mothers were not intelligent

and virtuous; first impressions often stamp the future character. Education, for every purpose, is farther advanced in the nursery than is generally imagined.

Mrs. Rowson was a model of industry. By a judicious arrangement of her time, she found opportunities to visit her friends, attend to her pupils, and to write large volumes for amusement and instruction, and yet, never seemed hurried or overwhelmed with cares or labors. Method gave harmony to her avocations, and if she suffered, it was not perceived; if she was weary and exhausted, it was not known to those around her. This was the more wonderful, as she was, for a great portion of her life, a valetudinarian. She was an economist of the closest calculation, in every arrangement of her school, or household affairs. The mere good, industrious housewife learned something more of her duty, and added to her stock of culinary information at every visit she paid this patron of industry and economy. The science and skill of the kitchen were as familiar to her as works of taste, and if she ever seemed proud of any acquirement, it was of the knowledge of housewifery.

Mrs. Rowson was admirable in conversation. There was nothing affected or pedantic in her manner, at the same time there was nothing trite or common place. In colloquial intercourse, she rather followed than led, although at home in most subjects interesting to the learned and accomplished. She was firm, at all times, in her opinions, but modest in support of them. She reasoned with eloquence and skill, but seldom pushed her remarks in the form of debate. She was patient in the protracted communion of opposing thoughts, but shrunk at once from the war of words. Bland and gentle, she pursued her course of thinking fairly and astutely, to perfect victory, but her opponent never felt in her presence the mortification of a defeat.

She was truly a mother in Israel. To her charities there was no end. Not only "apportioned maids and apprenticed orphans" blessed her bounty, but many, cast hopeless on the world, found in her the affection, tenderness, and care of a parent. Her

charities were not the whim of a benevolent moment, but such as suffer long and are kind, and which reach to the extent of the necessity. The widow and fatherless will remember her affectionate efforts in their behalf. She was president of a society for their relief, and for many years, her purse, pen, and powers of solicitation were always at their service; and the cold winds of winter, and the shattered hovel, and the children of want, have been witnesses to the zeal and judgment she has shown in their cause, and could also declare how often she has stole silently to places, where misery watched and wept, to bring consolation and comfort. Mrs. Rowson possessed a most affectionate disposition—too often the sad concomitant of genius. There are times when the pulses of a susceptible heart cannot be checked by reason, nor soothed by religious hopes; the ills of the world crowd upon its surface, until it bleeds and breaks. There will always be some evils in our path, however circumspectly we may travel. No one can stay in this sad world, until the common age of man, without numbering more dear friends among the dead, than he finds among the living. A strong and fervid imagination, after years spent in laboring to paint the bow upon the dark surrounding clouds of life, but finding the lively tints fade away as fast as they are drawn, often grows weary of thinking on the business of existence, and fixing an upward gaze on another world, stands abstracted from this, until the curtain falls, and the drama is closed forever.

“—————balmy peace
Rest with her manes, and remembrance ever
With odorous praise surround her laurel'd tomb.”

LADY ELIZABETH RUSSELL, was the third daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and was born in 1529. She received a learned education, and was married, first to Sir Thomas Hobby, and accompanied him to France, when he went there as ambassador to queen Elizabeth, and died there, July 13th, 1566. She had his remains conveyed to England, and adorned his tomb with large inscriptions in Latin and English verse, of her own composition. *She had by him four children, Edward, Elizabeth, Anne, and*

Thomas. It does not appear that she had much comfort in either of her sons, and the youngest in particular, as is manifest in a letter written by her to the lord treasurer Burleigh, was guilty of such extravagancies and undutifulness, as gave her much uneasiness. It is evident, from her letters, that she was a woman of uncommon spirit and sense, and an excellent economist. Some years after the decease of Sir Thomas Hobby, she married John, Lord Russell, son and heir to Francis Russell, earl of Bedford. Her husband died in the year 1584, and was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, where there is a noble monument erected to his memory, and embellished with inscriptions in Greek, Latin, and English, by his surviving lady. Her children, by John, Lord Russell, were one son, who died young, in 1590, and two daughters, Anne and Elizabeth. The last of them survived her father but a little time, and is said to have bled to death by the prick of a needle in the forefinger of the left hand. This story has been supported by the figure placed on her monument, where, on a pedestal of black and white marble, made columnwise, in imitation of a Roman altar, may be seen the statue of a young lady, seated in a most curiously wrought osier chair, of the finest polished alabaster, in a very melancholy posture, inclining her head to the right hand, and with the forefinger of the left only extending downwards, to direct us to behold the death's head underneath her feet, and as the tradition goes, to signify the disaster that brought her to her end. Lady Russell translated out of French, into English, a tract, entitled, "A way of reconciliation of a good and learned man, touching the true nature and substance of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament." This work was printed in 1605, and is dedicated to her only daughter, Anne Herbert, wife to Henry, Lord Herbert, son and heir to Edward, earl of Worcester. Lady Russell died about the year 1600.

RENEE DE FRANCE, duchess of Ferrara, was born at Blois, in 1510, was the daughter of Louis XII., and Anne of Brittany. She was affianced at an early age to Charles of Austria, afterwards emperor, and some years afterwards was sought in mar-

riage by Henry VIII., of England; but neither of these matches took place, and Francis I. gave her to Hercules II., of Este, duke of Ferrara. She was a princess of great capacity, and of an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and her studies were not limited to history, the languages, and mathematics, but embraced also astrology and theology. The religious controversies greatly interested her, and the result of her inquiries was conversion to the tenets of the reformers. Brantome supposes, not without probability, that resentment to the many ill offices done to her father by the popes Julius and Leo, might have disposed her to renounce the authority of the see of Rome. Calvin, who went from France in disguise to visit her, brought her over to his opinions, in which she was confirmed by her secretary, Marsh. Her court at Ferrara became the refuge of all who were suspected of heresy, and her conduct gave so much umbrage to the court of France, that Henry II. sent a doctor to the duke, with the following instructions: "If the duchess persists in her errors, she must be separated from all conversation; her children must be taken from her, and all her domestics, who are greatly suspected of heresy, are to be prosecuted. With regard to the princess herself, the king refers to the prudence of her husband to proceed against her as he may judge proper, avoiding, nevertheless, what might occasion too much scandal." After the death of the duke, in 1539, this princess returned to France, and resided at her castle of Montargis. The duke of Guise, in the religious wars, having summoned her to deliver up some partisans who had taken shelter with her, she replied "that she would not deliver them, and that if he should attack the castle, she would be the first to place herself in the breach, to see if he would have the audacity to kill a king's daughter." She remonstrated strongly with Francis II., against the imprisonment of the prince of Conde, but she afterwards broke with that prince, not approving the civil war in which he was engaged. She was at length obliged, much against her will, to send away four hundred and sixty persons to whom she had compassionately given an asylum; she parted with them in tears, after providing for the expenses

of their journey. This estimable and distinguished princess died in 1575, at Montargis, which place she had embellished with several fine buildings.

ANNE RADCLIFFE, is a name at which all our early associations in the fields of romance arise, and agitate our frames. How many nights have we been under the influence of this enchantress, the dagger stained with blood, the dying groan, the pale light, the hoarse voice of the raven, croaking upon the battlements, have all come up to us as the bell tolled one, and the stars shot wildly from their spheres by the potent magic of her pages. No sleep would come that night, and even the next morning's sun seemed to rise in sickliness and fright. Her whole volumes were full of an awful series of spells, which were sometimes united as a galvanic battery to give successive shocks to the soul; and sometimes they came singly, as the fierce lightning-flash, to show at once, the insufferable brightness of light and the blackness of darkness together. But the lessons were, on reflection, salutary; for in the end, they taught us the folly of yielding to superstitious fears, when appearances were strong, and human reason was staggered. It was well she came with so pure a spirit, and it is well that her school has passed away, for her imitators fevered, roared, dishevelled their hair, beat their breasts, and cried aloud among the tombs, but they could not disturb the elements of our nature; all their struggles only provoked us to indignant criticism. Such powers as Mrs. Radcliffe's have been rare in the history of the human mind. Like the sybil, she must have wrought herself up at times, to the very verge of madness. It is wonderful that one who wrote so much in so short a period, should have sustained herself so well. One of her followers, Lewis, had the power to frighten, but not the power to charm while he frightened. Nature gave him power only over half her magic art. It is a pleasant task to say something of her, and to do away many of the false reports in regard to the effects her labors had upon her own mind, as a fair statement will. The following account of her, and her works, is taken from a memoir attached to her writings.

Mrs. Radcliffe was born in London, in July, 1764. She was the only child of William and Ann Ward, persons of great respectability, who, though engaged in trade, were allied to families of independent fortune and high character. She was descended from the family of the De Witts of Holland. It appears, from some of the documents in the hands of her friends, that a member of this distinguished house, came to England in the reign of Charles I., under the patronage of government, to execute a plan for draining the fens of Lincolnshire. The project was interrupted by the political troubles which ensued; but its author remained in England, and passed the remainder of his days in a mansion near Hull. He brought with him an infant daughter, named Amelia, who was the mother of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's male ancestors. Her paternal grandmother was the sister of Cheselden, the celebrated surgeon, of whose kindness her father retained a lively recollection. Her maternal grandmother was Ann Oates, the sister of Doctor Samuel Jebb, of Stratford, who was the father of Sir Richard Jebb; and she was related, on her mother's side, to Dr. Halifax, bishop of Gloucester, and to Dr. Halifax, physician to the king. She was instructed in all womanly accomplishments, after the earlier fashion of the time, but was not exercised in the classics, nor excited to pursue the studies necessary to form the modern heroine of conversations. In childhood, her intelligence and docility won the marked affection of her relatives, who moved in a somewhat higher sphere than her parents, and she passed much of her time at their houses. Her maternal uncle in law, the late Mr. Bentley, of the firm of Wedgewood and Bentley, was exceedingly partial to his niece, and invited her often to visit him at Chelsea, and afterwards at Turnham Green, where he resided. At his house she enjoyed the benefit of seeing some persons of literary eminence, and many of accomplished manners. Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Ord, and the gentleman called "Athenian Stuart," were among the visitors.

Although the quickness and accuracy of Mrs. Radcliffe's powers of observation were early felt by her friends, it does not seem that the peculiar bent of her genius was perceived till after

her marriage. She had been educated among members of the old school, in manners and morals, whose notions, while they prompted the most considerate kindness towards their young charge, did not, perhaps, tend to excite precocious intellect, especially in a female of diffidence, approaching to shyness. Something of the formality derived from education may be traced in her works, supplying a massive, but noble and definite frame-work for her sombre and heroic pictures. There was also, in the feeling of old gentility, which most of her relatives cherished, a natural repugnance to authorship, which she never entirely lost, even after her splendid success was ensured, and she had found herself the creator of a new class in English romances.

In the twenty-third year of her age, Miss Ward was married to Mr. William Radcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, who, at one period, intended to follow the profession of the law, and, with that view, kept several terms at one of the Inns of Court, but who afterwards changed his purpose. The ceremony was performed at Bath, where her parents then resided, and she afterwards proceeded with her husband to live in the neighborhood of London. Encouraged by him, she soon began to employ her leisure in writing; and, as distrust of herself yielded to conscious success, proceeded with great rapidity. Mr. Radcliffe, about this time, became the proprietor of "The English Chronicle," and took an active share in the management of the paper, which, with other avocations, obliged him to be frequently absent from home till a late hour in the evening. On these occasions, Mrs Radcliffe beguiled the else weary hours by her pen, and often astonished her husband, on his return, not only by the quality, but the extent of matter she had produced, since he left her. The evening was always her favorite season for composition, when her spirits were in their happiest tone, and she was most secure from interruption. So far was she from being subjected to her own terrors, that she often laughingly presented to Mr. Radcliffe chapters which he could not read without shuddering.

Although Mrs. Radcliffe was as far as possible removed from the slavery of superstitious fear, she took an eager interest in

the work of composition, and was, for the time, completely absorbed in the conduct of her stories. The pleasures of painting have been worthily celebrated by men, who have been devoted to the art; but these can scarcely be regarded as superior to the enjoyments of a writer of romance, conscious of inventive power. If, in the mere perusal of novels, we lose our painful sense of the realities of "this unimaginable world," and delightedly participate in the sorrows, the joys, and the struggles of the persons, how far more intensely must an authoress, like Mrs. Radcliffe, feel that outgoing of the heart, by which individuality is multiplied, and we seem to pass a hundred lives! She spreads out many threads of sympathy, and lives along every line. The passions, the affections, the hopes of her characters are essentially hers; born out of her own heart, figured from the tracings of her own brain, and reflecting back again, in shape and form, the images and thoughts which work indistinctly in the fancies of others. There is a perpetual exercise of that plastic power, which realizes the conceptions of the mind to itself, and gives back to it its own imaginations in "clear dream and solemn vision." How delightful to trace the dawnings of innocent love, like the coming on of spring; to unveil the daily course of a peaceful life, gliding on like smooth water; to exhibit the passions in their high agitations and contests; to devise generous self-sacrifice in heroic thought; to pour, on the wearied and palpitating heart, overflowing happiness; to throw the mind forward to advanced age, and through its glass to take a mournful retrospect of departed joy, and pensively understand a mild and timely decay! No exertion of the faculties appears more enviable than that of forming the outlines of a great tale, like "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" bringing out into distinctness all the hints and dim pictures, which have long floated in the mind; keeping in view the catastrophe from the first, and the relations to it of the noblest scenes and most complicated adventures; and feeling already, as through all the pulses of the soul, the curiosity, the terror, the pity and the admiration, which will be excited by the perusal in the minds of thousands and thousands of readers.

Incited by the intellectual recompense of such a pursuit, Mrs. Radcliffe gave her romances in quick succession to the world: her first work, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," was published in the year 1789; "The Sicilian Romance," in 1790; "The Romance of the Forest," in 1791; "The Mysteries of Udolpho," in 1794; and "The Italian," in 1797. It is pleasing to trace the development of her resources and her gradual acquisition of mastery over them in these productions. The first, with a goodly number of old towers, dungeon keeps, subterraneous passages, and hair-breadth escapes, has little of reality or life; as if the author had caught a glimpse of the regions of romance from afar, and formed a sort of dreamy acquaintance with its recesses and glooms. In her next work, "The Sicilian Romance," she seems to obtain a bird's-eye view of all the surface of that delightful region; she places its winding vales, and delicious bowers, and summer seas, before the eye of the mind; but is, as yet, unable to introduce the reader individually into the midst of the scene, to surround him with its luxurious air, and compel him to shudder at its terrors. In "The Romance of the Forest," she approaches and takes up her very residence in the pleasant borders of the enchanted land; the sphere she chooses is small and the persons limited; but here she exercises clear dominion, and realizes every thing to the fancy. "The Mysteries of Udolpho," is the work of one, who has entered and possessed a mighty portion of that enchanted land; who is familiar with its massive towers and solemn glooms; and who presents its objects of beauty or horror, through a certain haze, which sometimes magnifies, and sometimes, veils their true proportions. In "The Italian," she occupies a less space; but, shining in golden light, her figures have the distinctness of terrible pictures; and her scenes, though perhaps less astounding in the aggregate, are singly more thrilling and vivid.

This splendid series of fictions became immediately popular with the numerous class of readers, who seek principally for amusement, and soon attracted the attention of the finer spirits of the age. Dr. Joseph Wharton, the head master of Winchester school, who was far advanced in life when "The Mys-

teries of Udolpho" was published, told Mr. Robinson, the publisher, that, happening to meet with it, he was so fascinated, that he could not go to bed till he had finished it, and actually sat up the greater part of the night for that purpose. Mr. Sheridan spoke of the same work in terms of the highest eulogy. Mr. Fox, in a letter written to an intimate friend, soon after the publication of "The Italian," spoke of Mrs. Radcliffe's works in terms of high praise, and entered into a somewhat particular examination and comparison of the respective merits of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Italian." The author of the "Pursuits of Literature," not much given to commend, describes her as "The mighty magician of 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' bred and nourished by the Florentine muses, in their sacred, solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment; a poetess, whom Ariosto would, with rapture, have acknowledged as

—La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia al sacro speco."

The pecuniary advantages which she derived from her works, though they have been exaggerated, were considerable, according to the fashion of the times. For "The Mysteries of Udolpho," she received, from Messrs. Robinson, five hundred pounds; a sum, then so unusually large, for a work of fiction, that Mr. Cadell, who had great experience in such matters, on hearing the statement, offered a wager of ten pounds, that it was untrue. By "The Italian," although considerably shorter, she acquired about the sum of eight hundred pounds.

The reputation, which Mrs. Radcliffe derived from her writings, did not draw her from the retirement in which they were written. Although she had no children, and the duties of a family did not engross her attention, she declined entering into the society she was so well calculated to adorn. Nothing but entire reciprocity in all the accompaniments of society could satisfy her ideas of the independence it became her to preserve. She would, indeed, have conferred honor and obligation on any circle which she could prevail on herself to join; but a scruple

lous self-respect, almost too nice to be appreciated in these days, induced her sedulously to avoid the appearance of reception, on account of her literary fame. The very thought of appearing in person as the author of her romances, shocked the delicacy of her mind. To the publication of her works, she was constrained by the force of her own genius; but nothing could tempt her to publish *herself*, or to sink, for a moment, the gentlewoman in the novelist. She felt also a distaste to the increasing familiarity of modern manners, to which she had been unaccustomed in her youth; and, though remarkably free and cheerful with her relatives and intimate friends, she preferred the more formal politeness of the old school among strangers. Besides these reasons for preserving her seclusion, she enjoyed, with peculiar relish, the elegant pleasures it gave her the means of partaking with her husband. She chose at once the course she would pursue, and, finding that her views met the entire concurrence of Mr. Radcliffe, adhered to it through life. Instead of lavishing time and money on entertainments, the necessity for which, according to her feelings, was connected with a participation in general society, she sought the comforts of residing in airy and pleasant situations, of unbroken leisure and frequent traveling; and as her income was increased by the death of relatives, she retained the same plan of living, only extending its scale of innocent luxury.

In the summer of 1794, subsequent to the publication of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," Mrs. Radcliffe accompanied her husband on a tour through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine. This was the first and only occasion, on which she quitted England; though the vividness of her descriptions of Italy, Switzerland, and the south of France, in which her scenes are principally laid, induced a general belief, that she had visited those countries. So strongly was this conviction impressed on the public mind, that a recent traveler of celebrity referred to her descriptions as derived from personal observation; and it was asserted in the "Edinburgh Review," for May 1823, that she accompanied her husband to Italy, when he was attached to one of the British embassies.

and that "it was on that occasion she imbibed the taste for picturesque scenery, and the obscure and wild superstitions of mouldering castles, of which she has made so beautiful a use in her romances." After their return from the continent, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe made a tour to the English lakes, and were highly gratified by the excursion. On these journeys, Mrs. Radcliffe almost invariably employed snatches of time, at the inns where she rested, in committing to paper the impressions and events of the day, which she could afterwards review at leisure; a happy mode of prolonging those vivid pleasures of life, for which she had a fine relish. Such a habit, when it does not become too frequently introspective, or "sickly o'er" our enjoyments with "the pale cast of thought," tends to impart a unity to our intellectual being. It enables us to live over again the unbroken line of existence; to gather up the precious drops of happiness, that they be not lost; and, in the last moments of feeling and thought, to find "a glass which shows us many more." After Mrs. Radcliffe's return, she was prevailed on to give to her notes a regular form, and to publish them in a quarto volume, which met with a favorable reception.

The subsequent excursions of Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe were of less extent, and chiefly directed to the southern coast of England. Always once, and generally twice in the year, they took a journey through some beautiful or interesting country, limiting themselves to no particular course, but enjoying the perfect freedom, which was most agreeable to their tastes. Mrs. Radcliffe continued her little diary of these pleasant roving, but without the slightest idea of publication, from which she generally shrunk as an evil. The scenes and incidents which she has portrayed in these private journals, exhibit her mind in its undress, show her feelings as they were undisguised, and display her tact of observation and descriptive power, as existing simply for her own gratification. She always traveled with a considerable number of books, and generally wrote while Mr. Radcliffe derived amusement from reading them.

Mrs. Radcliffe made many tours of pleasure with her husband, which are sweetly narrated by herself, but are too long

far insertion in this place. These delightful little journeys were continued almost every season, from 1797 to her death, which happened in January, 1826, by asthma, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. Her feelings had often been wounded by the coarseness of criticism, although she had received a sufficient number of complimentary reviews on her works to make any one vain; but she never was. So far from having lost her mind at any period of her life, she was remarkably cheerful until the lamp of life was expiring in the socket.

Mrs. Radcliffe, was, in her youth, exquisitely proportioned, though she resembled her father, and his brother and sister, in being low of stature. Her complexion was beautiful, as was her whole countenance, especially her eyes, eyebrows, and mouth. She was educated in the principles of the church of England; and through life, unless prevented by serious indisposition, regularly attended its services. Her piety, though cheerful, was deep and sincere. Although perfectly well bred, and endowed with faculties and tastes which rendered her a delightful companion, she wanted that confidence which is necessary to mixed society, and which she could scarcely acquire, without losing something of the delicacy of feeling, which marked her character. If, in her retirement, she was sometimes affected by circumstances which would have passed unheeded amidst the bustle of the world, she was more than repaid by the enjoyments, which were fostered in the shade; and perhaps few distinguished authors have passed a life so blameless and so happy.

Mrs. Radcliffe may fairly be considered as the inventor of a new style of romance; equally distinct from the old tales of chivalry and magic, and from modern representations of credible incidents and living manners. Her works partially exhibit the charms of each species of composition; interweaving the miraculous with the probable, in consistent narrative, and breathing of tenderness and beauty peculiarly her own. The poetical marvels of the first fill the imagination, but take no hold on the sympathies, to which they have become alien; the vicissitudes of the last awaken our curiosity, without transporting us beyond the sphere of ordinary life. But it was reserved for Mrs. Rad

to infuse the wondrous in the credible; to animate rich description with stirring adventure; and to impart a portion of human interest to the progress of romantic fiction. She occupied that middle region between the mighty dreams of the heroic ages, and the realities of our own, which remained to be possessed; filled it with goodly imagery, and made it resonant with awful voices. Her works, in order to produce their greatest impressions, should be read first, not in childhood, for which they are too substantial; nor at mature age, for which they may seem too visionary; but at that delightful period of youth, when the soft twilight of the imagination harmonizes with the luxurious and uncertain light cast on their wonders. By those, who come well informed, at such an age, to their perusal, they will never be forgotten.

The principal means, which Mrs. Radcliffe employed to raise up her enchantments on the borders of truth, are, first, her faculty of awakening emotions allied to superstitious fear; and, secondly, her skill in selecting and describing scenes and figures precisely adapted to the feelings she sought to enkindle. We will examine each of these powers, and then shortly advert to their developement in her successive romances.

I. The art, by which supernatural agency is insinuated, derives its potency from its singular application to human nature, in its extremes of weakness and strength. Simply considered, fear is the basest of emotions, and the least adapted to the dignity of romance; yet it is that, of which the most heroic heart sometimes whispers a confession. On the other hand, every thing, which tends to elevate and ennoble our feelings, to give the character of permanency to our impressions, and impart a tongue to the silence of nature, has reference to things unseen. The tremblings of the spirit, which are base when prompted by any thing earthly, become sublime when inspired by a sense of the visionary and immortal. They are the secret witnesses of our alliance with power which is not of this world. We feel both our fleshly infirmity and our high destiny, as we shrink on the borders of spiritual existence. Whilst we listen for echoes from beyond the grave, and search with tremulous eagerness for such

cations of the unearthly, our curiosity and fear assume the grandeur of passions. We might well doubt our own immortality, if we felt no restless desire to forestall the knowledge of its great secret, and held no obstinate questionings with the sepulchre. We were not of heavenly origin, if we did not struggle after a communion with the invisible; nor of human flesh, if we did not shudder at our own daring; and it is in the union of this just audacity and venal terror, that we are strangely awed and affected. It is, therefore, needless to justify the use of the supernatural in fiction; for it is peculiarly adapted to the workings of the imagination; that power, whose high province it is to mediate between the world without us, and the world within us; on the one hand to impart sentiment and passion to the external universe, and make it redolent of noble associations; and, on the other, to clothe the affections of the heart, and the high suggestions of the reason, with color and shape, and present them to the mind in living and substantial forms.

There are various modes in which the supernatural may be employed, requiring more or less of a dextrous sympathy, in proportion to the depth and seriousness of the feeling, which the author proposes to awaken. In cases where the appeal is only made to the fancy, it is sufficient if the pictures are consistent with themselves, without any reference to the prejudices, or passions of those, before whom they are presented. To this class, the fables of the Greek mythology belong, notwithstanding their infinite varieties of grandeur and beauty. They were too bright and palpable to produce emotions of awe, even among those who profess to believe them; and rather tended to enclose the sphere of mortal vision, which they adorned and gladdened with more definite boundaries, than to intimate the obscure and eternal. Instead of wearing, then, the solemn aspect of antiquity, they seem, even now, touched with the bloom of an imperishable youth. The gorgeous oriental fictions, and modern tales of fairy lore, are also merely fantastical, and advance no claim on faith or feeling. Their authors escape from the laws of matter, without deriving any power from the functions of spirit; they are rather without, than above nature, and seek only

an excuse, in the name of the supernatural, for their graceful vagaries. Akin essentially to these are mere tales of terror, in which horrors are accumulated on horrors. Beyond the precincts of the nursery, they are nothing but a succession of scenic representations, a finely colored phantasmagoria, which may strike the fancy, but do not chill the blood, and soon weary the spectator. It is only the "eye of childhood which fears a painted devil." In some of the wild German tales, indeed, there is, occasionally, a forcible exaggeration of truth, which strikes for a moment, and seems to give back the memory of a forgotten dream. But none of these works, whatever poetical merit they may possess, have the power to fascinate and appal, by touching those secret strings of mortal apprehension, which connect our earthly with our spiritual being.

In these later days, it no doubt requires a fine knowledge of the human heart to employ the supernatural, so as to move the pulses of terror. Of all superstitions, the most touching are those, which relate to the appearance of the dead among the living; not only on account of the reality which they derive from mingling with the ordinary business of life, but of the cold and shuddering sympathy we feel for a being, like to whom we may ourselves become in a few short years. To bring such a vision palpably on the scene is always a bold experiment, and usually requires a long note of preparation, and a train of circumstances, which may gradually and insensibly dispose the mind to implicit credence. Yet to dispense with all such appliances, and to call forth the grandest spirit that ever glided from the tomb, was not beyond Shakspeare's skill. A few short sentences only prepare the way for the ghost of the murdered king of Denmark; the spirit enters, and we feel at once he is no creature of time; he speaks, and his language is "of Tartarus, and the souls in bale." Such mighty magic as this, however, belonged only to the first of poets. Writers who, in modern times, have succeeded in infusing into the mind thoughts of unearthly fear, have usually taken one of these two courses; either they have associated their superstitions with the solemnities of nature, and contrived to *interweave them in the very texture of life, without making*

themselves responsible for the feelings they excite; or they have, by mysterious hints and skilful contrivances, excited the curiosity and terror of their readers, till they have prepared them, either to believe in any wonder they may produce, or to image for themselves, in the obscurity, fearful shapes, and to feel the presence of invisible horrors.

Those, who seek to create a species of supernatural interest by the first of these processes, find abundant materials adapted to their use in the noblest parts of our own intellectual history. There are doubtful phenomena within the experience of all reflecting minds, which may scarcely be referred to their mere mortal nature, and which sometimes force on the coldest skeptic a conviction, that he is "fearfully," as well as "wonderfully made." Golden dreams hover over our cradle, and shadows thicken round the natural descent of the aged into the grave. Few there are, who, in childhood have not experienced some strange visitings of serious thought, gently agitating the soul like the wind "that bloweth where it listeth," suggesting to it holy fancies, and awakening its first sympathy with a world of sorrow and of tears. Who has not felt, or believed that he has felt, a sure presentiment of approaching evil? Who, at some trivial occurrence, "striking the electric chord by which we are darkly bound," has not been startled by the sudden revival of old images and feelings, long buried in the depth of years, which stalk before him like spectres of departed companions? Who has not shrunk from the fascination of guilty thoughts, as from "supernatural soliciting?" Where is the man so basely moulded, that he does not remember moments of inspiration, when sterner images than his intellect can embody, hopes and assurances brighter than his constitutional temperament may recall, and higher faculties within himself than he has ever been able to use, have stood revealed to him like mountain-tops at the utmost reach of vision, touched by a gleam of the morning sun? And who, in the melancholy calm of the mind, sadly looking into its depths, has not perceived the gigantic wrecks of a nobler nature, as the fortunate voyager on some crystal lake has discerned, or fancied he discerned, the wave-worn towers of a

forgotten city far in the deep waters? There are magic threads in the web of life, which a writer of romance has only to bring out and to touch with appropriate hues of fancy. From the secret places of the soul are voices more solemn than from old superstitions, to which he may bid us hearken. In his works, prophecies may be fulfilled; presentiments justified; the history of manhood may answer to the dreams of the nursery; and he may leave his readers to assert if they can, "These have their causes, they are natural!" Let him only give due effect to the problem, and he may safely trust their hearts to supply the answer!

The other mode of exciting terror requires, perhaps, greater delicacy and skill, as the author purposes to influence the mind directly from without, instead of leaving it, after receiving a certain clue, to its own workings. In this style, up to the point where Mrs. Radcliffe chooses to pause and explain, she has no rival. She knows the string of feeling she must touch, and exactly proportions her means to her design. She invariably succeeds, not by the quantity but the quality of her terrors. Instead of exhibiting a succession of magnificent glooms, which only darken the imagination, she whispers some mysterious suggestion to the soul, and exhibits only just enough of her picture to prolong the throbbings she has excited. In nothing is her supremacy so clearly shown, as in the wise and daring economy, with which she has employed the instruments of fear. A low groan issuing from distant vaults; a voice heard among an assembly from an unknown speaker; a little track of blood seen by the uncertain light of a lamp on a castle staircase; a wild strain of music floating over moonlit woods, as introduced by her, affect the mind more deeply than terrible incantations, or accumulated butcheries. "Pluck out the heart of her mystery!" tell, at once, the secret, the slightest hint of which appals; verify the worst apprehensions of the reader, and what would be the reality in common hands? You can suspect nothing more than a cruel murder, perpetrated many years ago, by an unprincipled monk, or an avowed robber! Why should we suffer all the stings of curiosity on such an issue? Human

life is not held so precious, murder is not so strange and rare an occurrence, that we should be greatly agitated by the question whether, two centuries ago, a bandit destroyed one of his captives; but the skill of the writer, applying itself justly to the pulses of terror in our intellectual being, gives tragic interest to the inquiry, makes the rusted dagger terrible, and the spot of blood sublime. This faculty is the more remarkable, as it is employed to raise a single crime into importance, while others of equal dye are casually alluded to, and dismissed, as deeds of little note, and make no impression on the reader. Assassins, who murder for hire, commonly excite no feeling in romance, except as mere instruments, like the weapons they use; but, when Mrs. Radcliffe chooses to single out one of these from the mass, though undistinguished by peculiar characteristics, she rivets our attention to Spalatro, as by an irresistible spell; forces us to watch every movement of his haggard countenance, and makes the low sound of his stealthy footstep sink into the soul. Her faculty, therefore, which has been represented as melodramatic, is akin to the very essence of tragic power, which is felt not merely in the greatness of the actions or sorrows which it exhibits, but in its nice application to the inmost sources of terror and of pity.

It is extraordinary that a writer, thus gifted, should, in all her works intended for publication, studiously resolve the circumstances, by which she has excited superstitious apprehensions, into mere physical causes. She seems to have acted on a notion, that some established canon of romance obliged her to reject real supernatural agency; for it is impossible to believe she would have adopted this harassing expedient if she had felt at liberty to obey the promptings of her own genius. So absolute was her respect for every species of authority, that it is probable she would rather have sacrificed all her productions, than have transgressed any arbitrary law of taste or criticism. It is equally obvious, that there is no valid ground of objection to the use of the supernatural, in works of fiction, and that it is absolutely essential to the perfection of that kind of romance, which she invented. To the imagination, it is not only possible

but congenial, when introduced with art, and employed for high and solemn purposes. Grant only the possibility of its truth, which "the fair and innocent" are half disposed to believe, and there is nothing extravagant in the whole machinery by which it works. But discard it altogether, and introduce, in its stead, a variety of startling phenomena, which are resolved at last into petty deceptions and gross improbabilities, and you at once disappoint the fancy, and shock the understanding of the reader. In the first case, the reason is not offended, because it is not consulted; in the last, it is expressly appealed to with the certainty of an unfavorable decision. Besides, it is clear that all the feelings created up to the moment of explanation, and which it has been the very object of the author to awaken, have obeyed the influence of these very principles, which at last she chooses to disown. If the minds to whom the work is addressed, were so constituted as to reject the idea of supernatural agency, they would be entirely unmoved by the circumstances arranged to produce the impression of its existence; and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" would have fallen still-born from the press! Why, then should the author turn traitor to her own "so potent art?" Why, having wrought on the fears of her readers, till she sways them at her will, must she turn round and tell them they have been awed and excited by a succession of mockeries? Such impotent conclusions injure the romances as works of art, and jar on the nerves of the reader, which are tuned for grand wonders, not paltry discoveries. This very error, however, which injures the effect of Mrs. Radcliffe's works, especially on a second perusal, sets off, in the strongest light, the wizard power of her genius. Even when she has dissolved mystery after mystery, and abjured spell after spell, the impression survives, and the reader is still eager to attend again, and be again deluded. After the voices heard in the chambers of Udolpho have been shown to be the wanton trick of a prisoner, we still revert to the remaining prodigies with anxious curiosity, and are prepared to give implicit credence to new wonders at Chateau de Blanc. In the romance of Gaston de Blondville, Mrs. Radcliffe, not intending to publish, gratified herself by the introduction

of a true spectre; and, without anticipating the opinion of the public on that work, we may venture to express a belief, that the manner in which the supernatural agency is conducted, will deepen the general regret, that she did not employ it in her longer and more elaborate productions.

II. Mrs. Radcliffe's faculties of describing and picturing scenes and appropriate figures were of the highest order. Her accurate observation of inanimate nature, prompted by an intense love of all its varieties, supplied the materials for those richly colored representations, which her genius presented. Without this perception of the true, the liveliest fancy will only produce a chaos of beautiful images, like the remembered fragments of a gorgeous dream. How singularly capable Mrs. Radcliffe was of painting the external world, in its naked grandeur, her published tour among the English lakes, and, perhaps still more, the notes made on her journeys for her own amusement, abundantly prove. In the first, the boldness and simplicity of her strokes, conveying the clear images to the eye of the mind; with scarcely any incrustation of sentiment, or perplexing dazzle of fancy, distinguish her from almost all other descriptive tourists. Still the great charm of simplicity was hardly so complete as in her un-studied notices of scenery; because in writing for the press, it is scarcely possible to avoid altogether the temptation of high sounding and ambiguous expressions, which always impede the distinct presentment of material forms. To this difficulty, she thus adverts in her account of Ulswater: "It is difficult to spread varied pictures of such scenes before the imagination. A repetition of the same images of rock, wood, and water, and the same epithets of grand, vast, and sublime, which necessarily occur, must appear tautologous, though their archetypes in nature, ever varying in outline or arrangement, exhibit new visions to the eye, and produce new shades of effect on the mind." In the journals, as no idea of authorship interposed to give restraint to her style, there is entire fidelity and truth. She seems the very chronicler and secretary of nature; makes us feel the freshness of the air; and listen to the gentlest sounds. Not only does she keep each scene distinct from all others, how-

ever similar in general character, but discriminates its shifting aspects with the most delicate exactness. No aerial tint of a fleecy cloud is too evanescent to be imaged in her transparent style. Perhaps no writer in prose or verse, has been so happy in describing the varied effects of light in winged words. It is true, that there is not equal discrimination in the views of natural scenery, which she presents in her romances. In them she writes of places which she has not visited; and, like a true lover, invests absent nature with imaginary loveliness. She looks at the grandeurs and beauties of creation through a soft and tender medium, in which its graces are heightened, but some of its delicate varieties are lost. Still it is nature that we see, though touched with the hues of romance, and which could only be thus presented by one who had known, and studied its simplest charms.

In the estimate of Mrs. Radcliffe's pictorial powers, we must include her persons as well as her scenes. It must be admitted that, with scarcely an exception, they are figures rather than characters. No writer ever produced so powerful an effect, without the aid of sympathy. Her machinery acts directly on her readers, and makes them tremble and weep, not for others, but for themselves. Adeline, Emily, Vivaldi, and Ellena, are nothing to us, except as filling up the scene; but it is we ourselves, who discover the manuscript in the deserted abbey; we, who are prisoners in the castle of Udolpho; we, who are inmates of Spalatro's cottage; we, who stand before the secret tribunal of the Inquisition, and even there are startled by the mysterious voice deepening its horrors. The whole is prodigious painting, so entire as to surround us with illusion; so cunningly arranged as to harrow up the soul; and the presence of a real person would spoil its completeness. As figures, all the persons are adapted with peculiar skill to the scenes in which they appear; the more, as they are part of one entire conception. Schedoni is the most individual and fearful; but through all the earlier parts of the romance, he stalks like a being not of this world; and works out his purposes by that which, for the time at least, we feel to be superhuman agency. But when, after glaring

out upon us so long as a present demon; or felt, when unseen, as directing the whole by his awful energies; he is brought within the range of human emotion by the discovery of his supposed daughter, and an anxiety for her safety and marriage; the spell is broken. We feel the incongruity; as if a spectre should weep. To develope character was not within the scope of Mrs. Radcliffe's plan, nor compatible with her style. At one touch of human pathos the enchantment would have been dissolved, as spells are broken by a holy word, or as the ghost of Protesilaus vanished before the earthly passion of his enamored widow.

As the absence of discriminated feeling and character was necessary to the completeness of the effect, Mrs. Radcliffe sought to produce, so she was rather assisted by manners peculiarly straight-laced and timorous. A deep vein of sentiment would have suggested thoughts and emotions inconsistent with that "wise passiveness," in which the mind should listen to the soft murmur of her "most musical, most melancholy" spells. A moral paradox could not coexist with a haunted tower in the mind of her readers. The exceeding coldness and prudence of her heroines do not abstract them from scenes of loveliness and terror, through which we desire to follow them. If her scrupulous sense of propriety had not restrained her comic powers, Mrs. Radcliffe would probably have displayed considerable talent for the humorous. But her talkative servants are very guarded in their loquacity; and even Annette, quaintly and pleasantly depicted, fairly belongs to the scene. Her old-fashioned primness of thought, which with her was a part of conscience, with all its cumbrous accompaniments, serves at once to render definite, and to set off, her fanciful creations. Romance, as exhibited by her, "tricked in antique ruff and bonnet," has yet eyes of youth; and the beauty is not diminished by the folds of the brocade, or the stiffness of the damask stomacher.

These remarks apply in their fullest effect, only to "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and the "The Italian," in which alone the chief peculiarities of Mrs. Radcliffe's genius are decidedly marked. In her first work, "The Castles of Athlin and Dun-

layne," it is scarcely possible to discover their germ. Its scene is laid "in the most romantic part of the Highlands of Scotland," yet it is without local truth or striking picture. It is at once extravagant and cold. Except one scene, where the earl of Athlin pursues two strangers through the vaults of his castle, and is stabbed by one of them in the darkness, nothing is delineated; but incredible events follow each other in quick succession, without any attempt to realize them. Those who complain of the minuteness of Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions, should read this work, where every thing passes with headlong rapidity, and be convinced of their error. In some few instances, perhaps, in "The Mysteries of Udolpho," descriptions of external scenery may occur too often; but her best style is essentially pictorial; and a slow developement of events was, therefore, necessary to her success.

"The Sicilian Romance" is a work of much more "mark and likelihood;" and, very soon after its first appearance, attracted a considerable share of public attention. Here the softer blandishments of the author's style, which were scarcely perceptible in her first production, were spread forth to captivate the fancy. Transported to the "sweet south," her genius, which had shrunk in the bleak atmosphere of Scotland, caught the luxurious spirit of a happier clime. Never was a title more justly applied than to this romance; it reminds the reader of "Sicilian fruitfulness." In tender and luxurious description of natural scenery, it is surpassed by none of Mrs. Radcliffe's productions. The flight of her heroine is like a strain of "lengthened sweetness long drawn out;" as one series of delicious valleys opens on us after another; and the purple light of love is shed over all. Still she had not yet acquired a mastery over her own power of presenting terrific incidents and scenes to the eye of the mind, and awakening the throbs of suspense by mysterious suggestions. The light seen through the closed windows of the deserted rooms, the confession of Vincent stopped by death, the groans heard from beneath Ferdinand's prison, and the figure perceived stealing among the vaults, are not introduced with sufficient earnestness, and lose all claim to belief, by the utter

incredibility of the incidents, with which they are surrounded. Escapes, recaptions, encounters with fathers and banditti, surprising partings, and more surprising meetings, follow each other, as quickly as the changes of a pantomime, and with almost as little of intelligible connection. One example may suffice: Hippolitus enters a ruin by moonlight, for shelter; hears a voice as of a person in agony; sees, through a shattered casement, a group of banditti plundering a man, who turns out to be Ferdinand, his intended brother in law; finds himself, he knows not how, in a vault; hears a scream from an inner apartment; bursts open the door and discovers a lady fainting, whom he recognises as his mistress; overhears a quarrel and combat for the lady, between two of the banditti, which ends in the death of one of them; fights with the survivor and kills him; endeavors to escape with Julia; finds his way into a "dark abyss," which is no other than the burial-place of the victims of the banditti, marked with graves, and strewed with unburied carcasses; climbs to a grate, and witnesses a combat between the robbers and officers of justice; escapes with the lady through a secret door into the forest, where they are pursued by her father's party; but while he fights at the mouth of a cavern, she loses her way in its recesses, till they actually conduct her to the dungeon where her mother, who had been considered dead for fifteen years, is imprisoned; and all this in a few pages! There are, in this short story, incidents enough for two such works as "The Mysteries of Udolpho," where, as in that great romance, they should not only be told, but painted; and where reality and grandeur should be given to their terrors.

In "The Romance of the Forest," Mrs. Radcliffe, who, since the dawn of her powers, had been as one "moving about in worlds unrealized," first exhibited the faculty of controlling, and fixing the wild images which floated around her, and of stamping on them the impress of consistency and truth. This work is, as a whole, the most faultless of all her productions; but, it is of an inferior order to "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Italian;" and can only be preferred by those, who think the absence of error, of more importance than original excel-

lence. There is a just proportion between all its parts; its mysteries are adequately explained; it excites and gratifies a very pleasant degree of curiosity; but it does not seem to dilate the imagination, nor does it curdle the blood. Its opening, after a sentence of marvellous common-place, is striking; the midnight journey of La Motte and his family, they know not whither, and the introduction of the heroine, under extraordinary circumstances, to their care, rivet attention to all that is to follow. The scenes in the forest where they take up their abode, are charming. This seems the most delicious asylum for the persecuted outlaw; its woodwalks and glades glisten before us with the morning dew; and there is something in the idea of finding a home in a deserted abbey, which answers to some of the wildest dreams of childhood, and innocently gratifies that partiality for unlicensed pleasure or repose, which is so natural to the heart. The whole adventure of La Motte and the marquis is sufficiently probable and interesting; and the influence, which it ultimately enables the more resolute villain to exercise over the weaker, is managed with peculiar skill, and turned to great account in the progress of the story. There is here scarcely any hint of the supernatural; but the skeleton in the chest of the vaulted chamber, the dagger, spotted with rust, the manuscript of the prisoner, which Adeline reads by the fitful light of her lamp, and which proves to be written by her own father, possess us with the apprehension of some secret crime, which acquires importance from its circumstances and its mystery. There are some highly finished scenes; as that where Adeline, in her solitary chamber, dares not raise her eyes to her glass, lest another face than her own should meet them; her escape with a man whom she supposes to be the servant she had trusted, and who startles her with a strange voice; the luxurious pavilion of the marquis, to which we are introduced after a frightful journey through a storm; and, above all, the conversation in which the marquis, after a series of dark solicitations, understood by La Motte, as pointing to Adeline's dishonor, proposes her death. This last, as a piece of dramatic effect, is perhaps equal to any passage in the author's works. The closing chapters of the work are

inferior in themselves to its commencement ; but they gratify, by affording a worthy solution of the intricacies of a plot, which has excited so deep an interest in its progress.

"The Mysteries of Udolpho," is by far the most popular of Mrs. Radcliffe's works. To this preeminence, it is, we think, justly entitled: for, although "The Italian," may display more purely intellectual power, it is far less enchanting. Of all the romances in the world, this is perhaps the most romantic. Its outline is noble, it is filled with majestic or beautiful imagery, and it is touched throughout with a dreamy softness, which harmonizes all its scenes, and renders its fascination irresistible. It rises from the gentlest beauty, by just gradations, to the terrific and the sublime. Nothing can be fancied more soothing to the mind, fevered with the bustle of the world, than the picture of domestic repose with which it opens. We are dwellers in the home of the good St. Aubert, who has retired to a beautiful spot, once the favorite scene of his youthful excursions; and shares in its elegant and tranquil pleasures. Next come the exquisite journey of the father and daughter through the heart of the Pyrenees, where we trace out every variety of mountain grandeur; the richly colored scene of vintage gaiety among the woods of the chateau; and the death of St. Aubert, in the neighborhood of a place which we understand to be connected with his destiny, and where strains of unearthly music are heard in sad accordance with human sorrow. When Emily's aunt, to whose care she is consigned, marries the desperate Montoni, we feel that the clouds are gathering round her progress, and we shudder at the forebodings of approaching peril. A little interval is given among the luxuries of Venice, which are painted with exquisite delicacy and lightness; and then the work of terror begins. Nothing can be more picturesque than the ascent of the Appennines; mountain seems to rise above mountain in gloomy stateliness before us, till we skirt the inmost valley, far shut out from the world, and Montoni, breaking a long silence, utters the charmed words, "There is Udolpho!" The ideas of extent, of massiveness, and austere grandeur, conveyed in the description of the castle, have matchless force and distinctness.

and prepare the mind for the crimes and wonders of which it is the silent witness. Every thing beneath "these dark battlements" is awful; the slightest incidents wear a solemn hue, and "Fate in sullen echoes" seems to "tell of some nameless deed." Not only the mysterious appearances and sounds appal us, but the rushing wind, a rustling curtain, the lonely watch-ward on the terrace, have power to startle, and keep curiosity awake. The whole persecution and death of Madame Montoni seem prodigious, as though they were something out of nature; yet they derive all this importance from the circumstances with which they are invested; for there is nothing extraordinary in the fate of a despicable woman, worried into the grave by her husband, because she will not give up her settlement. The mysteries of "Chateau le Blanc" are less majestic than those of Udolpho, but perhaps they are even more touching; at least, the visit of Emily to the chamber where the marchioness died, twenty years before, not without suspicion of poison, and which had been shut up ever since, is affecting and fearful. The faded magnificence of the vast apartment; the black pall lying on the bed, as when it decked the corpse; the robe and articles of dress remaining as they had been carelessly scattered in the lifetime of their owner; her veil, which hand had never approached since, now dropping into pieces; her lute on the table, as it was touched on the evening of her death, would be solemn and spectral, even if the pall did not move and a face arise from beneath it. This scene derives a tender interest from the strange likeness which Emily seems to bear to the deceased lady, and which is artfully heightened by the action of the old housekeeper, throwing the black veil over her, and by her touching the long neglected lute. Such are some among the many striking features of this romance; its defects are great and obvious. Its mysteries are not only resolved into natural causes, but are explained by circumstances provokingly trivial. What reader would bear to be told that the black veil, from which his imagination has scarcely been allowed to turn for three volumes, conceals a waxen image; that the wild music, which has chanced to float on the air in all the awful pauses of action, proceeded from an insane

nun, permitted to wander about the woods; and that the words, which startled Montoni and his friends, at their guilty carousals, were uttered by a man wandering through a secret passage, almost without motive; unless the power and sweetness of the spell remained after it was thus rudely broken?

"The Italian" has more unity of plan than "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" and its pictures are more individual and distinct; but it has far less tenderness and beauty. Its very introduction, unlike the gentle opening of the former romance, impresses the reader with awe. Its chief agent, Schedoni, is most vividly painted; and yet the author contrives to invest him with a mystery, which leads us to believe, that even her image is inadequate to the reality. Up to the period, at which he unnaturally melts from demon to man, he is always the chief figure when he is present; and, where we do not see him, his spirit yet seems to influence all around us. The great scenes of this romance stand out in bold relief as in compartments; of which the chief are the adventures in the vaults of Pallozzi; the machinations of Schedoni and the marchioness, for the destruction of the heroine; her confinement in the monastery of San Stephano, and her escape with Vivaldi; her terrible sojourn in Spalatro's cottage on the sea-shore, and the whole representation of the Inquisition, which fills the mind when Schedoni's supremacy ceases. Of these, perhaps the very finest is the scene in the church, where the confessor makes palpable to the marchioness the secret wishes of her heart for Ellena's death; the situation is essentially fearful, and all the circumstances are contrived with admirable effect, to heighten, vary, and prolong the feeling of curiosity and terror. The dreary horrors of the fisherman's cottage are admirably painted; but the effort to produce a great theatrical effect is very imperfectly concealed; and we cannot help being somewhat dissatisfied with the process of bringing a helpless orphan to such a distance, merely that she may be murdered with eclat; with the equally unaccountable delay in performing the deed, the strange relentings of the ruffian, and the long preparation which precedes the attempt of Schedoni to strike the fatal blow. There is great art in the

scene, to which all this is introductory; and the discovery of the portrait is a most striking *coup de theatre*; but the art is too palpable, and the contrast between the assassin and the father too violent; at least for a second perusal. Not so, the graphic descriptions of the vast prisons of the Inquisition; they are dim, prodigious, apparently eternal; and the style is solemn and weighty as the subject. Mrs. Radcliffe alone could have deepened the horror of this gloom by whispers of things yet more terrible; and suggest fears of the unseen, which should overcome the present apprehensions of bodily torture.

In her own peculiar style of composition, Mrs. Radcliffe has never been approached. Her success naturally drew forth a crowd of imitators, who produced only cumbrous caricatures, in which the terrors are without decorum, and the explanations absolutely farcical. No successful writer has followed her without calling to aid other means, which she would not condescend to use. The author of "The Monk," mingled a sickly voluptuousness with his terrors; and Maturin, full of "rich conceits," approached the borders of the forbidden in speculation, and the paradoxical in morals. She only, of all writers of romance, who have awed and affected the public mind, by hints of things unseen, has employed enchantments purely innocent; has forbore to raise one questionable throb, or call forth a momentary blush. This is the great test, not only of moral feeling, but of intellectual power; and in this will be found her highest praise.

ELIZABETH ROWE, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, was born, September 14th, 1674, at Ilchester, in Somersetshire. She gave early promise of those talents and amiable qualities by which she was afterwards distinguished. Her father, who beheld with pleasure the fertility of her mind, spared no pains in its cultivation. She imbibed, from her parents, devotional sentiments, which operating upon a susceptible temper, a lively imagination, and an affectionate heart, gave an enthusiastic turn to her character and compositions. She displayed in her childhood, a taste for the arts. Painting, drawing, and music, alter-

nately engaged her attention; but the bent of her genius was more particularly directed to the cultivation of poetry. She began to write verses at twelve years of age; and in her twenty-second year, she published, at the desire of two of her friends, a collection of poems on various occasions. These productions were principally on religious subjects; and those of a lighter cast were unexceptionable for the purity of their sentiment; yet so scrupulous did the author become, as she advanced into life, that she recollected, with regret and uneasiness, the sportive sallies of her youthful muse. Her moral sense was so exquisitely delicate, that, not to have injured the cause of virtue, appeared to her an insufficient plea; while she cherished a species of remorse for having written any thing by which it was not directly promoted.

Her poetical talents introduced her, before she had completed her twentieth year, to the family of Lord Weymouth, who became her kind and liberal patrons, and whose friendship she enjoyed through life. Her paraphrase of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, by which she acquired reputation, was written at the request of bishop Ken, who resided, at that time, in the Weymouth family. The Hon. Mr. Thyme, son to Lord Weymouth, took upon himself the task of instructing her in the French and Italian languages. She improved rapidly from the lessons of her noble and friendly preceptor, being, in a few months, enabled to read with great ease the "Jerusalem" of Tasso.

In the year 1710, she married Mr. Thomas Rowe. He was thirteen years younger than his bride; possessed with a superior understanding, considerable learning, a highly cultivated mind, and an amiable temper. A marriage between two persons, united by congenial acquirements, sentiments, and virtues, notwithstanding the disparity of years, could scarcely fail of proving happy. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe passed five years in the most perfect harmony, confidence, and affection. He died in 1715, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, of consumption.

On his disease, her love of solitude revived, and having settled her affairs, she removed to Frome, in Somersetshire, the scene of her youthful pleasures. In this seclusion she composed her "Friendship in Death," in twenty letters from the dead to

the living. Also, her "Letters, Moral and Entertaining," in prose and verse. These productions, which display great sensibility of heart, a lively imagination, and a visionary turn of mind, were translated into French, and published at Amsterdam, in 1740. All the writings of Mrs. Rowe breathe a spirit of benevolence, of purity, and of virtue, animated by a raised and enthusiastic devotion.

She possessed a command over her passions, and a constant serenity and sweetness of temper, which neither age nor misfortune, could sour or ruffle. It is questioned whether she had ever been angry in her life; a proof that the tender and gentle sensibilities may exist independent of the irascible passions. She knew not indignation, except against vice; where indifference is almost criminal. To firm principles, and an elevated mind, she added the softness and graces of her sex. She expressed, on all occasions, an aversion to satire, so rarely free from malice and personality; her conversation, like her writings, was the effusion of a benevolent and amiable mind. She possessed peculiar powers of conversation, an inexhaustible fancy flowing language, the most perfect ingeniousness, with unaffected sweetness and ease. She had no taste for what is called pleasure; she mixed in no parties of dissipation, was ignorant of any game, and avoided formal and insipid visitings. Temperate, cheerful, friendly, and affectionate, she sought and found her happiness in intellectual pursuits, the exercise of her affections, and the enjoyment of simple pleasures. She had a contempt for riches, was content with a moderate income, nor would avail herself of those pecuniary advantages to which, by her labors, she was justly entitled. The calm and uniform tenor of her life, her active virtues, and happy constitution, produced a perpetual sunshine of the mind, that diffused itself over all around her, and made her most distant dependent happy.

On the day previous to her decease she appeared in perfect health and vigor; and after conversing with a friend, with unusual vivacity, retired to her chamber early in the evening. On the ensuing morning, February 20th, 1737, she expired. Her disorder was pronounced to be an apoplexy. Her life had been

tranquil, and except in the loss of her husband, unclouded, and her death was happy.

MADAME ROLAND. This admirable woman, the heroine of the French revolution, and the martyr of liberty, was born in an obscure station, the daughter of Gatiou Philopon, an artist. In childhood she was docile, and she quickly seized every idea that was presented to her. "This disposition," says she, "was turned to so good an account, that I never remember having been taught to read. At four years old the business was in a manner completed; all that was necessary in future, was only to supply me with books, which, whenever they were put into my hands, were sure to engross all my attention, which nothing but a nosegay could divert. Under the tranquil shelter of my paternal roof, I was happy from my infancy, with flowers and books. In the narrow confines of a prison, amidst chains, imposed by the most shocking tyranny, I forgot the injustice of men, their follies, and my own misfortunes, with books and flowers."

The parents of Mademoiselle Philopon, availed themselves of her studious turn, to put into her hands the catechisms, with the Old and New Testaments, while she learned with facility every thing which was taught her. She became so enthusiastic, that she wished to retire from the world, and the silence and solitude of a cloister presented a grand and romantic image of sacrifice and seclusion, which seized on her imagination, and captivated her senses. "While pressing my dear mother in my arms," says she, "at the moment of our first separation, I thought my heart would have burst, but I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and passed the threshold of the cloister, offering up to him with tears the greatest sacrifices I was capable of making. This was the seventh of May, 1765, when I was eleven years and two months old. How," added she, "shall I recall to my mind, in the gloom of a prison, and amidst commotions which ravage my country, and sweep away all that is dear to me, that period of rapture, and tranquility? What lively colors can express the soft emotions of a young heart.

endued with tenderness and sensibility, greedy of happiness, awakening to the feelings of nature, and perceiving only the Deity."

She was one year in the convent, and her thirteenth year glided tranquilly away under the roof of her grandmother; the quiet of whose house accorded with the tender and contemplative disposition which she had brought with her from the convent.

Her grandmother's little library was laid by her under contribution, while the *Philotee* of St. Francis de Sales, and the *Manual* of St. Augustin, became her favorite studies. The controversial writings of Bossuet, which, about this period, fell into her hands, furnished fresh food for her mind; while, in defending the faith, they let her into the secret of the objections opposed to it, and led her to investigate the grounds of her belief. This first step gradually conducted her, in a course of years, after having been Jansenist, Cartesian, stoic, and deist, to complete scepticism. "What a route," observes she, "to terminate at last in patriotism, which has brought me to a dungeon."

At the age of twenty she lost her mother, and her studies constituted her only consolation. "Left more than ever by myself," says she, "and often in a melancholy humor, I felt the necessity of writing. I loved to render to myself an account of my own ideas, and to enlighten them by the intervention of my pen. When not employed in this way, I revised still more than I meditated. Never," says she, "did I feel the slightest temptation to become an author, I perceived at a very early period, that a woman who acquires this title, loses more than she gains. The men do not like, and her own sex criticise her. If her works are bad, she is ridiculed, if good, she is bereaved of the reputation annexed to them. If the public are forced to acknowledge that she has talents, they sift her character, her morals, her conduct, and balance the reputation of her genius by the publicity which they give to her errors."

At the age of twenty-five she married M. Roland, a distinguished author, who was twenty years older than herself. The first year of their marriage was spent in Paris, where she was

employed as an amanuensis to her husband, and the corrector of his proofs, a task however, little suited to her cultivated mind, which she fulfilled with humility and exactness. After the business of a secretary and housekeeper was finished, this excellent wife, finding the state of her husband's health to be delicate, condescended to prepare for him, with her own hands, the viands that suited him best; she filled up the remainder of her time with the study of botany and natural history, of which she entered into a course.

After leaving Paris, they spent four years in Amiens, where Madame Roland performed the duties of a nurse and a mother, without ceasing to participate in the labors of her husband, who was charged with a considerable portion of the New Encyclopedia. In 1784, Monsieur and Madam Roland removed to the city of Lyons, and settled at Villefranche. This year they made the tour of England, and in 1787, that of Switzerland; they also visited several parts of France, and had projected a visit to Italy.

M. Roland, being chosen deputy extraordinary to the constituent assembly, arrived with his family in Paris, in February, 1791. Here she became acquainted with Robespierre, Brissot, and other actors in the revolution. Roland was appointed minister for the home department, for which his indefatigable industry, readiness in business, and methodical habits, well fitted him. He was too patriotic however, to retain the office long. "Utility and glory," says madame Roland, "were the consequences of my husband's retreat. I had not been proud of his elevation to the ministry, but I was proud of his disgrace."

With the revolution of the tenth of August, every one is acquainted. Roland was recalled to the ministry, which he re-entered with renovated hopes. The horrible scenes of massacre which followed in September, compelled Mr. Roland to resign. His resignation did not, however, appease his blood-thirsty enemies, who surrounded his house for the purpose of imprisoning him. His wife here performed a masculine part; she flew to the convention to defend her husband. He fled from their rapacity, but she was taken and conducted to prison.

The wife of the keeper made some civil observations, expressive of the regret which she felt when a prisoner of her own sex arrived, "for," added she, "they have not all your serene countenance." Madame Roland thanked her with a smile, while she locked her in a room, hastily put in order for her reception. "Well then," said she, seating herself and falling into a train of reflections, "I am in prison." The moments that followed, she declares, she would not have exchanged for those which might be esteemed by others as the happiest of her life, "I recalled the past to my mind, I calculated the events of the future. I devoted myself, if I may so say, voluntarily to my destiny, whatever it might be; I defied its vigor, and fixed myself firmly in that state of mind, in which, without giving ourselves concern for what is to come, we seek only employment for the present."

Madame Roland had been induced, by her love of order and habits of regularity, to enquire into the customs and expenses of the prison, which she was desirous rigidly to observe. She seemed to take a pleasure in making trials of her fortitude, and in inuring herself to privations. She determined, therefore, to make an experiment how far the human mind is capable of diminishing gradually the wants of the body. She began by substituting, in the place of coffee and chocolate, bread and water, for breakfast. For her dinner, she desired to have one plain dish of meat, with a few vegetables, and vegetables also for her supper without a dessert. She likewise relinquished both wine and beer. As her purpose, in adopting this conduct, was moral rather than economical, she appropriated the sums thus saved for the relief of those miserable wretches who were lying on straw, that while eating her dry bread in the morning, she might have the pleasure of reflecting that, by this deprivation, she was adding to their dinner. "If I remain here six months," said she, "I will engage to leave the place with a healthy complexion, and a body by no means emaciated; having reduced my wants so far as to be satisfied with bread and soup, with a few benedictions incognito." She also made little presents to the servants of the prison, that her economy might not prove injurious to them. By these means she considered that she rendered her indi-

pendence more perfect, and was at the same time a gainer in good will.

From this prison she was removed to another, the prison of St. Pelagie, where she employed her time in composing her "Historical Memoirs." In the morning she studied English, in Shaftsbury's "Essay on Virtue," and in the poetry of Thomson, by whom she was transported by turns to the sublime regions of intellect, and to the affecting scenes of nature.

It was about this period that, to divert the vexation of her mind, she determined on writing a narrative of her life. "I should despise myself," says this truly philosophical and heroic woman, "did I suffer my mind to sink in any circumstances. In all the troubles I have experienced, the most lively impressions of sorrow has been almost immediately accompanied by the ambition of opposing my strength to the evil, and of surmounting it, either by doing good to others, or by exerting to the uttermost my fortitude. My 'Historic Notices' are gone. I mean to write my memoirs; and prudently accommodating myself to my weakness, at a moment when my feelings are acute, I shall talk of my own person, that my thoughts may be the less at home. I shall exhibit my virtues and my faults with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself, is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the ill that may be spoken of him; and he who hesitates to confess his faults, has neither spirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them."

She passed five months in prison, and with the exception of two or three real friends, whom the terrors of the place did not prevent from coming to bewail with her the misfortunes of France, no one expressed the least degree of pity or interest in her fate. Neither in the journals, nor in the publications of the day, was a single remonstrance, or a single word, written in her behalf.

A few days before madame Roland was dragged to the scaffold, "If fate," said she, "had allowed me to live, there was one thing only of which I should be ambitious, that of writing the annals of the present age, and of becoming the Macaulay of my country. I have, during my confinement, conceived a real wish

ness for Tacitus, and cannot go to rest till I have read a passage of his works. It seems to me, we see things in the same light, and that, in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to have imitated his style."

After the two and twenty deputies were condemned to the scaffold, Madame Roland considered theirs as a presage of her own fate. Though resigned to death, she felt repugnant to becoming a spectacle to the savage curiosity of a ferocious multitude. She beheld its approach with unaffected tranquillity. She suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be bound, without a murmur or a complaint. She traversed Paris, amidst the insults of the populace, and received death with heroic firmness. She seemed even to experience a degree of pleasure in this last sacrifice to her country. She expressed in dying, a wish to transmit to posterity, the new and extraordinary sensations which she experienced, on her road from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. For this purpose, when at the foot of the scaffold, she demanded pen and paper, which were refused to her. Her last moments are thus described by Riouffe, who was detained at the Conciergerie, when madame Roland arrived.

"The blood of the twenty-two was not yet cold, when citizeness Roland was brought to the Conciergerie; aware of the fate that awaited her, her peace of mind remained undisturbed. Though past the prime of life, she was still a charming woman; her person was tall and elegantly formed, her countenance animated and very expressive; but misfortune and confinement had impressed on her mind traces of melancholy, which tempered its vivacity. In a body moulded by grace, and fashioned by courtly politeness, she possessed a republican soul. Something more than is generally found in the eyes of women was painted in hers, which were large, dark, and full of softness and intelligence. She often spoke to me at the grate with the freedom and firmness of a great man; while we all stood listening around her in admiration and astonishment. On the day of her condemnation, she was neatly dressed in white, her long black hair flowing loosely to her waist. At the place of execution, she bowed before the statue of liberty, while she exclaimed,

'Oh liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!' She frequently said her husband would not survive her; which prediction was accomplished, for he ran himself through the body with a sword, on the road from Rouen."

In a letter, written the day previous to her death, she says, "To-morrow, according to the accounts brought us from all quarters, and the preparations made long since, may be the last day of our lives. I am what you have always known me, devoted to my duties which I love, appreciating life for the blessings of nature, and the enjoyments of virtue. I am too much habituated to despise death, to fear, or to fly from it. I leave my daughter good examples, and a memory ever dear to her. May she judge, feel, and avail herself of every thing with a conscience always pure and a soul as expansive, as have been those of her parents."

RADHIA, a Moorish Spaniard of Corduba, the freedwoman of king Adelrahman, who wrote many volumes on rhetoric. She is said to have lived one hundred and seven years, and to have died in the year 1044.

***RUTH**, a Moabitess, the widow of Mahlon, an Israelite, whose interesting history is recorded in the Old Testament, and has been imitated by Thompson, in his history of Palemon and Lavinia.

During the period in which the judges ruled over the children of Israel, there was a grievous famine in the land. Among great numbers, who left their habitations to seek bread in other countries, a certain man of Bethlehem Judah, named Elimelech, went to sojourn in the country of Moab. He took with him his wife, whose name was Naomi, and his two sons; and soon after their arrival, the two young men married two Moabitish women, the name of one of whom was Orpah, and the other Ruth.

After a residence of ten years, during which time Naomi buried her husband and her two sons, she determined to return to her own native country. But, concluding it would not be agreeable to her two daughters in law to leave the place of their as-

tivity, and follow her into a strange land, she desired them just before her departure, to return each to her mother's house. "And may the Lord deal kindly with you," said the good old woman, "as ye have dealt with the dead, and me!" She then tenderly embraced them.

Affected by this regardful behavior of their mother in law, Orpah and Ruth both wept, and said, "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people." But Naomi continuing to dissuade them, Orpah was at length prevailed on to remain with her mother. Ruth, however, would not listen to any calls but those of tenderness for Naomi. "Intreat me not to leave thee," said she to her, "or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried, and the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." After this emphatic and determined declaration, Naomi no longer opposed Ruth's going with her.

When they arrived at Bethlehem, they appear to have been in such distressed circumstances, that Naomi, upon hearing her old acquaintance exclaim, "Is not this Naomi?" replied, "Call me not Naomi, but Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me. I went out full, and am returned empty."

In the same city lived a young man, whose name was Boaz; he was nearly related to Elimelech, Naomi's late husband, and was a person of great wealth. It being now the beginning of the barley harvest, Ruth proposed to her mother in law, as the most probable means of procuring a present subsistence, that she should suffer her to go into the fields belonging to Boaz, and there to glean after his reapers, hoping to find greater indulgence from one to whom they were related than from a stranger. Having received Naomi's permission, and dressed herself as decently as her present circumstances would allow, Ruth went as proposed into the fields. Her beauty and comeliness did not long remain unobserved by Boaz. Seeing a stranger, he inquired who she was, and being informed, treated her with great kindness; not only allowing her to glean, but ordering the

reapers now and then to let fall a handful on purpose for her. When he had learned, from some of his servants, the whole of her story, he graciously accosted her, saying, "It has been shown unto me all that thou hast done unto thy mother in law, since the death of thy husband, and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy works, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." Having said this, he gave directions that she should partake of what was prepared for his people, and be permitted to pursue her employment as long as the harvest lasted. Ruth received those tokens of favor with grateful humility, and thanked him for the friendly notice he had taken of her.

When she returned to Naomi in the evening, and showed her the great quantity of corn she had collected, and likewise acquainted her with the favorable reception she had met with from Boaz, the good old woman began to entertain views for the future benefit of her dutiful and beloved daughter in law, which she had never before contemplated.

As Boaz was so near a relation to her late husband, was unmarried, and therefore, agreeable to the custom of the Jews, the most proper person to take her to wife, she meditated how to bring about a union between them. The difference in their circumstances, she flattered herself, would not prove to be an irremoveable bar; as, to a man of Boaz's generous disposition, the beauty and virtues of Ruth might be esteemed equivalent to his wealth. She accordingly gave her daughter in law such prudential instructions for ingratiating herself still further into the esteem of their rich relation, that in a short time he married her.

Thus was an obscure Moabitish damsel, through her prudent and virtuous behavior, raised from a low estate to such an eminence, that mighty kings, and even the Savior of mankind descended from her.

MARGARET ROPER. In favor of the liberal cultivation of the mind of woman, it may be observed, that at no period of English

history does there appear to have been greater attention paid to the cultivation of the female mind, than during the age of Elizabeth; and at no time has there existed a greater number of amiable and respectable women. Even the domestic affections and appropriate virtues of the sex, modesty, prudence, and conjugal fidelity, far from being superseded by study and the liberal sciences, are, on the contrary, both strengthened and embellished. The habits of reflection and retirement which grow out of the exercise of the understanding, are equally favorable to virtue and the cultivation of the heart. While the mind, by seeking resources in itself, acquires a character of dignity and independence, a sentiment of grandeur and generosity is communicated to its affections and sympathies. Dissipation and frivolous pursuits, by enfeebling the understanding, have a tendency to harden and to narrow the heart. If the concentrated passions of stronger minds, and these examples among women are rare, have sometimes been productive of fatal effects, an impressive and affecting lesson, as in the sublimer devastations of nature, may be derived even from their failures. But the being, restless in the pursuit of novelty, irritable, dependent, unstable, and vain, who lives only to be amused, becomes necessarily selfish and worthless, the contempt and burthen of society, the reproach of one sex and the scorn of the other. Among women distinguished for their worth and acquirements in the sixteenth century, the three daughters of Sir Thomas More held an elevated rank.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, was born in London, in the year 1508. She received, in the fashion of the times, a learned education, while men of the first literary reputation were procured by her father for her preceptors. The following interesting and patriarchal description of the family of the chancellor, is given by Erasmus. "More," says he, in a letter to a friend, "has built near London, on the banks of the Thames, (Chelsea,) a commodious house, where he converses affably with his family, consisting of his wife, his son and daughter in law, his three daughters, with their husbands, and eleven grand children. There is no man

living so fond of his children, or who possesses a more excellent temper. You would call his house the academy of Plato. But I should do it an injury by such a comparison; it is rather a school of Christian goodness, in which piety, virtue, and the liberal sciences are studied by every individual of the family. No wrangling or intemperate language is ever heard; no one is idle; the discipline of the household is courtesy and benevolence. Every one performs his duty with cheerfulness and alacrity." What a charming picture, contrasted with modern seminaries of vice and dissipation.

Margaret, the eldest daughter of this amiable family, was more peculiarly distinguished for her talents and genius. Doct. Clement and Mr. William Gonell, who ranked with the most celebrated linguists of the age, were her tutors in the languages; from Mr. Drue, Mr. Nicholas, and Mr. Richard Heart, she acquired a knowledge of the arts and sciences. Under the care of these gentlemen, she became mistress of the Greek and Latin, and made considerable progress in astronomy, philosophy, physics, logic, rhetoric, music, and arithmetic. Sir Thomas, to whom all his children were dear, regarded his eldest daughter, in whose attainments and powers he felt a laudable pride, with peculiar tenderness. She is said to have written a pure and elegant Latin style. Her father delighted in holding with her an epistolary correspondence; some of her letters, which he communicated to persons of the most distinguished abilities and learning, received high and just praise.

In 1528, in the twentieth year of her age, Margaret gave her hand to William Roper, Esq., a man of talents and learning, amiable and accomplished, whose congenial qualities united him to the family of the chancellor, by the most cordial and indissoluble ties. The young couple continued to live at Chelsea, with the family, till its worthy head, after being taken into custody, was confined in the Tower. Two sons and three daughters were the fruit of this marriage, whose education was superintended by their mother with the most assiduous care. She corresponded, and was personally acquainted, with Erasmus, the restorer of learning, by whom she was styled *Britannia decus*, and in

whose estimation she held a high place. Sir Thomas having presented to Erasmus a valuable picture, by Hans Hollein, in which he was himself represented, surrounded by his children, Erasmus returned his acknowledgements in a Latin epistle, which he addressed to Margaret. In this letter he expresses the pleasure he felt in receiving a representation of a family he so truly respected, and more especially that of a lady, whose resemblance could not be beheld without being reminded of her excellent and admirable qualities. Margaret replied to this compliment in an elegant Latin epistle, in which, after expressing her pleasure in the satisfaction the picture had afforded to her friend, she acknowledges him as an instructor to whom she should ever feel herself grateful.

Having, in the early part of her life, applied herself to the languages, she now prosecuted, with no less assiduity, the study of philosophy, of the sciences, of physics, and of theology. The two latter branches of knowledge were more particularly recommended to her by her father. Till this period, her life glided on serenely, a calm unruffled stream, in the acquisition of science, and in the bosom of her family. It became now agitated and perturbed by the tragical fate of her beloved and invaluable father.

The chancellor, having disapproved the conduct of Henry VIII., in the business of his divorce from Catherine, his first wife, thought proper to resign the seals, and incurred, by this measure, the displeasure of a capricious tyrant. Sir Thomas, living under the same roof and in the midst of his family, the expenses of which he had hitherto defrayed from his revenue, knew not how, on the resignation of his office, to support the idea of a separation from them. Having assembled his children together, he advised with them respecting the measures which it would be necessary to pursue; and, while they listened to him in mournful and respectful silence, thus addressed them: "I have been brought up at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery in Lincoln's Inn, and in the King's Court, from the lowest degree to the highest; and yet have I, in yearly revenues, at this present time, little left me above one hundred pounds a year. II.

therefore we continue to live together, we must all become contributors. But my counsel is, that we descend not to the lowest fare first; we will not yet comply with Oxford fare, nor that of New Inn; but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many persons of distinction live very agreeably. And should we find ourselves incapacitated from living thus the first year we will, the next conform ourselves to that of Oxford. Should our purses not even allow us that, we may afterwards, with bag and wallet, go and beg together:—hoping that, for pity, some good people will give us their charity; and at every man's door we will sing a *salve regina*, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together." This excellent family was soon after dispersed; but Margaret and her husband still continued to reside near their father.

Sir Thomas, refusing to take the oath of supremacy, the prospect now became darker, he was committed to the custody of the abbot of Westminster, whence, continuing inflexible, he was removed to the Tower. Overwhelmed with grief, his daughter was, through incessant importunity, at length allowed to visit him. Admitted to his presence, she left no argument, expostulation, or entreaty, unessayed, to induce him to relent from his purpose. But her eloquence, her tenderness, and her tears, proved alike ineffectual, the principles and constancy of this great but unfortunate man, were not to be shaken. Margaret, less tenacious, or less bigoted, had herself taken the oath, with the following reservation.—“As far as would stand with the law of God.”

The family, on this affecting occasion, seem again, from a letter addressed by Mrs. Roper to her father, to have assembled at Chelsea. “What think you my most dear father,” says she, “doth comfort us, in this your absence at Chelsea? Surely, the remembrance of your manner of life passed among us, your holy conversation, your wholesome counsels, your examples of virtue, of which there is hope, that they do not only persevere with you but that they are by God's grace, much more increased.” During the imprisonment of Sir Thomas, a frequent intercourse of letters passed between him and his beloved daughter;

and when deprived of pen and ink, he contrived to write to her with a coal.

It is related by Dr. Knight, in his "Life of Erasmus," that sentence having been passed on the chancellor, his daughter, as he was returning towards the Tower, rushing through the populace and guards, threw herself upon his neck, and without speaking, in a stupor of despair, strained him closely in her arms. Even the guards, at this affecting scene, melted into compassion, while the fortitude of the illustrious prisoner nearly yielded. "My dear Margaret," said he, "submit with patience, grieve no longer for me, it is the will of God, and must be borne." Tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. He had not proceeded many paces, when she again rushed toward him; again, in a paroxysm of sorrow, more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of Sir Thomas, while he gazed on her with tender calmness; yet his heroic purpose continued unmoved. Having entertained her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewell, while every spectator dissolved in tender sympathy.

The care of Margaret extended to the lifeless remains of her beloved parent; by her interest and exertions, his body was, after his execution, interred in the chapel of St. Peter's, *ad vincula*, within the precincts of the Tower; and, was afterwards removed to the chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head, having remained fourteen days exposed on London bridge, in conformity to his sentence, was about to be cast into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter. Being, on this occasion, inhumanly summoned before the council, she firmly avowed and justified her conduct. This boldness did not escape the vengeance of the king; she was committed to prison; whence, after a short restraint, and vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was liberated, and restored to her husband and family.

The remainder of her life was passed in domestic retirement, in the bosom of her family, and in the education of her children. She is described by Mr. More, in his life of Sir Thomas, as a woman of singular powers and endowments, and as chosen by

her father, for her sagacity and prudence, as his friend and confidant. She composed many Latin epistles, poems, and orations, which were dispersed among the learned of her acquaintance. Two declamations were likewise written by her, and translated both by herself and her father, with equal spirit and eloquence, into Latin. She also composed a treatise, "Of the four last things," with so much justice of thought, and strong reasoning, as obliged Sir Thomas to confess its superiority to a discourse in which he was himself employed on the same subject, and which, it is supposed, on that account, was never concluded. The ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, was translated by this lady from the Greek into Latin; its publication was superceded by that of bishop Christopherson, a celebrated Grecian of that period. This labor of learning was afterwards translated from the Latin into English, by Mary, the daughter of Margaret Roper, who inherited the talents of her mother.

Mrs. Roper, whose learning and genius procured her the respect and admiration of the most distinguished characters of her country, and of the age in which she lived, survived her father only nine years, she had been a wife sixteen years, and died in 1554, in her thirty-sixth year. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was interred with her, in her arms, as related by some; or, according to others, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin.

SARAH SMITH, was born at Hanover, in the state of New Hampshire, in the year 1789. She was the daughter of John Smith, D.D., professor of the learned languages at Dartmouth college. He was a profound scholar in his professorship, and so deeply engaged in his duties, that his daughter never received any assistance in her studies from him. Her mother was the daughter of Colonel David Mason, an excellent soldier, and an enlightened philosopher, who was a coadjutor of Dr. Franklin, in the science of electricity. Mrs. Smith is a woman of superior mind, and of deep reflection, as well as of exemplary life and conversation. She yet lives, the ornament of her age.

At a very early age, Sarah was at the head of her school,

and seemed to take her place as a matter of right, for her superiority was attended with so much meekness of disposition, that no one of her school mates felt envious of her elevation. She made no apparent effort to be learned, but was well acquainted with the Latin language, although she had not gone far in the Latin classics. At the early age of fourteen, she wrote a mock heroic poem, on some village incidents, which embraced lively descriptions of many personages well known to each other. It was full of genius and pleasantry, and discovered a deep knowledge of character for one so young. She was early a professor of religion, but never lost her love of society for a moment in her life. Her religion concentrated the rays of happiness, rather than the gloom of despondency; her prayers for mankind were full of hope for those in darkness, for she believed the bright effulgence of religion would, in time, attract the attention of those who might appear the most thoughtless. She was well read in divinity, and could give a sound reason for her faith. She preferred the strong minds among the great lights of the church, to those who dwell too long upon emotion. She read Sherlock oftener than Whitfield, or the author of the "Bank of Faith."

She wrote poetry with great ease, of a most sentimental character, abounding in beautiful images, and happy illustrations. Her epistolary correspondence was of an affectionate, cheerful, and pious cast; and many solicited the honor of exchanging letters with her. Some of her letters that have fallen within the notice of the writer, would do credit to Mrs. Hemans, or any other distinguished woman of the age. Her conversation was delightful, no matter what the subject, however common place it might be, she threw into it without any effort, a charm that showed at once her talents and her disposition. In early life it was seen that the canker worm had been concealed in the blossom, and that her sojourn with the world was not to be long. Of this she was fully aware, but it did not for a moment disturb the serenity of her soul; all was settled, all was calm on this subject; she would often allude to her state of health, but without a sigh, nor would even a shade of melancholy cross the

features of her face, in contemplating her early exit from this world.

Although she felt no anxiety for the continuance of her life, she deemed it a duty she owed herself and friends to take good care of herself, and was careful to guard herself from a damp evening air. She read, wrote, and conversed, to the extent of her strength, but never suffered her passion for gaining knowledge to overcome her sense of duty. She entered the circle of her friends with a wasted frame that seemed a gossamer, with a smile on her countenance, while her eyes sparkled with more than mortal fire, and was at once the centre of attraction. There was no study, no affectation, no parade of knowledge, in her conversation; all was tasteful, easy, elegant, enchanting. Her disposition was most admirable. She might be grieved, but no one ever saw her offended. No envy, nor malice, ever entered her heart. It was the abode of charity and love alone. The writer of this slight memoir, saw Miss Smith the month preceding her dissolution; he had seen her when a child, and witnessed the development of her high intellectual powers in the course of her education. He now saw her emaciated form, heard her feeble voice, and listened to her religious admonitions. She had done with the world, she had made her peace with heaven, and was watching, with saint-like resignation, for her hour of departure. It was a lovely day in June, 1812, when the soft light of evening was taking the place of a brilliant sun, that I held the last conversation with this pure spirit, that was hovering on the confines of another world. She directed the conversation, all naturally, to a future existence. She gave her reasons for a full belief in it without effort, but they were full of philosophy and religion. She spoke of our fallen nature, of divine grace, and of the promises of the gospel; all connected with the immortal longings incorporated with our existence, to live beyond the grave. There was no voice of terror in it, no thrilling suggestions of punishment, but it was the soft, soul-inspiring exhortation of a departing spirit to a lover of the world. Such a lesson, such a gentle farewell, would cure the infidel of his doubt, and melt the heart of stone to water. She arose to no romantic rhapsody, such

as I had witnessed in the dying hours of such as had been suddenly converted. She asked for no horses or chariots of fire, to carry her up to heaven, but wished to rest her head on her Savior's bosom, when he appeared to receive her spirit, as the angel of death was discharging his mission. In the midst of this heavenly strain, she came back to the scenes of time and sense, and breathed a sincere wish that the listener might see long and happy days, before he should be summoned to follow her. I know not how long I should have remained under the spell, if holy influences can be called a spell, if others had not come to catch her prayer and share her smiles. Her parting look, I never shall forget; in that hour all worldly ambition, all panting after wealth, fame, or human knowledge, became as the drop in the bucket, as the dust in the ballance, without measure, and without regard; and although many of the dark waves of time have since rolled over me, and swept away all "trivial fond records," yet the impressions, then made, often rise to my recollection, fresh as ever.

Most of the poetry of Miss Smith is at this time, beyond my reach; the little I am able to offer the reader, will prove the delicacy of her taste, and the cast of her mind; but to have a just idea of her character, one must have been acquainted with her, as she passed on, all lovely and glorious, to another world. I have only made a few extracts, from some memoranda from her pen, as she was on her rapid journey to the grave. There is deep reflection, and holy feeling in her language.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

There is a little perfumed flower
That well might grace the loveliest bower,
Yet poet never deigned to sing
Of such an humble rustic thing.
Nor is it strange, for it can show
Scarcely a tint of Iris' bow.
Nature, perchance, in careless hour,
With pencil dry might paint the flower
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,
So gave it double fragrancy,
Rich recompense for aught denied.
Who would not homely garb abide,

If gentlest soul were breathing there,
 Blessings throughout its little sphere?
 Sweet flower! the lesson thou has taught
 Shall check each proud-ambitious thought;
 Teach me internal worth to prize,
 Though clad in lowliest, rudest guise.

This was a playful Anacreontic on a cup of cold water. Has not the chrystal spring as much inspiration now as when it welled for the Grecian muse?

Haste and bring the sparkling prize,
 This the cup I love to sip,
 Blithe I raise it to my lip;
 Lurks no poison here to pain,
 Chill the heart and fire the brain.
 Haste thee, boy, a wreath entwine,
 Fresh from Virtue's generous vine,
 Graceful buds of many a hue,
 Meek Innocence! thy emblem true.
 This the cup I love to sip,
 Blithe to raise it to my lip.

Ah me! and shall the lettered page
 No more my studious thoughts engage,
 While thirsting, but forbid to share
 The sweets of knowledge treasured there.
 And must a weak uncultured mind
 Within this feeble frame be shrined?
 Must youth forego her vernal day,
 Flit idle, unimproved away,
 While vainly asks my heart to be
 Thine active friend, Humanity?
 Forgive, Religion! shall a worm repine,
 And dare to murmur at the will divine?
 Lord! at thy feet submissive let me fall,
 O give thyself, and take my earthly all.

The following lines were written shortly before her death with a pencil, as she was gazing on some passing clouds, seen from her dying couch.

On some such light and fleecy cloud,
 Methinks my soul may fly,
 When once released this cumbrous load,
 Of dull mortality.

AUTUMN.

Reason, I love to close thine eye,
 When Autumn winds are rising high,
 And fancy Nature cries aloud,
 Waving her dark funereal shroud,
 Sighing to veil her pallid breast,
 Beneath her white and dazzling vest.
 No wreath adorns her naked head,
 To sullen skies her arms are spread,
 She sees the cloudy wing on high,
 'Tis dark November rushing by ;
 He stays not in his rude career,
 But mocks her hopes with brow severe.
 Fair suppliant, for I call the fair,
 Though gem nor blossom thou dost wear,
 Stay yet a little, and the boon,
 So long protracted, is thine own.
 Stay yet a little, solemn thought,
 From fancy's lip, the sound has caught.
 There is a drapery of death,
 No mockery of fancy's breath,
 Hid in the future's doubtful gloom,
 It waits us, tenants of the tomb.
 Hail spotless robe! thy peaceful fold
 Lies quiet on the bosom cold ;
 When strife within is sweetly o'er,
 And the dread warfare pains no more.

MARY SALTONSTALL, was the daughter of William Whittingham, of Boston, who descended from an illustrious line of puritans. His daughter Mary was married to a merchant, by the name of Clarke, when only eighteen years of age, in 1687. With this worthy man she lived twenty-seven years, when he died, leaving her a good estate, which, added to her patrimony, made her very wealthy. In two years after the death of Mr. Clarke, she married Gurdon Saltonstall, then governor of the state of Connecticut. He died in 1724, and she returned to Boston, and died in 1730. She was a woman of extraordinary powers of mind, with a good education, and of most exemplary piety. She was at the head of society in Connecticut, as well as in Boston. She was a patron of colleges and churches. Before the death of Governor Saltonstall, she gave a hundred pounds to Harvard college, and the same sum to Yale, and by

will, a thousand pounds to **Harvard**, to assist two young men of bright parts and sober lives intended for the ministry. On the poor, large sums had been bestowed by her in her life time, and she remembered them also in her will. She was remarkably eloquent in conversation, and was at home in all the topics on the carpet at that day. She had kept up a constant intercourse with her friends and connections in England, and was, of course, furnished with the best productions of the literary age of queen Anne. Milton, Young, and Pope made up more of the education of literary women than they now do, since the new generation of poets have come up to dazzle and bewilder.

The will of Mrs. Saltonstall was written by her own hand, and is a curiosity for its precision and elegant chirography. That only a few scanty materials can be found of such a woman, when many of but little note among men, have been mentioned, can only be accounted for, by looking at the fashion of the times, which was to keep all females from notoriety. Females had perhaps as much influence in society then as now, but they certainly were not so fortunate as to find as many gallant historians as at the present day. The learned Prince wrote her character; she was his parishioner, and he esteemed her as a woman of superior virtues and attainments.

SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH. When highly gifted minds are taken from the world, the public sustain a loss; and it is but justice to ourselves to mourn that bereavement, and to recount their endowments in the sincere language of affection and truth. The papers have announced the premature death of Mrs. Sarah Louisa P. Smith, formerly Miss Hickman. She was born June thirtieth, 1811, and died February twelfth, 1832, in the twenty-first year of her age. Her maternal ancestors resided many years at Newton, near Boston, but Louisa was born at Detroit, while her grandfather, Major-general William Hull, was governor of that territory. She went to Massachusetts in her infancy with her good mother, and there received her education, under her watchful eye. She early attracted the attention of those who had the care of her as instructors; they loaded the extra

ordinary child with medals and tokens of approbation, as proofs of her proficiency. The ease with which she acquired information was not more remarkable than the modesty which accompanied her superiority. She was so affectionate towards all her schoolmates, that they readily gave up their pretensions to share in the rewards bestowed upon her talents and acquirements. She began, from the promptings of her imagination, to write almost in infancy; and these productions were redolent with Castalian dews. She had a quick perception, and a most wonderful memory, and she acquired knowledge without any apparent effort; still her mind was in constant activity. In looking over some of her early productions, we are surprised at their depth of thought, as well as the felicitous manner in which she clothes her ideas. Her mind seems to reflect the images of nature, as the pure and transparent waters of a lovely lake. She gathered, selected, and combined these images, and gave them voice and harmony, as the fabled sea-nymphs blended poesy and song in their coral cells. Her first productions were shown to her instructors and family friends, without the ambition of literary distinction. To gratify them, she now and then ventured to send some of the pieces she wrote to the periodicals of the day, under various signatures; the publishers not conjecturing from whom they came. These were greatly admired, and often reprinted. Good judges spoke of these productions as beautiful specimens of descriptive and sentimental poetry; and although it was impossible not to see the glow of youthful fancy about them, yet no one imagined that they came from a school-girl, who had just entered her teens. While her name was a secret to all but a few, she heard her effusions compared with those of Henry Kirke White, and of Mrs. Hemans, and others of that school; and when her friends would no longer suffer the concealment of her name, and it was announced that I. L. C., S. L., Ella, &c., &c., was a young lady of fifteen only, the public were not a little incredulous as to the fact; but were, after a while, perfectly convinced, for she was applied to by several of the publishers of the annuals, &c., for pieces for their volumes, which were furnished with a

promptitude no less surprising than their excellence. Miss Hickman being now known, she became an object of attention. If she would not have been called beautiful by the crowd, there was something so deeply interesting in her countenance, something so prepossessing in her whole appearance, that the tasteful would at first sight have pronounced her no ordinary woman. Her countenance was full of the light of mind, and her head was of that peculiar form that would have thrown the phrenologist into ecstasy. Her complexion was fine, soft, and delicate, and her expression sweet and mutable. In the autumn of 1828, Miss Hickman was married to Mr. S. J. Smith, then the editor of a literary periodical in Providence. The next season they moved to Cincinnati, in Ohio. This union was short, but one of great affection. Before they left Providence, her husband published a volume of her poems, collecting some of those previously given to the public in the columns of literary papers, and others were written as the book was passing through the press. It is at all times a hazardous thing for a poet of maturity, and in full strength, to gather up his fugitive productions, and present them in a volume. R. T. Paine, Mrs. Hemans, and even Moore, for a while lost fame by such a course. The mind is so constituted that it will not relish a profusion of sweet morsels at once so readily as if it met them accidentally; but Mrs. Smith did not share the common fate of authors in this respect, for many of the papers, from Georgia to Maine, noticed her volume; if not all with equal discrimination, they all abounded in a high measure of praise. While she resided in the west, she was ranked among the sweetest minstrels of that region; a land of charming scenery, and of minds of fresh and vigorous thought. She found the muses on the borders of the beautiful Ohio as fond to inspire their votary as they were on the banks of the Charles, where she first courted their smiles. To form a just estimate of her merit, we must take into view her age, and the circumstances under which she wrote. She indulged in no reveries of fame or profit, but took up her pen to pass a leisure hour, and to pour out her heart upon some theme that casually came across her imagination.

She had no jealousy of rival poets, but read their works with the kindest feelings, and was at all times alive to their merits. With the elements of mind, taste, and feeling, such as hers, religion—pure, warm, uneffected religion—was almost certainly to be found in the very fitness of things. Hers was the religion of belief with affection; the exercise of benevolence in word and deed, attended by the brightest visions of hope and immortality. No one can express their views of futurity better than herself:

I would not have thee deem my heart
 Unmindful of those higher joys,
 Regardless of that better part
 Which earthly passion ne'er alloys;
 I would not have thee think I live
 Within heaven's pure and blessed light,
 Nor feeling nor affection give
 To Him who makes my pathway bright.
 I could not chain to mystic creeds
 A spirit fetterless and free,
 The beauteous path to heaven that leads,
 Is dimm'd by earthly bigotry;
 And yet for all that earth can give,
 And all it e'er can take away,
 I would not have that spirit rove
 One moment from its heaven-ward way;
 I would not that my heart were cold
 And void of gratitude to Him
 Who makes those blessings to unfold,
 Which by our waywardness grow dim;
 I would not lose the cherish'd trust,
 Of things within the world to come,
 The thoughts that when their joys are dust,
 The weary have a peaceful home.
 For I have left the dearly loved,
 The home, the hopes of other years,
 And early in its pathway proved
 Life's rainbow hues were formed of tears.
 I shall not meet them here again,
 Those loved and lost and cherish'd ones,
 Bright links in young affection's chain,
 In memory's sky unsetting suns.
 But perfect in the world above,
 Through suffering and trial here,
 Shall glow the undiminished love
 Which clouds and distance fail'd to sear.

But I have lingered all too long,
 Thy kind remembrance to engage,
 And woven but a mournful song,
 Wherewith to dim thy page !

The mind of Mrs. Smith was not like that of one of those precocious beings, who early reach the height of their powers, and after having astonished their friends, by the premature blossoms of spring, yield no summer fruit or autumnal harvest. What she might have done, if she had lived, can easily be inferred from what she was doing when taken from us ; she was then reviewing her early partialities in letters, criticising the justice of her own opinions, and reversing her judgments when convinced that they were wrong. These are the labors of a clear and vigorous mind and an honest disposition, and when taken up with ardor, and persevered in, seldom fail to end in greatness.

One of her last productions was a dirge, written at the request of a friend, who was engaged in a work upon some portion of the annals of Poland, and when he came to that affecting passage of history where Kosciusko fell, and was supposed by all Warsaw to have been dead, he wished to introduce a hymn, as sung on that night of grief by the holy sisters of the convent. The following lines were furnished a few days after the request was made ; they are full of eloquent beauties :

DIRGE.

Through Warsaw there is weeping,
 And a voice of sorrow now,
 For the hero who is sleeping
 With death upon his brow ;
 The trumpet-tone will waken
 No more his martial tread,
 Nor the battle-ground be shaken
 When his banner is outspread !
 Now let our hymn
 Float through the aisle.
 Faintly and dim,
 Where moon-beams smile
 Sisters, let our solemn strain,
 Breathe a blessing o'er the slain !

There's a voice of grief in Warsaw,
 The mourning of the brave,
 O'er the chieftain who is gather'd
 Unto his honor'd grave;
 Who now will face the foeman?
 Who break the tyrant's chain?
 Their bravest one lies fallen,
 And sleeping with the slain.
 Now let our hymn
 Float through the aisle,
 Faintly and dim,
 Where moon-beams smile;
 Sisters, let our dirge be said
 Slowly o'er the sainted dead!

There's a voice of woman's weeping,
 In Warsaw heard to-night,
 And eyes close not in sleeping,
 That late with joy were bright;
 No festal torch is lighted,
 No notes of music swell,
 Their country's hope was blighted
 When that son of freedom fell!
 Now let our hymn
 Float through the aisle,
 Faintly and dim,
 Where moon-beams smile;
 Sisters, let our hymn arise
 Sadly to the midnight skies!

And a voice of love undying,
 From the tomb of other years,
 Like the west wind's summer sighing
 It blends with manhood's tears;
 It whispers not of glory,
 Nor fame's unfading youth,
 But fingers o'er a story
 Of young affection's truth.
 Now let our hymn
 Float through the aisle,
 Faintly and dim
 Where moon-beams smile;
 Sisters, let our solemn strain
 Breathe a blessing o'er the slain!

The prose writings of Mrs. Smith were as direct evidence of intellectual superiority as the best of her poetical productions. *They are marked with that ease, grace, and enchanting sweet-*

ness that may be found in her happiest efforts in verse. If the term may be allowed—and what shall be condemned that fairly illustrates a truth—there is a sort of eider-down of the soul under all the nestlings of her creation, that gives them the softest repose that can be imagined. She attempted no eagle-flights—these were to be the efforts of riper years—all her thoughts were in the moon-light groves of the nightingale, or in the sunny vales, among the birds of paradise, whose delicate and fairy feathers, upturned to the sun, drink, reflect, and untwist all the glorious rays of light that blaze in the Indian isles. We would not, we could not yield the dictates of our judgment to the overflowings of the sensitive eulogist, yet we cannot take our last look of this delightful vision that has so lately passed away, without thinking that she “was free among the dead,” before she had fulfilled the ordinary years of her minority. If conjugal affection, maternal care, or the prayers of a host of devoted friends could have saved her, she would still have been living. She died at the same age of the youthful bard, to praise whom, in never-dying verse, Byron stopped from his strange wanderings, and to commemorate whom, Southey wrote a volume.

DOROTHY SCOTT, the daughter of Edmund Quincy, the second of that name distinguished in the annals of Massachusetts, was born about the year 1750, and was married in 1774, to John Hancock, afterwards president of congress, whose name is affixed to the declaration of independence. She was with him at Concord, when the British made their attack at Lexington and Concord, April 19th, and fled with him to an adjacent town, Woburn. Hancock was eager to get into the fight, but was restrained by the advice of Samuel Adams, who knew the value of such a man as Hancock in the contest then commenced, and which he saw would not suddenly be closed.

Mrs. Hancock had moved in the first circles of taste and fashion, and gratified her husband's ambition in presiding with so much elegance at his table, and by leading the conversation, in those times of high political feeling to topics in which all would agree. Hancock was sorely afflicted with the gout, and

naturally irritable, it required, at times, all her blandishments to keep him from outraging all around him; but she never tired in her exertions, but acted the dutiful, kind wife at all times, without retort or peevishness. They had no children, those careful comforts of wedded life, who, if they add to our labors in providing for them, fill up many a void, felt in the existence of the wisest who have no offspring. From her husband's character and situation in life, she was in a perpetual round of company, until the death of Governor Hancock, which happened in 1793. He supposed that he had left his widow a splendid fortune, but it turned out, in the way it was managed, only a fair competency. Several years after the decease of Mr. Hancock, she intermarried with Captain Scott, with whom she enjoyed as much happiness as with her former husband, if she enjoyed less splendor. She outlived her second husband many years, and retained her mental faculties in great brightness when turned of seventy. She had been well educated and had fine talents, and loved admiration and notice just enough to make her fluent in conversation, united with pride and good sense sufficient to make her careful in her communications.

In the latter part of her life, she lived retired and in seclusion. He was most honored, who received an invitation to her little supper table. Two or three friends only would be found there. She supported her share of the conversation with wonderful ease and sprightliness. No bitterness upon the decay of good society, the almost perpetual theme of those who were once fashionable, and have by time, or change of circumstances, passed, as out of date, was ever heard in her house. She spoke of other days with cheerfulness, without a sigh that they had gone. She had treasured up many anecdotes of the days previous and during the revolution, and told them as one who took no airs from having been an actor in these memorable scenes. There was not an officer in the British army, quartered in Boston, whose personal appearance, habits, and manners, she could not give with accuracy and graphic effect. Her favorite was Earl Percy; for *his forces encamped on Boston common during the winter of 1774-5; and this nobleman, accustomed to all the luxuries of*

high born Britons, slept among his regiment in a tent, no more protected from the cold than those of his private soldiers. It is not a little remarkable, that the traces of those tents are still to be seen on the common when the grass is just springing out of the ground, after the vernal showers. The circles around the tents are as distinct as ever. At the dawn of the morning, Mrs. Scott says, that Earl Percy's voice was heard drilling his men on the common.

This lady had an opportunity, after the capture of Burgoyne, of extending her courtesies to the ladies of his army, while at Cambridge, under the convention. They were gratefully received and never forgotten. When Lafayette was here, during his last visit, he made an early call on his old friend Mrs. Scott, formerly Madame Hancock. Those who witnessed the interview, speak of it with admiration. The once youthful chevalier and the splendid belle met, as if only a season had passed since they had danced together in the halls of the assembly. While they both were contemplating the changes time had produced, they smiled in each others faces; but no word was uttered, bearing upon such an ungallant subject. She was not always so silent on this subject. One of her young friends complimented her on her good looks. She laughingly said, "what you have said is more than half a hundred years old; my ears remember it; but what were dimples once are wrinkles now."

In her opinions of men of her time, she was a wonderfully accurate judge, particularly of those intimate at her table. Among one of her frequent guests was a patriot who represented a town in the county of Essex, in that state. At his own home his influence was great. He said but little in mixed company, although, in religious assemblies, he spoke and prayed with fluency. The politicians wished to give him some office, but hesitated to decide the question for what he was most fitted, as he was embarrassed in the house of representatives and in large circles. Mrs. Hancock, at once understanding his character, playfully, but sincerely replied, "Make him treasurer, he is too honest to misapply a copper himself, and too shrewd and firm to suffer any other person to rob him;" but the pious and

disinterested patriot would not be seduced into office. His honesty was rewarded by his countrymen suffering him to die with barrels of paper money stowed away in his garret, for which he had given a valuable consideration, and for which he never received a farthing. Such reward had America to offer her patriots and the children of her martyrs.

She seldom appeared in the streets, but when she did, the magnates bowed to her as one of those whom they had delighted to honor. They were proud to remember her, and prouder still to be remembered by her. To the last day of her life she was as attentive to her dress as when first in the circles of fashion. "She would never forgive a young girl," she said, "who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress."

She died in 1828, in the seventy-eighth year of her age; content that she had lived so long, and not reluctant to depart. Her good sense was constantly apparent; and no one, in the course of her long life, ever questioned her benevolent disposition, or doubted the sincerity of her religious faith. She deserves a book of biography, instead of a page.

MARY STARBUCK. If we look at the origin of every country, state, or colony, we shall find that the women had more to do with the foundation of their prosperity than the men; but it has so happened, I will not say by design, but rather by the course of events, that but few of them have been fairly placed on the pages of history. There is a small island, within the limits of Massachusetts, known to most of the world from the enterprise and wealth of its inhabitants, whose history is unique—this is the island of Nantucket. In 1659, it was taken possession of by two white men and their families, Thomas Macy, and Edward Starbuck. They fled when the quakers were persecuted, and settled on this island. They were joined by others who were apprehensive of being involved with Hugh Peters, a preacher of note, who had been prominent in the revolution which brought Charles I. to the scaffold. On the restoration of his son, Charles II., the whole world was searched for those who had been unfriendly to his father. Among these, perhaps,

although not of great importance, were those who settled Nantucket; for while they lived at Salisbury, on the Merrimack, they had been intimate friends of Hugh Peters. People in a primitive state always discriminate more accurately than those of a more advanced standing. The aborigines seldom have a coward for their leader. Mary Starbuck, the wife of one of these first settlers of Nantucket, was a woman of superior mind. The influence of that mind commenced when she had but few or no rivals; and for more than half a century, she exercised that control, that great sagacity and sound sense, with virtuous principles, always deserve to have. This people saw their insular situation, and knew that, as they increased, the soil could not be depended upon alone for subsistence, and they made their harvests on the waves of the ocean, a territory, which no agrarian law could reach. Whales were seen dashing near them, and the sight was too tempting for them to refrain from the fishery. They knew nothing of the manner of harpooning them at that time, but by the advice of Mary Starbuck, they sent to Cape Cod for some persons acquainted with the business of catching whales. Interest is always quick sighted. By the advice of Mary Starbuck, the system which has characterized the whalers of Nantucket from all other co-partners, was established. "Let each have an interest, and every one will do his duty," was her maxim.

More than sixty large ships are now owned in Nantucket, engaged in the whale fishery. The first whaling vessels were small; they went north, then south, and in process of time swept round Cape Horn, when larger vessels were built; and then they circumnavigated the globe, in the course of their business. These whalers, perhaps, now little think how much they are indebted to Mary Starbuck for the first great principles which now govern these voyages; and but little did Mary Starbuck know of the oceans they were to explore; but such is the power of mind, well directed in the early stages of society. A curious subject of contemplation naturally presents itself, as we see the proud whaling ships, returning from their long voyages, laden with valuable cargoes, and then run back to the origin

and progress of this great business, to the time when Mary Starbuck saw her children and kindred set sail for the monsters of the deep, in small boats, and return with success. If, at Nantucket, you inquire of the first one you meet, (and these islanders are an intelligent people,) for the monument raised to Mary Starbuck, the answer will be, Mary has no monument. If you ask, well then, where was she buried? Why, I never heard where; but probably on that rising ground, as it is generally understood that it was once used as a burial place, and there is one small gravestone there which goes to support the tradition. If Mary Starbuck ever had a monument, the sands have blown over it, and it cannot be found at this day. Tradition does not assist us to speak precisely of the time of her death, but represents her as living to a good old age.

ANNA MARIA A. SCHURMAN, a learned German lady, was a daughter of parents who were both descended from noble protestant families, and was born at Cologne, in 1607. She discovered from her infancy, an uncommon facility in acquiring various accomplishments. She cut with her scissors, from paper, all sorts of figures, without any model. She was skilled in embroidery, vocal and instrumental music, painting, sculpture, and engraving; and is said to have succeeded equally in all these arts. Mr. Evelyn, in his "History of Calligraphy," has observed, that "the very knowing Anna Maria A. Schurman is skilled in this art, with innumerable others, even to a prodigy of her sex." Her hand writing in all languages was inimitable; and some curious persons have preserved specimens of it in their cabinets. M. Joby, in his journey to Munster, relates that he was an eye witness to the beauty of her hand writing, in French, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic; and of her skill in drawing in miniature, and making portraits on glass with the point of a diamond. She painted her own picture by means of a looking glass, and made artificial pearls so much like natural ones, that they could not be distinguished but by pricking them with a needle.

The powers of her understanding were not inferior to her skill

in these arts; for at eleven, when her brothers were examined in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, she often whispered to them what they were to answer, though she was but a casual hearer of their lessons. Her father, therefore, began to instruct her more perfectly in that knowledge which made her so justly celebrated; and very soon the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages became so familiar to her, that she not only wrote, but spoke them in a manner which surpassed the most learned men. She made also great progress in the Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and Ethiopic; and of the living languages, she understood and spoke readily, the French, English, and Italian. She was completely versed in geography, astronomy, philosophy, and the sciences, so as to be able to judge of them with exactness; but all her accomplishments yielded at last to divinity, and the study of the scriptures.

Her father, who had settled at Utrecht, and afterwards removed to Frankfort, for the more convenient education of his children, died there in 1623. His widow then returned to Utrecht, where Anna Maria continued her studies very intensely, which probably prevented her from marrying, as she might have done, Mr. Cats, commonly called, in history, Lord Cats, pensionary of Holland, one of the first statesmen of his age, and a celebrated poet, who wrote verses in her praise when she was only fourteen. This great man was astonished at her powers.

Her modesty, which was as great as her knowledge, would have, in a measure, kept her in obscurity, if Rivetus, Spanhiem, and Vossius, had not made her merit known. Salmasius, also Beverovicus and Huygens, maintained a literary correspondence with her; and by showing her letters, spread her fame into foreign countries. This procured her a correspondence with Balzac, Gassendi, Mercennus, Borhart, Courart, and other eminent men. Persons of the first rank paid her visits, and cardinal Richelieu shared her marks of esteem. About 1650, a great alteration took place in her religious creed. She performed her devotions in private, without frequenting any church, upon which it was reported that she was inclined to popery; but she had attached herself to the famous mystic Labadie. She supported him

effectually for awhile. By her influence, Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, became one of his converts, and opened an asylum to all the wandering and fugitive disciples of that preacher, and esteemed it an honor to collect what she called the true church, and declared her joy in being delivered from error, which she had previously cherished. Miss Schurman followed Labadie during life, and supported him in her arms when dying, 1674; another proof that fanaticism has great influence over the warm and tender hearts of women, who, thinking no evil believe none. She afterwards retired to Wiewart in Friseland, where William Penn, the quaker, visited her, in 1677, and was struck with astonishment at her wonderful powers of mind. She died at Friseland, in 1678. She took for her devise these words of St. Ignatius: "Amor meus crucifixus est." She wrote many works, one defending the genius and taste of women for literature, with letters in various languages.

MADAME DE STAEL may, indeed, be said to have established a more brilliant reputation in the republic of letters, than any one of her sex that has ever lived. Her death, which happened at Coppert, in Switzerland, in July 1817, produced an almost unexampled sensation, the more lively, on account of the striking and affecting circumstances, by which it was marked. At the commencement of the year, she seemed to have anchored firmly in the port of earthly happiness; the storms which were constantly gathering over her head, during the ascendancy of Bonaparte, had all passed away; she was safe from persecution and exile; Lewis XVIII. had restored to her the two millions of francs which her father, M. Necker, deposited in the treasury of France, in the year 1790; her daughter was united to a man of the highest rank and of distinguished talents; her residence in Switzerland had become a shrine, at which genius and learning were always to be found assembled, from every part of Europe. She could devote her leisure to composition, with all the aids to be drawn from the most intelligent and varied society, an abundant fortune, and entire freedom of opinion. She was yet young, comparatively, not having exceeded her fiftieth

year, and being of a constitution that promised a long life. In the midst of these advantages, she was surprised by a fatal malady, and after five months of the severest suffering, sunk into the arms of death. Such a catastrophe to such bright hopes; so radiant a genius so unexpectedly quenched; the exuberant spring of so much rich imagery and fine philosophy forever dried up; the centre and soul of so captivating a society irretrievable gone, were considerations that rushed at once upon all minds and hearts, and gave, in her case, a peculiar solemnity and sadness to the common fate of mortals.

Madame de Stael was born and educated to splendid destinies. Her father, M. Necker, was a farmer-general of immense wealth, and of great talents and knowledge; and her mother was remarkable for the extent of her literary attainments, the strength of her understanding, and the dignity of her character. M. Necker, even when at the head of the finances of France, might still be said to be wrapped up in this their only child, who requited his care by an admiration and devotion almost fanatical, and never for an instant interrupted by any of the vicissitudes of his memorable career. At an early age she married a man of rank, the baron de Stael, ambassador from Sweden to the court of France. Placed thus, by reason of the situation of both father and husband, in the very vortex of the dissipation of the French court, she yet sought and contrived to win the highest distinction in the walks of literature. She had only reached her twentieth year when she published her "Letters upon the works and character of J. J. Rousseau," wherein she displayed, occasionally, powers of composition almost rivalling those of the extraordinary man of whom she treated. Able critics have decided that she presented, in this little volume, a more satisfactory analysis and juster views of the genius and tendency of his writings, than are contained in the many ponderous dissertations to which the controversy on these topics has given birth. She was of opinion that Rousseau had been guilty of suicide, and gave some offence to his worshippers, by bringing together all the circumstances which lead, as we think, irresistibly, to that conclusion. It was over the women of his day that

Rousseau had thrown his deepest spell, and it redounds to the credit of Madame de Stael's youthful judgment, that she escaped with something of a moderate degree of enthusiasm for the works of the arch enemy of order and morals. The "Letters upon Rousseau" attracted much attention, and were assailed in several pamphlets, to one of which the fair author replied in a powerful strain of vindication.

In the year 1790, she printed two dramatic effusions in verse; the one a comedy, entitled "Sophia, or Secret Sentiments," the other, a tragedy, "The Lady Jane Gray;" both composed two years preceding. In the month of August, 1793, appeared her "Defence of Marie Antoinette;" that is, two months before the execution of the unhappy queen. We owe a tribute of praise to the generosity of spirit which dictated this production, and to the courage implied in the publication of it at such a period. Madame de Stael had the best opportunities of observing the character of the so much reviled consort of Lewis XVI.; she approached her often, and was the less liable to view her with partiality, as the queen would have prevented the return of M. Necker to the ministry, and took no pains to conceal her aversion to the predominance of his counsels. His daughter stood forth fearlessly in her defence, in the hour of danger, and, to the last, asserted her titles to esteem.

The masculine genius with which Madame de Stael was endowed, and the restless activity of her spirit, would have led her to politics, had not even the conjuncture and her domestic relations been such as they were, and the habits of her sex in France conducive to that end. We may conjecture how far they were privileged in the world of business, by the remarks which she makes on the subject in the work last mentioned. "Women of a certain rank used to interfere with every thing before the revolution. Their husbands and their brothers were in the practice of employing them on all occasions as applicants to ministers; they could urge a point strongly, with less apparent impropriety; could even outstep the proper limits, without affording an opening to complaint; and all the insinuations, which they knew how to employ, gave them considerable influence over men in office."

Madame de Stael appeared no where in foreign countries as a stranger; at London, as well as at Paris, at Rome and Weymar, she was equally in her element, and naturalized herself at once in the society of finest intelligences; she was mistress of the principal languages of Europe, and familiar with the literature of Italy, Germany, and England. Her instinctive sagacity pointed, and her enthusiasm kindled, at what was excellent in the literary productions, political institutions, and social habits of the nations which she visited; she celebrated what she admired, according to the gratification afforded to her exquisite tastes and deep sensibility. In Italy, she was all alive to the prodigies of art, to the beauty of the climate, to the fervor of the native genius, and the ease of social intercourse. In Germany, she was captivated by the solidity and simplicity of character, the independence of the literary spirit, the hardihood of the philosophical theories, the novelty and raciness of the poetical style and imagery. In England, the political institutions were seen by her in their abstract perfection, and contrasted with what she had witnessed and loathed in her own country, of arbitrary rule, and personal insecurity; the purer morals, the sounder sense, the more general information and rational philosophy, the natural dignity and manly tone of the British, made the deepest impression upon her, and accordingly she has, in the third volume of her "Considerations," where she treats at large of England, the air of a determined and interested eulogist. Whatever she undertook to describe, received, moreover, the hues of her own fancy, and was more or less affected in the representation, by her original modes of expression. The kindness of her nature, too, had its influence, and is evidenced by the prodigality of her praises.

It is known, that she formed the resolution, at one period, of emigrating to these United States. We heartily wish she had done so, as she was already prepared by her political opinions, to view our institutions with an unclouded and even an affectionate eye. She has not overlooked this nation in her "Considerations," and it is with particular satisfaction that we transcribe the following passages of the third volume. "That admirable

good sense, which is founded on justice and security, exists no where but in England or in America."***** There is a people who will one day be very great, I mean the Americans. One stain only obscures the perfect splendor of reason that vivifies that country; slavery still subsists in the southern provinces; but when congress shall have found a remedy for that evil, how shall we be able to refuse the most profound respect to the institutions of the United States? Whence comes it then, that many English allow themselves to speak with disdain of such a people? "They are shop-keepers," they repeat. And how did the courtiers of Louis XIV. talk of the English themselves? The people of Bonaparte's court also, what did they say? The Americans, it is true, declared war against England at a very ill-chosen time, with respect to Europe. But America, on this occasion, looked only to what concerned her interest; and she can certainly not be suspected of having wished to favor the imperial system. But could the declaring war unseasonably against England, justify the burning of Washington? What is there more honorable for mankind than this new world, which has established itself without the prejudices of the old; this new world, where religion is in all its fervor, without needing the support of the state to maintain it; where the law commands by the respect it inspires, without being enforced by any military power?

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the interdict of Napoleon against her, was rescinded, and she repaired to Paris, from which no length of absence could estrange her affections. It was there that her sympathies had the fullest gratification, and that she triumphed anew, at almost every moment, by her colloquial powers, which, out of France, could not be exercised with the same freedom and effect; although, as we can testify, it was not necessary to be a native of that country, to be sensible of their surpassing versatility and energy. She adhered, under Louis XVIII., to her liberal doctrines in politics and literature, and her dwelling in Paris continued, during the first year of the restoration, to be the head-quarters of what was styled the liberal party.

In the midst of the bustle of political revolutions, and the conflict of party-interests, she found leisure to raise a monument to the memory of her father, in the interesting volume entitled "Life of M. Necker." The two last years of her life, she was chiefly employed in preparing for the press, her great work, the "Considerations on the principal events of the French revolution," which has been recently published in three volumes, octavo, by her son and son in law. The first and second volumes, and a portion of the third, received her last corrections. The newspapers have given remarkable accounts, which we do not suppose to be in the least exaggerated, of the avidity with which this posthumous publication has been sought and read in Europe. By her early opportunities, her high connections, and her range of observation, Madame de Stael was especially qualified for passing in review the events, parties, characters, and results of the French revolution; and the knowledge of this adventitious aptitude, independently of her reputation for ability as a writer, served to excite in the European world, a lively curiosity. There is enough, particularly in the two first volumes of the "Considerations," to reward it, and to secure to her a foremost rank among political authors. The investigation with which she sets out, of the causes of the fall of the monarchy, is not so satisfactory to us, as some other inquiries which we have read; and we would cite as the preferable one, in our estimation, that of Senac de Meilhan, whom she unwarily pronounces a superficial writer. But she is eminently successful in describing the first movements, and developing the principles and aims of the early parties of the revolution, preparatively to exhibiting, as she does in firm and speaking profile, the whole series of the revolutionary governments. The last of these, that of Bonaparte, centered in the man, being of deeper concern to her and the world, shares, with her father's administration, her most earnest attention and vigorous touches. She will have ample revenge for her personal wrongs, if posterity should decide on the character of Napoleon from her final representations; and in truth, we know of none better entitled to determine its judgment, when we consider the certainty and cogency of the facts, the

sagacity of the reasonings, and the soundness of the principles, by which they are supported. If there be, here, some stirrings of passion and private feeling, scarcely any thing of the kind is visible in the preceding parts of her work, except, as we have already intimated, in relation to the impeccability of her father's administration. In all the rest, including even the exposition of the state of affairs, and the conduct of parties after the reinstatement of the Bourbons, contained in the third volume, she displays a remarkable degree of impartiality, candor, and calmness of deliberation; so as to leave us under the impression that her "Considerations" are likely to have the most salutary effect, at all times, upon the public mind of France. Her tone, as to the value and indispensableness of free institutions, is uniformly peremptory, and indicative of the steady elevation and independence of her spirit; and it is impossible for the reader not to be convinced that she was chiefly actuated, in the composition of the work, by the hope of promoting the liberties of France in the first place, and then of the human race. She excels in her historical portraits, which are numerous, and drawn from the life. We have, too, some fine specimens of historical criticism, to which, although it is so commonly attempted, none but an understanding of the highest order, is properly equal. The last six or eight chapters of the third volume, have the objectionable features of a rough draught; but contain a number of those luminous general reflections, which are so thickly sown in the finished portions of the work.

The productions which we have mentioned, do not make up the whole of Madame de Stael's literary labors. She published besides, "Zulma, and three novels, preceded by an essay on Fictions;" "Reflections on Suicide," &c., and contributed the articles "Aspasia," "Cleopatra," "Camœns," &c. in the Universal Biography. Her son proposes to publish a complete edition of her works, in which will be included some inedited pieces, and among these, the fragments of a work begun under the title of "Ten Years of Exile."

While, then, we commemorate admiringly the many excellent qualities of the heart which distinguished Madame de Stael, and

class her with the most powerful intelligences and eloquent writers of the age, we find her far less respectable, as she must have found herself, with all her celebrity, and far less happy, for want of delicacy of conduct, than the Moraes, the Edgeworths, and the Hamiltons of Britain, whose lives and writings conspire to strengthen the sacred delicacy of the sex, and to teach the true ends of female ambition.

THONA, a Moorish Spaniard, who is called the Habeba of Valencia, was skilled in grammar, and jurisprudence, and wrote celebrated books on both subjects, which were of high authority in her day, and long afterwards. It was during the state of Moorish power, three centuries and a half before the conquest of Grenada, when the Moors were revelling in all the Arabian literature which had come to them from the days of Haroun al Raschid, who lived two centuries before her. Thona died in the year 1127. The prejudice of the Christians was so great against the Moors, that it is wonderful that any thing of taste or talent should have been suffered to have come down to this time, through the cells of the inquisition. Still it should be remembered that in Spain, in former days, some bold and admirable doctrines, even of liberty, have been entertained and divulged.

TULLIA OF ARRAGON, a Neapolitan lady, celebrated for her erudition, understanding, and poetical talents, was born at Naples, and flourished about the year 1550. She was carried to Rome in her infancy, and brought up in that city with the greatest care. When very young, the study of polite literature, and the exercise of that happy talent for poetry which she possessed, formed her highest enjoyment. She soon became known, and was early classed with the most illustrious of the learned. She afterwards passed several years at Venice, where her society was much courted by all people of merit or science. She wrote many miscellaneous poems, which appeared at first scattered in several different collections, but were collected and published at Venice in 1547. They bear marks of genius, and a sprightly imagination, and are much praised for purity of style.

MARIA VAN NESS, wife of the Honorable John Van Ness, of the city of Washington, was the daughter of Mr. Burns, an original proprietor of the glebe of that city, with one or two others. His daughter Maria was born there, then a part of the state of Maryland, on the ninth of May, 1782. She was well educated for those times. She saw the surveyor first run his lines for the federal city, and mark out the first public street. In 1802 she was married to John Van Ness, then a member of Congress from some part of the state of New-York. On his marriage to Miss Burns, he declined another election from his district, and took up his residence in the city of Washington. Mrs. Van Ness was a well educated woman, of a pious and charitable cast. She had but one child, a daughter, who lived to be married to Mr. Middleton, a young gentleman of South Carolina, but she died in less than a year after her bridal day, and lies buried in a vault made on the site of the old family burial-ground of her maternal ancestors, over which Mr. Van Ness erected an elegant monument after the model of the temple of the winds at Athens, the first monument of the kind in the United States. In that same place of rest Mrs. Van Ness now reposes. This is mentioned to explain the reason that the citizens of Washington did not vote her a monument in their gratitude for her charitable deeds, when they met, after her decease, to honor her memory.

Mrs. Van Ness was a leader in forming all the charitable institutions of Washington, in which ladies take the burden upon themselves. A society was incorporated for establishing a female orphan asylum, and she gave them a suitable parcel of land for the purpose of building an edifice convenient for such a design. This institution is in a flourishing condition. She was not only active in this, but in all those plans which charity demands of justice and of wealth in this world. She only considered herself a steward of her property for the benefit of the needy. She was a woman of good sound sense, of lady-like manners, and of great energy of character, and was respected and honored by all classes of people in the city of Washington. She was mild, charitable, and forgiving, but firm in her principles and inflexible in her purposes. Neither the entreaties of

friends, ever so near and dear to her, or the intimations of official authority, or the strong ties of party, could influence her to yield to do that which her conscience forbid. She saw company with cheerfulness, for it was the wish of her husband that she should mingle in some measure with the world, but she preferred to be engaged in errands of charity, to visits of pleasure. She was in high esteem with all the religious sects of the city, and but few knew to which she belonged without special enquiry. All spoke of her as of a mother in Israel, without enquiring to which tribe she belonged. There is much to be done in old cities where charitable institutions have been long established, but in a new one, the field is unoccupied, and new altars are to be reared, new lamps to be placed on the shrines of charity, and to be kept trimmed and burning.

Mrs. Van Ness died on the ninth of September, 1832, and the announcement of her decease cast a gloom over the whole city. The citizens without distinction of political party or religious creeds, had a meeting to express their grief at her departure from her labors of charity and piety, and to fix on some method of bearing testimony to her worth. The citizens voted to procure a plate to be put on her coffin, with an inscription, detailing her virtues and expressing their gratitude. This was done, and the whole city may be said to have attended her funeral.

This is the first instance on record in the United States, in which a city or a town were called together to devise funeral honors to a female. Julius Cesar delivered a funeral oration over his departed wife Livia, and this act is remembered when a hundred of his orations have been forgotten. In our times, grave divines have preached a sermon on the death of some distinguished woman in their congregation, and it is from these productions that we gather most of our scanty materials for the female biography of this country. Sometimes the preachers have felt deeply, and have spoken enthusiastically, but seldom have exaggerated any thing. In general, these productions are rather solemn appeals to the living; to be ready for death, than fair analyses of the character of the dead. The writers of a former age, from some strange reason, hardly to be accounted

for at the present day, were unskilled in writing eulogies or epitaphs, to the departed worth of the females of our country.

MARY WOLSTONCRAFT, the wife of Major Wolstoncraft, of the United States army, was the daughter of a New England clergyman. She was the second wife of the major, he having been divorced from the first. They lived together in New-Orleans several years before the major's death; and Mary, among other duties, was devoted to the education of a daughter of his, by his first wife. Mrs. Wolstoncraft was a woman of most exalted genius. She was engaged in every charitable work in New Orleans, while her husband was living, for he was thought to be a man of great wealth, but which was in a good degree lost by his death; for when a speculator of many concerns dies suddenly, the thousand things which drop from his hands, are with difficulty gathered up by any one, however sagacious; but bad as it was, she realized something, and left that region for the east of the United States. Here, after a while, she found the winters too severe for a constitution so long accustomed to warmer suns, and she made purchase of estates, and took up her residence in the island of Cuba. While there, her active mind was not only engaged in agriculture, but in botany and natural history. She wrote a series of letters upon Cuba, evincing more knowledge of the soil, climate, productions, manners and customs of the inhabitants, than any other one who has written on the subject. Several of them were shown to the late intelligent William Shaler, consul to Havana, and he pronounced them admirable. While residing there, she pursued her favorite study, botany, and made drawings of many of the plants of that island, colored from nature; and also some specimens of ornithology, zoology, and ichthyology, were exhibited by her to the writer of this notice, and he has no hesitation in avowing that they were superior in drawing to any that he has ever seen, and but few things of this nature have escaped his observation. The descriptions given of every drawing, in every branch, was accurate and felicitous. This work was in her life time exhibited to many, but was never published, as the undertaking would

have greatly exceeded the spirit of the times; since then, Wilson, Bonaparte, and Audeborn have effected much in the way of natural history, and others in botany. Mrs. Wolstoncraft held a most vigorous pen, as the letters from Cuba, and the article on the "Rights of Women," published in the Boston Monthly Magazine, in 1825, will fully show. She had no sympathy in the religious sentiments of Mary Wolstoncraft, the wife of Godwin, her husband's sister, but she wrote on the rights of women, with quite as much force, and more justice. Seldom have we read an article of more pith and point than the one we allude to from her pen.

In conversation she was fluent, original, and fascinating. She was many years laboring under the evils of a slow consumption, but she never lost her cheerfulness, only regretting that she must leave this world before she could do some good in raising the condition of her sex in the mental world. She indulged in severe remarks upon the course of female education, as she had seen it; where years of great expense had been wasted upon showy accomplishments, taught by pretenders, to show off a pretty girl, and which, when the day of exhibition had passed, were good for nothing. The United States furnished her with a sufficient number of facts to support her positions, as to the insufficiency of the education of young females, and ten thousand fathers could assist her in making out the expenses of such shallow educations. The progress of reformation is slow, but seems to be sure. Much has been done since she wrote, towards reforming this absurdity, but much remains to be done by those who are now on the stage. Most are too ignorant, many are too busy, and some too idle, to set about this great work of reforming female education. Mrs. Wolstoncraft died a few years since, in Cuba, but not so soon as she anticipated, by two or three years. Her portfolio must have been rich in miscellaneous matter, for but few subjects passed her powerful mind without some discussion, and she threw a beam of light on every thing she had under contemplation. She wrote poetry as well as prose, and was happy in her muse, but on this branch of literature she did not feel it her duty to bestow much attention, as she was bent on

enlightening the female mind, and she thought that this should be done in the most direct and plain language. If she wore a blue stocking, she maintained her right to do so, and did it in so masterly a manner, that it would have required no ordinary nerve to have disputed it. It is to be hoped that some one will do this great woman justice.

MERCY WARREN, the wife of James Warren, a distinguished statesman and patriot, who flourished before, and during the revolutionary conflict, was born at Barnstable, in the old colony of Plymouth, in 1727. She was the daughter of colonel James Otis, of Barnstable, and sister to James Otis, the great leader of the revolution in Massachusetts. Mrs. Warren had fine talents, highly cultivated. Her brother, the great patriot, two years older than herself, was an excellent scholar, and directed and assisted his sister in her studies. Mrs. Warren had an active, as well as a powerful mind, and took a part in the politics of the day. She kept a correspondence with some of the active statesmen of the times, and of course was well informed in all that was going on in this country, and in England. She wrote several satirical pieces, poetical and dramatic, which it is said, by those who lived at that time, had a good effect in keeping down tory influence. The bold and daring Brigadier Ruggles, severely felt the force of her lash. It is said she intended to designate him by one of the characters in the "Group," an irregular dramatic piece, containing much satire even now, when some of the peculiar incidents are lost. Mrs. Warren wrote also two tragedies, of five acts each, and of common length. The first is, the "Sack of Rome," and the other, "The Ladies of Castile." These dramas were written during the war, and published before the close of it, as early as 1778. These productions are full of patriotic feeling and heroic sentiments. The writer was master of rhythm, and her lines can be scanned; a century hence they will be sought for, and read with enthusiasm. They are preserved in a volume with other poems, which were printed in her life time. It is not easy, at the present time, for us to believe all that has been said of the effects of her writings, but the tradition is too well authenticated to leave

a doubt of it 'on our minds. She also wrote the history of the revolutionary war, which she published in three volumes, in 1805, more than twenty-two years after the close of the scenes she narrates. This is an excellent work of its kind, rather combined with a free spirit of democracy. In her delineations of character, she was a little too suspicious of aristocratic feelings. In drawing the portrait of John Adams, she exhibited him as inclining to aristocratic principles, which produced a sharp correspondence between the statesman and historian, but which was amicably settled, and notes of courtesy passed between them. She held a free pen, and the great defender of independence was not remarkable for the virtue of the man of Uz. This history shows great research and sound judgment.

It is seldom that women have written of battles with any success, even in fiction. Miss Porter is perhaps an exception, and certainly Mrs. Warren shows that she had some idea of a fight. In the American female historian's works, there is one remarkable feature, that is, she is careful in detailing circumstances, and indulges in no fears in defeat, and no rhapsodies in victory. Mrs. Warren was in advance of the age as a female writer. Neither Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, Baillie, or any of that bright coterie of fair ones, who have come forward of late years, were in her time known to the reading public; and it was settled almost as common law, that women were not to presume to teach the reading world, particularly in the graver matters of history and politics. Mrs. Warren made herself unpopular in taking a part against the adoption of the constitution. She supplied the opposition in the convention of Massachusetts, of 1777, with all their arguments; but they could not deliver them with her eloquence, and they failed. Mrs. Warren's life was protracted to a great age. She died in the autumn of 1814, aged eighty-seven, having possessed as good a share of intellect, as much information, and more influence, arising from mental superiority, than falls to the lot of more than one woman in one age. Her descendants are numerous and respectable; and some one of them should give us a biography of their ancestor, with a collection of her letters.

MARY WHITE, was the daughter of Dr. Wilder, a physician of celebrity, in Concord, in the state of Massachusetts. She was born in 1781, at that place, and was a favorite from the cradle; a child of lovely manners and docile temper. Her education was carefully attended to, but no task was ever crowded on her, for she was constantly in advance of her associates. With a form that might have represented the delicate Ariel, she had a mind that threw a powerful spell over every acquaintance. She was not only well read in English and French literature, but accomplished in the tasteful arts. She had many admirers, but gave her hand to a French gentleman, of chivalrous spirit and fascinating manners. He had suffered deeply in the troubles in the West Indies, and was an invalid, seeking health in this country, when he first saw Miss Wilder, and at once became enamoured with her, and continued his assiduities until she consented to become his wife. Their union was delayed for some time, in hopes that he might recover his lost health; but in a measure despairing of this in our climate, he insisted on being married, and again trying his own warm climate. In 1801, they were married, and sailed for the West Indies. Here they found the government in an unsettled state, and they lived, the little time that was granted them to live together, amid confusion and massacre. In a short time she was called upon to close the eyes of her husband; one most devotedly attached to her; and to pay him the rites of sepulture, in a land of strangers to her and her brother, who accompanied her. She at once made an effort to reach her native land, and to leave the new friends she had acquired.

On her return, she revived from her sufferings, and once more entered the social circle to enchant her friends as before. If her smiles at times had a melancholy cast, she never expatiated on her sufferings; these were kept in her own bosom; she wished not to give others a pang by the slightest allusion to them.

She lived a widow for several years, when she married Judge White, then a distinguished counsellor at law, in Newburyport, in the same state. He was a man of fine classical taste, of

extensive acquirements, and of exemplary morals. She lived happily with him until the close of the year 1810, when she expired. Her frame was too feeble long to sustain her powers of mind, and she changed worlds without a sigh; leaving a husband and two daughters to mourn her loss.

Mrs. White seldom entered the fashionable world, but had around her many persons of both sexes, of the first education. It was a treat to hear her talk; so gentle, so free, so guileless, so pure, and without exaggeration, one might say, so holy was her conversation, that the lapse of time was not observed in her company, and the first intimation her visitors had of the propriety of taking their leave, was from indications, although she struggled to conceal them, that she was quite exhausted.

At her death, the whole town seemed to feel as though some general calamity had befallen them, and mourned her most sincerely. Among other tributes to her memory, was one published in the January number of the Port Folio, 1811. It was from the pen of one of her friends, who admired her talents and revered her virtues. It was warm from the heart, and more than he has said was believed by him. He was a man of letters and of taste, and a judge of them in others. He has since paid the debt of nature. Stephen Hooper had but few equals in the walks of literature. Our limits, as we draw towards the close of our labors, forbid the insertion of this elegant tribute to female worth.

MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of General George Washington, was born in Virginia, in the same year with her husband, 1732, according to Weems; and probably he knew as well as any of Washington's biographers. She was the widow Custis when she married Col. Washington, in 1758. She is mentioned by Ramsay, Marshall, Bancroft, and Weems, as weakly and beautiful, one to whom Washington had been long attached; but neither of them give her maiden name; and all but Weems forgot to mention the time of her birth. But we believe that her maiden name was Dandridge. She was known, to those who visited Mount Vernon, as a woman of domestic habits and kind

feelings, before her husband had gained more than the distinction of a good soldier and gentlemanly planter, with whom one might deal with safety, and be sure of getting fair articles at a fair price. After Washington was appointed to command the American armies, and had repaired to Cambridge to take the duties upon himself, Mrs. Washington made a visit to the eastern states, and spent a short time with her husband in the camp at Cambridge. The quarters were excellent, for the Vassals and other wealthy Tories had deserted their elegant mansions at Cambridge, which were occupied by the American officers. After this visit Mrs. Washington was seldom with her husband, until the close of the war. She met him at Annapolis, in Maryland, when he resigned his commission, at the close of the year 1783. It is not remembered that she came to New York with the president, when the federal government was organized, in 1789; but was at Philadelphia during the first session after its removal to that city. A military man like Washington could not suffer even the courtesies of social intercourse to move on without a strict regard to economical regulations. These were displayed with good manners and taste. Mrs. Washington, in her drawing-room, was of course obliged to exact courtesies which she thought belonged to the officer, rather than those which were congenial to herself. The levees in Washington's administration were certainly more courtly than have been known since. Full dress was required of all who had a right to be there, but since that time, any dress has been accepted as proper, which a gentleman chose to wear. At table, Mrs. Washington seldom conversed upon politics; but attended strictly to the duties of the hostess. Foreign ambassadors often attempted to draw her into a conversation upon public affairs, but she always avoided the subject with great propriety and good sense.

It was not in the saloons of Philadelphia, when heartless thousands were around her, that Mrs. Washington shone the most conspicuous. It was at her plain mansion-house, at Mount Vernon, that she was most truly great. There she appeared, with her keys at her side, and gave directions for every thing, so that, without any bustle or confusion, the most splendid dinner

appeared as if there had been no effort in the whole affair. She met her guests with the most hospitable feelings, and they always departed from the place with regret. Her first husband, John Custis, died young, and her son died still younger, leaving two children, a son and a daughter. A great part of her time was absorbed in assisting in the education of these children. They were the favorites of Mount Vernon. The place was one of general resort for all travelers; and every one, from every nation, who visited this country, thought that his American tour could not be finished unless he had been at Mount Vernon, and had seen the Washington family, and partaken of the cakes of the domestic hearth. Of course, no eastern caravansary was ever more crowded than the mansion-house at Mount Vernon; in the summer months. Washington died in less than three years after his retirement from office. He was as great, if not a greater; object of curiosity in retirement, than in public life; for it was almost miraculous to a foreigner, to see the head of a great nation calmly resigning power and office, and retiring to a rural residence to employ himself in agricultural pursuits. Seeing was to them the only method of believing; and they would see. Mrs. Washington did not long survive her husband; in eighteen months she followed him to his grave. She was an excellent parent, a good wife, an important member of society, and passed a long life without an enemy. It is to be regretted that an ample memoir of this excellent woman has not been written; but we must content ourselves at present with a scanty notice. The few letters, that have been published, that came from her, show that she wrote with good taste and in a pleasant style. Her ashes repose in the same vault with those of her august husband, a family tomb, built within the pale of the pleasure grounds around the house, at Mount Vernon.

SUSANNA WRIGHT. The following tribute of respect, was offered, more than eighteen years ago, by one grave matron to the memory of another, much her senior. The writer has long since paid the debt of nature, and received "the generous tear she gave." In this sketch there is no parade of learning, no

careful arrangement of facts, but a plain, straight forward notice of her friend. Such memorials are invaluable; they carry, in themselves, the evidence of their justness, they are the true elements of biography and history, and grow fresher by the lapse of time.

"As it has always appeared to me a duty, which the living owe to each other, as well as to the dead, to rescue merit from descending into immediate oblivion, I have endeavored to trace the following notices of a lady, who, though she was well known, and generally esteemed, by the most eminent characters in the state of Pennsylvania, whilst she lived, yet nothing, I believe, respecting her, has ever appeared in print. What I now mean to offer is from recollection alone; but my opportunities for information were such, as to enable me to give these recollections with certainty.

"Susanna Wright was the daughter of John Wright, Esq., a very intelligent and upright man, and one of the first settlers in Lancaster county; she came over with her parents from Warrington, in Great Britain, in 1714, being then about seventeen. She had received a good education, and having an excellent understanding, she assiduously cultivated her fine talents, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her situation. Her parents first settled at Chester, but a short time afterwards removed to the banks of the Susquehannah, then a most remote frontier settlement, in the midst of Indians, subject to all the inconveniences, labors, privations, and dangers, of an infant establishment. Here she exerted herself continually for the good of her family and the benefit of her neighbors; nor did she ever quit this retirement, for the more improved society of Philadelphia, but twice, when the danger of their situation, from an Indian war, rendered this removal necessary for their safety. She never married; but after the death of her father, became the head of her own family, who looked up to her for advice and direction as to a parent; for her heart was replete with every kind affection, and with all the social virtues. She was well acquainted with books, had an excellent memory, as well as a most clear and comprehensive judgment; she spoke and wrote the French

language with great ease and fluency; she had also a knowledge of Latin, and of Italian, and had made considerable attainments in many of the sciences. Her letters, written to her friends, were deservedly esteemed for their ingenuity. She corresponded with James Logan, Isaac Norris, and many other celebrated characters of that period; and so great was the esteem in which she was held by her neighbors, for integrity and judgment, that disputes of considerable interest were frequently left to her sole arbitration, by the parties concerned. Her advice was often desired on occasions of importance, respecting the settlement of estates, and she was often resorted to as a physician by her neighborhood. The care and management of a large family, and of a profitable establishment, frequently devolved entirely upon her; and she appeared to be so constantly occupied with the employments usual to her sex and station, that it was surprising how she found time for that acquaintance with polite literature, which her conversation displayed, when she met with persons capable of appreciating it.

"She took great delight in domestic manufacture, and had constantly much of it produced in her family. For many years she attended to the rearing of silk worms, and with the silk which she reeled and prepared herself, made many articles both of beauty and utility, dyeing the silk of various colors, with indigenuous materials. She had at one time upwards of sixty yards of excellent mantua returned to her from Great Britain, where she had sent the raw silk to be manufactured. She sometimes amused herself with her pencil, and with little works of fancy; but it was in the productions of her pen that she most excelled. They were deservedly admired whilst she lived, and would abundantly satisfy the world of her merit, could they now be produced; but as she wrote not for fame, she never kept copies, and it is to be feared but little is at this time recoverable. She appears to have been without vanity, and above affectation:

"I had the pleasure, when very young, of seeing her, and can remember something of the vivacity and spirit of her conversation, which I have since heard some of the best judges of such merit affirm they had seldom known to be equalled.

"She lived to be upwards of eighty, preserving her senses and faculties. She had been educated in the religious society of Friends, and often in her latter years professed, that she saw the vanity of all attainments that had not for their object the glory of God, and the good of mankind. She died a most humble, pious, sincere Christian.

"In her person she was small, and had never been handsome, but had a penetrating, sensible countenance, and was truly polite and courteous in her address and behavior. Her brother, James Wright, was for many years a representative for Lancaster county, in the assembly of Pennsylvania, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow citizens. His descendants still possess the estate where his ancestors settled, upon which they have recently founded the flourishing town of Columbia."

MARY WASHINGTON, the mother of the patriot and soldier, George Washington, has, until lately, been but little known to the great mass of the American people. The public are indebted to George W. P. Custis, Esquire, grand-son of Mrs. Washington, the wife of General George Washington, of Virginia, for this sketch. Mr. Custis certainly had the best opportunities of any one to become acquainted with the merits of this rare woman.

"Mrs. Washington was descended from the very respectable family of Ball, who settled as English colonists, on the banks of the Potomac. Bred in those domestic and independent habits, which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period, when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son, those great and essential qualities, which gave lustre to the glories of his after life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero, destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

"It was remarked by the ancients, that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child; and we may be permitted to say, that since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavor to illustrate.

"At the time of his father's death, George Washington was only twelve years of age. He has been heard to say, that he knew little of his father, except the remembrance of his person, and of his parental fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

"The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth was tempered by a deference and well regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring-time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, not when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, 'I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due to me.' Nor did the chief dissent from these truths; but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment. The late Laurence Washington, Esq., of Chotank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of the chief, and remembered by him in his will, thus describes the home of the mother:

"I was often there with George, his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And even

now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the father of his country, will remember the matron as she appeared, when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed.'

"Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed; and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence and the character of his mother, his behavior towards her at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command in chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger, and contiguous to her friends and relatives.

"It was there the matron remained, during nearly the whole of the trying period of the revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south; one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms, another, 'swiftly coursing at his heels,' the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbcd and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of divine providence, preserved the even tenor of her life; affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers, whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man and the freedom and happiness of the world.

"When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived, of the passage of the Delaware, (December, '76,) an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother, with congratulations. She received them with calmness; observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services. And continued, in reply to the gratulating patriots, (most of whom held letters in their

hands, from which they read extracts,) 'But, my good sirs, here is to much flattery—still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise.'

"Here let me remark upon the absurdity of an idea which, from some strange cause or other, has been suggested, though certainly never believed, that the mother was disposed to favor the royal cause. Such a surmise has not the slightest foundation in truth. Like many others, whose days of enthusiasm were in the wane, the lady doubted the prospects of success in the beginning of the war; and long during its continuance feared that our means would be found inadequate to a successful contest with so formidable a power as Britain; and our soldiers, brave, but undisciplined, and ill provided, be unequal to cope with the veteran and well appointed troops of the king. Doubts like these were by no means confined to a female; but were both entertained and expressed by the stanchest of patriots, and most determined of men. But when the mother, who had been removed to the county of Frederick, on the invasion of Virginia, in 1781, was informed, by express, of the surrender of Cornwallis, she raised her hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Thank God, war will now be ended, and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country.'

"During the war, and indeed, during her useful life, up to the advanced age of eighty-two, until within three years of her death, (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion,) the mother set a most valuable example, in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by that ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in no wise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg, who well remember the matron, as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

* Her great industry, with the well regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while every thing about her household bore marks of her care and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease, (cancer of the breast,) thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving unchanged, her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

"She was continually visited and solaced by her children, and numerous grand-children, particularly by her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. To the repeated and earnest solicitations of this lady, that she would remove to her house, and pass the remainder of her days, to the pressing entreaties of her son, that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age, the matron replied, 'I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself.' Her son in law, Col. Fielding Lewis, proposed to relieve her of the direction of her affairs; she observed, 'Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eye-sight is better than mine; but leave the executive management to me.'

"One weakness alone attached to this lofty-minded and intrepid woman; and that proceeded from a most affecting cause. She was afraid of lightning. In early life she had a female friend killed by her side, while sitting at table; the knife and fork, in the hands of the unfortunate girl, were melted by the electric fluid. The matron never recovered from the fright and shock occasioned by this distressing accident. On the approach of a thunder cloud she would retire to her chamber, and not leave it again till the storm had passed away.

"She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator, in humiliation and prayer.

“After an absence of nearly seven years, it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother, again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpet sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general in chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor by all the ‘pomp and circumstance’ of power.

“The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and in the well remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—*not one word!*

“Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed, that although her dancing days were *pretty well over*, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

“The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their

chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character, but forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show, which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised, when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions, which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observed that it was time for old people to be at home, retired.

"The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, persevering the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they observed, that 'if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious.'

"It was on this festive occasion that General Washington danced a minuet with Mrs. Willis. It closed his dancing days. The minuet was much in vogue at that period, and was peculiarly calculated for the display of the splendid figure of the chief, and his natural grace and elegance of air and manner. The gallant Frenchmen who were present, of which fine people it may be said, that dancing forms one of the elements of their existence, so much admired the American performance, as to admit that a Parisian education could not have improved it. As the evening advanced, the commander in chief, yielding to the gaiety of the scene, went down some dozen couple, in the contra-dance, with great spirit and satisfaction.

"The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing.

"Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house when the young gentleman observed, 'There, sir, is my

grandmother.' Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic made clothes, and her gray head covered in a plain straw hat, the mother of 'his hero!' The lady saluted him kindly, observing—' Ah, marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress.'

"The marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son, and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him, and to the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words: 'I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy.'

"In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. The sister of the chief he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her and place a military hat upon her head, and such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the chief.

"In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own *good boy*, of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be *good*; that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

"Thus lived and died this distinguished woman. Had she been a Roman dame, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capitol, and we should have read in classic pages the story of her virtues.

"When another century shall have elapsed, and the nations of the earth, as well as our descendants, shall have learned the true value of liberty, the name of our hero will gather a glory it has never yet been invested with; and then will youth and age, maid and matron, aged and bearded men, with pilgrim step, repair to the *now neglected grave* of the mother of Washington."

A splendid monument has been recently erected to her memory. On the seventh of May, 1833, the president of the United States, Andrew Jackson, having been invited by the Monument Committee of Virginia, chosen for this purpose, to attend at the laying of the corner stone, at Fredericksburgh, the place where the ashes of Mrs. Washington repose, repaired, with the heads of departments, and a great concourse of people, to that city, where they were courteously received. One of the committee, Mr. Basset, addressed the president of the United States in a splendid style, to which the president made the following elegant reply.

"Sir—to you, and to your colleagues of the Monument Committee, I return my acknowledgments for the kind sentiments you have expressed towards me, and for the flattering terms in which they have been conveyed. I cannot but feel that I am indebted to your partiality, and not to any services of my own, for the warm-hearted reception you have given me. On this occasion, as well as many others, in the course of a life now drawing towards its close, I have found the confidence and attachment of my countrymen as far beyond my merits as my expectations.

"We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to witness and to assist in an interesting ceremony. More than a century has passed away since she, to whom this tribute of respect is about to be paid, entered upon the active scenes of life. A century, fertile in wonderful events, and in distinguished men, who have participated in them. Of these events our country has furnished her full share; and of these distinguished men, she has produced a Washington. If he was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' we may say, without the imputation of national vanity, that, if not the first, he was in the *very first rank* of those, too few, indeed, upon whose career

mankind can look back without regret, and whose memory and example will furnish themes of eulogy for the patriot, wherever free institutions are honored and maintained.

“His was no false glory, deriving its lustre from the glare of splendid and destructive actions, commencing in professions of attachment to his country, and terminating in the subversion of her freedom. Far different is the radiancy which surrounds his name and fame. It shines mildly and equally, and guides the philanthropist and citizen in the path of duty; and it will guide them long after those false lights, which have attracted too much attention, shall have been extinguished in darkness.

“In the grave before us lie the remains of his mother. Long has it been unmarked by any monumental tablet, but not un-honored. You have undertaken the pious duty of erecting a column to her memory, and of inscribing upon it the simple, but affecting words, ‘Mary, the mother of Washington.’ No eulogy could be higher, and it appeals to the heart of every American.

“These memorials of affection and gratitude are consecrated by the practice of all ages and nations. They are tributes of respect to the dead, but they convey practical lessons of virtue and wisdom to the living. The mother and son are beyond the reach of human applause; but the bright example of parental and filial excellence, which their conduct furnishes, cannot but produce the most salutary effects upon our countrymen. Let their example be before us, from the first lesson which is taught the child, till the mother’s duties yield to the course of preparation and action which nature prescribes for him.

“The address which we have heard, portrays in just colors this most estimable woman. Tradition says, that the character of Washington was aided and strengthened, if not formed, by the care and precepts of his mother. She was remarkable for the vigor of her intellect and the firmness of her resolution. Left in early life the sole parent of a numerous family, she devoted herself, with exemplary fidelity, to the task of guiding and educating them. With limited resources she was able, by care and economy, to provide for them, and to ensure them

a respectable entrance upon the duties of life. A firm believer in the sacred truths of religion, she taught its principles to her children, and inculcated an early obedience to its injunctions. It is said, by those who knew her intimately, that she acquired, and maintained a wonderful ascendancy over those around her. This true characteristic of genius attended her through life, and even in its decline; after her son had led his country to independence, and had been called to preside over her councils, he approached her with the same reverence she taught him to exhibit in early youth. This course of maternal discipline, no doubt, retained the natural ardor of his temperament, and conferred upon him that power of self-command which was one of the most remarkable traits of his character.

“In tracing the few recollections which can be gathered, of her principles and conduct, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that these were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son. The great points of his character are before the world. He who runs may read them in his whole career, as a citizen, a soldier, a magistrate. He possessed an unerring judgment, if that term can be applied to human nature; great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject; and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution, which nothing could change but a conviction of error. Look back at the life and conduct of his mother, and at her domestic government, as they have this day been delineated by the chairman of the Monumental Committee, and as they were known to her contemporaries, and have been described by them, and they will be found admirably adapted to form and develop the elements of such a character. The power of greatness was there; but had it not been guided and directed by maternal solicitude and judgment, its possessor, instead of presenting to the world examples of virtue, patriotism, and wisdom, which will be precious in all succeeding ages, might have added to the number of those master spirits, whose fame rests upon the faculties they have abused, and the injuries they have committed.

“How important to the females of our country are these reminiscences of the early life of Washington, and of the maternal care of her upon whom its future course depended. Principles, less firm and just; an affection, less regulated by discretion, might have changed the character of the son, and with it the destinies of the nation. We have reason to be proud of the virtue and intelligence of our females. As mothers and sisters, as wives and daughters, their duties are performed with exemplary fidelity. They, no doubt, realize the great importance of the maternal character, and the powerful influence it must exert upon the American youth. Happy is it for them and our country that they have before them this illustrious example of maternal devotion, and this bright reward of filial success. The mother of a family, who lives to witness the virtues of her children and their advancement in life, and who is known and honored because they are known and honored, should have no other wish, on this side the grave, to gratify. The seeds of virtue and vice are early sown, and we may often anticipate the harvest that will be gathered. Changes, no doubt, occur, but let no one place his hope upon these. Impressions made in infancy, if not indelible, are effaced with difficulty and renewed with facility; and upon the mother, therefore, must frequently, if not generally, depend the fate of the son.

“Fellow-citizens—This district of country gave birth to Washington. The ancient commonwealth, within whose borders we are assembled from every portion of this happy and flourishing Union, renowned as she is for her institutions, for her devotion to the cause of freedom, and for her services and sacrifices to promote it, and for the eminent men she has sent forth to aid our country with heart and hand, in peace and war, presents a claim still stronger than these upon the gratitude of her sister states in the birth and life of Washington. Most of you, my friends, must speak of him from report. It is to me a source of high gratification that I can speak of him from personal knowledge and observation. Called, by the partiality of my countryman, to the high station, once so ably filled by him, and feeling, that in all but a desire to serve you, I am an

worthy to occupy his seat ; but, sensible that to this position I owe the honor of an invitation to unite with you in this work of affection and gratitude, I am unwilling the opportunity should pass away without bearing my testimony to his virtues and services. I do this in justice to my own feelings, being well aware that his fame needs no feeble aid from me.

“ The living witnesses of his public and private life will soon follow him to the tomb. Already a second and a third generation are upon the theatre of action, and the men and the events of the revolution, and of the interesting period between it and the firm establishment of the present constitution, must ere long live only in the pages of history. I witnessed the public conduct and the private virtues of Washington, and I saw and participated in the confidence which he inspired, when probably the stability of our institutions depended upon his personal influence. Many years have passed over me since, but they have increased instead of diminishing my reverence for his character, and my confidence in his principles. May He who holds in his hands the fate of nations, impress us all with the conviction of its truth and importance, and teach us to regard its lessons as the precious legacy he has bequeathed us. And if, in the instability of human affairs, our beloved country should ever be exposed to the disasters which have overwhelmed the other republics that have preceded us in the world, may providence, when it suffers the hour of trial to come, raise up a Washington to guide us in averting danger.

“ Fellow-citizens—At your request, and in your name, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it ; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the Mother of Washington.”

The whole ceremony was solemn and affecting. It was a late but just tribute to the memory of one, who had given to the republic its noblest son. For taste, elegance, and effect, this monument is the finest specimen of art in the United States. &

is forty-five feet from the base to the summit. It is mounted by a colossal bust of George Washington, and surmounted by the American Eagle, in the attitude of dropping a civic wreath upon the head of the hero. This bust bears an admirable likeness of the father of his country, as those who distinctly recollect his noble form, can bear witness. The inscription is simple and affecting.

MARY,
THE MOTHER OF
WASHINGTON.

The poetical tribute for this ceremony, from our much loved country-woman, Mrs. Sigourney, is worthy the monument, the occasion, and character.

“Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole,
In her soft ministry, around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gamm'd,
And pearl'd with dews. She bade bright summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And autumn cast his yellow coronet
Down at thy feet—and stormy winter speak
Hoarsely of man's neglect. But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.

“Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unaw'd by 'pomp and circumstance'—in truth
Inflexible—and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet like the ephemeron away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipp'd.

“Of the might that cloth'd
The 'Pater Patræ'—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt—
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who mid his elements of being wrought

With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of godlike virtue, in his infant mind,
We know not—heaven can tell.

Rise, noble pile !
And show a race unborn, who rests below—
And say to mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind—
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye who stand
With thrilling breast and kindling cheek this morn,
Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays
To the blest mother of her glorious chief ;
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son—
What though no dazzling hope aspires to rear
A second Washington—or leave your name
Wrought out in marble, with your country's tears
Of deathless gratitude—yet may ye raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to God.

With this account of the mother of the *great* and the *brave*, we close this volume of female biography. The incidents in her life were not numerous, nor could she be said to have educated her son, particularly, with a view to his being a warrior or a statesman; but she did that which was better. She filled his mind with plain principles and correct opinions, and taught him to cherish honorable and religious sentiments, without filling his heart with pride, or his head with visions of glory. Many mothers have done as much for their sons as Mary Washington did for George; but, as the world reasons, few have been so successful. In the view of wisdom, however, that mother who sees her children grow up healthy, virtuous, enlightened, respected and happy, in the common walks of life, is, all things considered, placed in quite as enviable a situation as she who watches, with anxiety, the progress of her offspring, ascending the craggy and thorny paths of fame and power.

POSTSCRIPT.

In making up this work, the editor has consulted many volumes of Biography, ancient and modern. In some instances, he has copied the language of others, unaltered; in other cases abridged, to suit his own plan. In some instances he has drawn from several sources, to sketch an individual character, and united them, by remarks of his own. The reader will perceive that there are many names in this volume, that have not been previously noted by any one. For these, such as they are, he is alone responsible. They have been brought forward with honest intentions, and he hopes they will be acceptable to the American reader. Besides works containing single lives, the editor has made free use of such standard books as Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary, an excellent work; Bayle's learned work, and others of high authority, such as Platt, Gorton, Catherine Hays, Mrs. Jamieson, Miss Aikin, Coxe's Female Scripture Biography, Gibbon's Pious Women, Modern Plutarch, Analectic Review, Port Folio, Anthon's Lempriere, several French, Italian, and Arabian writers, more particularly of those whose labors have recently been conveyed to us, and many others. In many instances, he has taken the advice of well educated, religious, and discreet females, in the choice of subjects; and he here makes the remark, without hesitation, that some of the finest sketches of female character, he has found, have come from the pens of their own sex. In preparing for the press, he has availed himself of the labors of some friends, in abridging, &c., but holds himself answerable for all that is found in his book. The general objects of the work, and the views he entertains of the character, influence, and history of women, will be seen in the introduction to this volume.

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